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TOUR

FRANCE, SAVOY, NORTHERN ITALY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY AND THE NETHERLANDS,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1825:

INCLUDING SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE SCENERY

OF

THE NECKAR AND THE RHINE:

BY

SETH WILLIAM STEVENSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A TOUR,

&c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Unterseen—Swiss voitures—*Alpine Scenery—The Jung-frau—Zwey-Lutschinen Torrent—Chalets—Valley of Lauterbrounn—Fall of the Staubach—Musical Beggars—Cascades—Chamois-hunting—Peasant's Cottage—The Bible—Upper Fall of the Staubach—The Breit-horn and Tschingel-horn—The Lutschinen-Thal—Grindelwald—Glaciers—Mountains of the Faul-horn, Eigher-horn, Mettenberg, and Wetter-horn—Interlaken—Lake of Brientz—Rinkenberg—Cascade of the Giesbach—Ranz-des-Vaches—Cor-des-Alpes—Brientz—Meyringhen—Valley of Hasli—Fall of the Reichenbach—Passage of Mount Brunig—Village and Lake of Lungern—Giswill—Sachslen Church—Nicholas de Flue—Sarnen—Alpnach—Voyage on the Lake to Lucerne.*

THE level district between Neuhaus and Interlaken is distinguished not only for the verdant and rich pasturages which cover it like a carpet, but also for the abundance and extraordinary size of its walnut-trees. It is from the walnut that the people of Switzerland make their eating-oil, which they subject to the process of cold-drawing.

In the large room of the inn at Unterseen where we supped, four young military blades, French and English, had engaged the same number of singing-girls to entertain them. During the time my friend and I remained in the same apartment with them, these *paysannes* executed several airs; among others the hunting chorus of Der Freischutz

and the Tyrolese song of Liberty, in a peculiar yet pleasing stile. Their voices were good; and the several parts were sustained with due attention to time, and with no contemptible effect of harmonious combination. We had previously been advised to look out for a treat of this kind from the *Filles Chanteuses* of Unterseen and Brientz; and the musical performance in reality equalled, nay exceeded, our expectations. But of the custom—for custom it seemed to have become—of admitting young women into public-houses, to carouse there with strangers till midnight, it is impossible to speak in any other terms than those of disapproval and censure. The vast influx of travellers, for the last eight or ten years, has doubtless served to enrich inn-keepers and others at some of these Alpine villages. It is however to be feared that a much worthier class of their inhabitants has been "made poor indeed," by the consequent introduction of libertine manners, to the abatement of native simplicity and to the injury of female purity and decorum.

Unterseen is a place of some extent and of very great singularity both in its position and construction. It might be called *Timber-town*, so entirely are its curiously formed and antique looking houses built of wood; and the name of *Gloomy-borough* would scarcely be less appropriate; for it stands at the bottom of encircling mountains, and is over-hung on every side by enormous rocks, whose steep and rugged sides (here embrowned with firs, there blackened with wild woods of stunted oaks and beech) present the strongest check to every cheerful feeling. The impetuous Aar flows through it in so meandering a course, that in traversing, as we did this morning, bridge after bridge, and passing a numerous collection

of sawing-mills, our ears were constantly assailed with the sound of cataracts, and we appeared to be crossing so many distinct streams.

August 10th.—The carriage with which our *voiturier* had furnished us for the excursion was of the kind generally used in this part of the continent. It has two seats: the front one is less commodious than the hind one, being narrower. The roof is supported by two iron rods at the front corners, around which are fastened leathern curtains. These in rainy weather or at night are drawn round and attached to the sides of the back seat; which as well as the back of the carriage is always enclosed. The driver has a seat in front, and drives his two horses with reins. This half-open vehicle is an exceedingly pleasant mode of conveyance: it allows the traveller to view the country most conveniently; and if the driver be intelligent (and very few are to be met with who are not more or less so), he is enabled by his position to reply with ease to the many questions which one is naturally induced to put to him respecting the different objects that present themselves.

The first part of the road towards Lauterbrounn, narrow but by no means bad, pursues the windings of a long valley. It is a continued series of pasturages and orchards, with occasional plantings of potatoes and hemp. The mountains, locking into each other on every side, are covered with myriads of firs, among which, however, on the lower regions, we see now and then some fine elms. Herds of goats browsing on the sides of the rocks, and the keepers that tend them, serve by the contrast of their diminutiveness to mark the prodigious altitude of these mighty masses. Near the foot of one of them, and on an

eminence sufficiently lofty to command the pass, are the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, formerly possessed by Berthold, the founder of Berne.* Leaving this spot on our right, we proceeded along the left bank of the Lutschinen, the road offering to our view a succession of scenery the most terrifically romantic that a painter could possibly choose, as a mine of materials for storing his port-folio. The pencil-hand even of Salvator Rosa himself, the productions of whose wild and powerful genius it perpetually recalls to mind, would have been almost paralysed in the attempt to convey such prospects to his canvas.

Shakspeare in one of his historical plays,† thus makes a political conspirator prepare the minds of his secret auditory for a most formidable enterprise:

> I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
> As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
> As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Yet little less formidable than this subject of our great Dramatic Bard's comparison is the every-day achievement of Bernese peasantry in the province of Interlaken. Some of the bridges, forming their ordinary pedestrian communications with both banks of this Alpine stream, consist of nothing more than planks, long enough only to reach from the cliff-like sides of the river to high pointed rocks

* The order of the "fete of Interlaken," annually celebrated near this spot by the peasantry, in solemn processions and with gymnastic games, before several thousand spectators, in memory of the ancient benefactor of the Canton, has been described with no less fidelity of local description than force of appropriate sentiment by Madame De Staël, in her work on Germany.

† 1 Hen. IV. a. 1, s. 3.

in the mid-stream. These natural piles being in some places higher, in others lower than the banks, the difficulty of ascending and descending an inclined plane is thus added to the sufficiently great risk of an unguarded march over a boiling gulf, into which "if he fall, good night—or sink or swim."

We observed large quantities of wood floating down the Lutschinen; some in whole trunks of trees, but mostly in short pieces. The sylvan products of the mountains are thus conveyed from great heights to the low-lands. This is a common practice also in Savoy and the Valais. The noise which the timbers make in falling down the torrent among the rocks, and the various forms in which they accumulate at the more level stages of its channel, as the force of the waters hurls them on dry ground, or drives them along the eddying stream, add to the savage liveliness and uproar of the scene.

A sudden turn in the road brings the traveller opposite the Jung-frau. The clouds had partially cleared away; and we saw the bright beams of the morning sun darting full upon the acutely pointed summit of

> "The virgin-mountain, wearing like a Queen
> "A brilliant crown of everlasting snow."

The vast and craggy base of this stupendous object was hid from us by the inferior ridges which in this direction encompass it. The Jung-frau, or *Maiden*, is so called from the many unsuccessful attempts that have been made to reach the top. It is related however that an ascent was at last effected. A chamois-hunter scaled the summit at the utmost peril of his life, and placed his knife under a large stone which he found there. One of

his companions hearing of the exploit, also mounted to the summit, took away his friend's knife, and left his own in its place, where it has remained ever since. But there are still many peaks to which the name of *maiden* will long be applied.*

The scenery now becomes more and more strikingly remarkable. We pass along a road cut in the side of the rock. On the right we see the Lutschinen foaming below us, and finding no other passage for its furious tide, than through a hole; the rest of its channel being completely blocked up by a huge and firmly united mass of blocks of stone that have fallen into it from the impending steeps. On the left, looking up to an immense height, we first catch a view of the waterfall of the Wahgenbach: then the cascade of the Schieltwalbach, flowing from the pyramid of the Schwarz-birg or Schwarz-mönch (black monk) at the foot of the Jung-frau. Amidst this amphitheatre of precipices and cascades, what renders the whole so inexpressibly interesting to the spectator, is the beautiful verdure that clothes the more easy but no less lofty acclivities, to the very tops of the mountains, which are studded with wooden hay-barns and stables for the cattle. These buildings are very rudely and yet picturesquely constructed: the sole materials are trunks of pines rudely squared, others only stripped of their bark: of these cut into lengths of about the same thickness and pinned together, the walls are built. The timbers of the roof are of the same; and the roof itself, laid on at an obtuse angle and projecting on all sides, is formed of deal planks or wooden shingles laid thickly over each other: over

* The Jung-frau-horn is 12,872 feet above the level of the sea.

these again some rafters are laid lengthwise, supporting two or three rows of stones placed thereon to preserve it from the force of the wind.—There is a door at the side for access to the lower room—and a wicket to enter the loft, which is done by means of a ladder. We went into one of these chalets. The lower part was filled with cows; the upper part, with excellent sweet hay. Every morning and evening the *fruitiers*, or hirers of the lands, go up to these wooden structures to milk the cows, that are fed in them.—In huts of the same kind, similarly situated, the peasants also manufacture and keep the cheeses of their mountain-dairies.

No words can describe the scenery of this district; nor can even the graphic art give more than a faint idea of it. The happiest efforts of the pencil must fail of impressing the mind of any one, who has not visited such a country, with an adequate conception either of the magnitude or the variety of the objects embraced in the *coup d'œil*.

At length we reached the valley of Lauterbrounn, which presents on each side a wall of perpendicular rocks, varying in height from eight to eleven hundred feet. The first object that caught our eyes, as we emerged from the thickets which at the entrance of the village conceal its little modest church and comfortable inn, was the Staubach. This celebrated cascade, having its source in a spring, comes from the Ambeltetberg, and descends in two falls. The lower and the only one visible from this point is of 825 feet. It is beautiful—curious—unparalleled; but I must acknowledge, not so *frappant* as I expected. The rapid and wide torrent, by the brink of whose rugged channel we had just been ascending to the valley of Lauterbrounn, forms in some

places a much grander cascade than the second fall of the Staubach. The volume of its current (at this time of the year at least) is not in proportion to the immense depth of its descent. This circumstance causes the water to divide: part becomes so buoyant as to fly off in a cloud of spray; another part is dissipated and apparently lost in the atmosphere: the remaining and larger portion clears the precipice and comes gently down—*half-liquid—half-vapour*; which the wind at times wafts considerably out of the vertical direction. Such was its appearance at the time we viewed it: but there is no doubt of its being subject to material changes according to seasons and circumstances.—To give us some notion of its height, our guide stated that he had once been sent by a gentleman to the summit of the second fall, with a piece of wood, which thrown into the stream was twenty-one seconds in coming down. Sometimes when the wind is in a particular quarter, the spray from this cascade is carried across in such quantities as to drench the hay spread on the lofty pastures of the opposite chain, at the distance of more than an English mile.

Taking advantage of the temporary brightness of the weather, we lost no time in repairing to the foot of the rock, at which a hillock of no inconsiderable size has been formed apparently by the accumulations of soil from above. Standing upon this mound we soon found ourselves well moistened by the misty shower into which the torrent is converted in its fall. This however was a mere trifle compared with the wetting which we received when standing beside the rivulet formed at the bottom. At that moment the sun's rays, falling obliquely on the watery column, and in an opposite direction to the spot where we

were, produced a small but vivid and brilliant circle of the prismatic colours. This was a gratifying incident, and would have proved of itself quite sufficient to impress the Staubach on my recollection; but Fortune had another memento in store for me. As I was in the act of re-crossing the stream, its slippery stepping-stones proved faithless to my feet, and qualified me to record one more *fall* at Lauterbrounn, than had either been anticipated in my own mind, or set down in any page of the guide-books. It afterwards required a pretty long and brisk walk in the valley to re-instate me in the comfort of dry clothes.

As we were leaving the spot, we heard at a distance the combined inflections of powerful and not inharmonious pipes, pouring forth their wild irregular notes, with a rapidity and freedom resembling instrumental execution rather than the modulations of the human organ;* and which being reverberated from the echoing rocks, produced a very extraordinary effect. Our near approach to the performers, whilst the shrillness of their voices wounded our ears, enabled us to distinguish the turns of a pretty simple air adapted to the German *patois* of the mountains; and our guide edified us with the following *prose* translation of the first couplet: "With my sweet-heart I should like to rest; but he lives on the top of the hill." The singers themselves proved to be, not a brace of "dirty old women," such as Mr. Mathews was cured by, but objects almost as well calculated to break the enchantment of any romantic spell wrought by "thrilling melodies" over susceptible souls.

* "There is a peculiar transition from the sounds of the chest (*sons de poitrine*) to the guttural notes for which the inhabitants of the Alps have a wonderful faculty."—*Observations sur les Ranz-des-Vaches.*

They were two poor sickly-looking girls, the sight of whom, after listening with pleasure to their vocal effusions, brought an appropriate passage of our poet Wordsworth's "Memorials of the Staubach" to my remembrance:—

> Alas! that from the lips of abject want,
> And idleness in tatters mendicant,
> They should proceed—enjoyment to enthral,
> And, with regret and useless pity, haunt
> This bold, this pure, this sky-born Waterfall.

The bottoms of the valley* are profusely planted with willow, ash, maple, alder, apple, cherry, mulberry, and other fine forest and fruit trees. The houses in the village, which are most of them embowered by spreading branches, generally exhibit some inscription in large letters on their front galleries, expressive of the pious sentiments of their architects and proprietors; such as—"By the help of GOD, I have built this house, and in HIM I put my trust. I commend it to his care at all times, 1781."

The meadows consist very little of turf: they are almost all sown with clover and trefoil. The lovely green tints of the pastures, not only in the low grounds, but also in some parts on the breasts and even on the tops of the mountains, give, in fine weather, a most enlivening aspect to the scenery of this secluded place. As to corn, it is here seen growing only in small beds; and tied up to sticks like peas in a kitchen-garden.

Following the course of the Weiss-Lutschinen for about two miles in a southward direction, we came opposite the fine cascade of the Mirren-bach. It takes its name from

* It is five leagues in length, though not above a quarter of a league in breadth, and is 715 feet above the lake of Thun.—*Ebel.*

a village of the Gimmelwald, as the inhabited summit of the steep is called, from which it descends to a depth of 800 feet. Near this fall, in the spring of last year, a Chamois-hunter, trusting himself, whilst in pursuit of game, on a treacherous lump of snow close to the edge of the cliff, was unfortunately precipitated from that dreadful height, and dashed to atoms. Our guide pointed out to us the exact spot where this fatal accident happened.

With a strong-built peasant, far advanced in years, whom we met in our walk, we had some conversation on Chamois-hunting;* which he told us he still pursued in

* The Chamois (of which we, like most other "ordinary travellers," were doomed *not* to see a living specimen, even among their native scenes in the High Alps) is admired for its bright eyes, and beardless chin, its fawn-like head and neck, and its small delicate taper horns, that spring nearly straight from the forehead, turning back at the tips. They leap over tremendous abysses from one rock to another. These animals feed upon leaves and the bark of shrubs: they dread exposure to heat; and are indeed incapable of supporting it except when caught young, which only happens when they go astray during the occasional absence of the dam in search of food. The hunters avail themselves of such opportunities to take them alive.—The Bouquetin, or Ibex, is yet more difficult to catch: altho' he has a very large head loaded with long heavy curved horns, yet he ascends the steepest rocks at successive bounds, and disappears among the precipices as if carried away by the wind.

Permission to hunt the Chamois was formerly given, with very little restriction, to all who had the courage to pursue so dangerous an employment, to which indeed a person must be accustomed from his childhood. But owing to the general and indiscriminate chase of these animals, which prevailed during the period of legal relaxation consequent on the French Revolution, the breed of them has become greatly diminished. So much indeed were their numbers found to be reduced in the canton of Berne, that the government has within these few years deemed it necessary not only to renew the ancient laws respecting the killing of Chamois; but also to enforce them with increased rigour. At present no one is allowed to shoot them without permission from a magistrate of the town or commune; which permission is granted only for a single day; and that not always nor on every one's application. But it is generally conceded to innkeepers, or at

spite of its dangers. He shewed us his rifle carbine, which though short was considerably heavier than an English soldier's musket: the barrel was of very great thickness. He said that, in the hands of a skilful marksman, it would do execution with tolerable precision at 500 paces, and that he had often killed with it at 300 paces. He recounted a few of the perils to which he had been exposed in this more "dreadful trade" than his "who gathers samphire." Seldom does the *chasseur* meet with a sufficient recompense, either in game or amusement, for his imminent personal hazard; the animals being extremely rare, difficult to find, by no means easy to shoot, and often placing the sportsman in great jeopardy to get at and dispose of, when he has shot them.

Rain, overtaking us almost as soon as we had reached the Mirren-bach, put a stop to our further progress in this most extraordinary valley, which has not its name* for nothing; exhibiting as it does in its whole extent between twenty-five and thirty waterfalls. Some of these look like a fabric of fine gauze threads moving gently down: others long before they

the request of the Clergyman for particular purposes. Any one hunting the Chamois without a licence, is liable to a fine of 100 francs Swiss money, 50 francs French.

* Lauterbrounn, or Lauter-brunnen, means a place of many water springs.—It appears to be a judicious observation of the French translator of Mr. Coxe's work, that this valley is no other than a cleaving asunder of the rock, occasioned by some violent shock sustained in that region.—"Vers le haut et de part et d'autre, on voit (he remarks) la correspondance des parties prominentes et déprimées, et que les torrens considérables ont tous leur chute sur le même coté de la cloison. Avant la catastrophe qui les précipita dans la vallée, ils continuoient leur cours sur les hauteurs opposées à celles d'où ils tombent."

reach the ground are literally evaporated—"melted into air, into thin air."

During a quick succession of heavy showers, we took shelter at a cottage, differing in its exterior from those, of which I have already noticed some of the peculiarities, only in its being on a smaller scale, and (as is invariably the case with habitations in the immediate vicinity of the higher alps) being built of timber on a foundation of stone. The family consisted of a man, his wife, and three daughters. The woman, in the absence of her husband, did not manifest at first any very promising disposition to be even civil: but on his return from mowing, driven like ourselves from the field by bad weather, the honest peasant set the example of hospitality; and we were ushered, through a smoke-blacked kitchen, into a very *tidy* keeping-room, where the housewife set her best before us, viz. cheese, potatoes, and milk. An Englishman's risibility is apt to be excited by the mention of *fried milk:* some such a dish as that, however, the cottager's wife was preparing for dinner. It is a kind of *laitage*, cooked with butter or lard: the same preparation of milk, in a cold state, is also used as a substitute for bread.—Such is the Swiss peasant's daily fare, coarse, unvaried, but wholesome; and he feasts on it heartily and contentedly, seeing "his little lot, the lot of all," around him.

In the hands of the young folks we found *Die Kinder-Bibel* (Bible for Children) containing extracts from the Old and New Testament. There were also on the book-shelf *Das Himmelische Vergnügen in Gott*—(Heavenly Pleasure in God)—"or complete Prayer Book." But the literary treasure which our host prized the highest, was enshrined in "boards," properly so called,

covered with leather, and fastened with clasps like our old black-letter Tomes. It was that well-spring of springs—that fountain of fountains—that soul-reviving fall of waters from the Rock of Ages, which, freely opened to him by the master-rod of the Reformation, renders the poor peasant of the Bernese Alps richer—wiser—happier, in the best sense and most substantive acceptation of those terms, than the greatest among the sons of Italy, Portugal, or Spain.*

Whilst beneath this humble but protecting roof, waiting for fair weather, we were led by the sight of these German versions of Holy Scripture to put some questions to our respectable guide, who answered them as follows:—

Have any of the Bibles of the English Bible Society ever reached these parts? Yes, about four years ago, but they were not properly distributed: so that the most needy did not receive any.

What is the most advisable plan for securing their future circulation among those who want them? The best method would be to let the Clergyman of each parish distribute them.

How are they received by the inhabitants of this canton generally? With great readiness, satisfaction, and gratitude, and proper use is made of them.

Are copies of the Bible received by the Catholics as

* BIBLIA, *das ist, Die Gantze Heilige Schrift des Alten und Neuen Testamenten aus der Hebräischen und Griechischen Sprache, &c. bey Johann Piscator, Professor der Heiligen Schrift, zu Herborn.—Berne; Gedruckt bey Beat. Fredk. Fischer; Buchdrucker*, 1784.—"The Bible, that is, the whole of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Hebrew and Greek Languages, &c. by John Piscator, Professor of the Holy Scriptures at Herborn.—Berne: printed by B. F. Fischer."

well as the Protestants? At one time the Catholics accepted them, but of late years they have declined doing so.

Which on the whole are the most industrious and most prosperous cantons, the Catholic or the Protestant? The Protestant: the Catholics being obliged to devote too much time to the ceremonies of their church, and to give too much of their earnings to their Priests.

Does the Catholic or the Protestant religion gain ground the most in Switzerland? In those cantons which are designated respectively as Protestant and as Catholic,* no material effect has yet been produced either on one side or the other. But the Protestants gain ground in Glarus, where individuals of the two religions are permitted to intermarry, the offspring to be educated in the father's religion.

Returning through the verdant and productive range of meadows, on the right bank of the Lutschinen, we noticed the Rosen-bach and Trimel-bach, which both take their source at the foot of the Jung-frau. We went up to the last-mentioned cascade, which having cut its way through the slate-rock, in a frightfully deep and rugged channel, falls with great force and astounding noise into a cavity at the bottom, whence its overflowing waters find their rapid way to swell the glacier-torrent that passes through the valley of Lauterbrounn. It is on this side of the river that, ascending the wooded uplands as far as the cliff will permit, you obtain the finest general view of the Staubach.

* Four of the thirteen cantons are Protestant, seven are Catholic, and two are half Protestant half Catholic. The four Protestant cantons are Berne, Bâle, Schaffhausen, and Zurich; the seven Catholic are Fribourg, Soleure, Zug, Lucerne, Underwald, Switz, and Uri. The two cantons, in which the Catholics and the Protestants are mingled, are Appenzel and Glarus.

From so advantageous a position, and with the aid of our telescopes, we had a perfectly distinct sight of the first fall, where throwing itself from the pine-crowned height, the stream dashes from one projecting ledge of rock to another; and, in the vivid contrast of its white sparkling waves with the dark cavern-like recesses over which they leap, presents to the spectator's eye the most picturesque combination of forms and colours, of lights and shadows, that can be imagined. The waters of this higher cascade, from the circumstance of their not having so far to descend without a break, appear of ampler volume than the one below it, whose immense height dissipates them into spray and vapour: but regarded together they form an object of unique magnificence. The height from the top of the first fall to the foot of the precipice is 1049 feet.

Just at the finish of our walk, the sun, dispelling the obscurities that had till then prevailed in the southern extremity of the valley, revealed to us the glaciers and frosted pyramids of the Breit-horn and the Tschingel-horn.* Lauterbrounn's gigantic avenue of towering cliffs in shade, with these snowy peaks thus appearing in a vista of brilliant light, is one of the most glorious spectacles of natural sublimity that can offer itself.

At two o'clock, after dining at the Inn,† we left

* These form part of that great boundary chain which (going under no particular name) divides the canton of Berne from the Valais; and of which the Grimsel and the Gemmi are the two passages of communication between the countries above-mentioned. In descending the Simplon we had already seen the southern face of this enormous wall: and our wide circuit had now brought us to the foot of its northern side.

† In these Alpine Vallies the effect of thunderstorms is always tremendous, and sometimes calamitously destructive. About twenty-eight years ago, (within the recollection of our guide, Michel) a violent tempest

Lauterbrounn, and in half an hour reached the village of Zwey-Lutschinen, situated at the point of confluence of the two torrents of that name. There we cross over by a wooden bridge to the right bank of the *Schwartz*, or Black Lutschinen. The waters of this stream, which issues from the inferior glacier of Grindelwald, are certainly of a darker tinge than those of its name-sake that flows from the Tschingel glacier through the valley of Lauterbrounn, and which is contra-distinguished by the name of the *Weiss*, or White Lutschinen.

Rye and barley are grown on the mountain-side: the crops though not over plentiful are in welcome variety amidst surrounding wildness. The harvest is later here than in the vallies which we had previously entered. As we ascended the left hand chain of rocks that overlook the Lutschinen-Thal, our guide pointed out to us high over our heads, the marks of devastation occasioned by a tremendous avalanche which, a year or two since, destroyed several houses and their inhabitants. The mountain from top to bottom is covered with huge pines; but where the avalanche took its awful course, trees, herbage,

occurred, which as often happens among great mountains, produced a flood of rain. The torrents were thereby swelled to such a degree that they carried along with them enormously large stones; and these accumulating near the old inn at Lauterbrounn, which was nearer the Lutschinen than the present one is, caused a lake to form itself within an hour. This suddenly created lake soon burst the dike which kept it in, and swept away every thing in its course: among the rest the inn.—The event took place in the middle of the night. The master and mistress, awakened by the noise of mighty waters and the motion of the house, jumped out of bed: they had just time to carry off their children in their arms, and to alarm an Englishman who was sleeping under the same roof, and who saved his life by jumping out of the windows as the others had done. In the space of five minutes after the escape of the inmates was providentially effected, the house was dashed to pieces.

every thing are swept away, as completely as if the earth had been pared with a knife. "The best preservatives (Mr. Coxe justly remarks) against the effects of avalanches, are the forests, with which the alps abound." Yet here we saw an instance of that, which the inhabitants preserve and reverence as their surest protection, proving none whatever to them, but sharing the common fate of ruin and annihilation. Our road indeed offered continual proofs of the precarious tenure on which the people of these vallies hold their property and their lives. We travel amidst the ruins of Nature, both of ancient and of modern date: on every side, rocky fragments of all sizes, some o'ergrown with moss and foliage, others fresh and bare, bestrew the ground. On this side of the thundering torrent, above whose winding channel we take a constrained but no wise retarded course, accumulated masses of calcareous stone impend over our path; on the other, a land-slip has hurled several acres of forest from the shelving ridge, down to the very brink of the river: the largest and loftiest trees overturned—their roots in the air—their broken stems piled across each other—and intermingled with the shattered timbers of overwhelmed buildings—attest the fearful changes and chances of alpine existence.

It is from amidst scenery of this kind, that a first view is to be gained of the glaciers of Grindelwald; the valley in which they are situated being separated from the Lutschinen-Thal only by an extremely narrow gorge of the mountains. But in this stage of our journey, the prospect-spoiling clouds put a wholesome check upon our insatiate curiosity by discharging their heaviest drops, which accompanied us to Grindelwald, and

detained us within the doors of the inn until the close of evening; and then betimes the weary travellers' "candles burnt to bedward."

August 11th.—The weather was fine again. We were up at five o'clock, and had a clear view of all the stupendous peaks surrounding us. Much snow had fallen on the alps in the night, and the uppermost ranges of pasturage re-exhibited a wintry appearance. From the windows of our lodging-room we looked down and saw the Lutschinen issuing from its cavern at the foot of the inferior glacier; thence our eyes, directed upwards along the towers, pyramids, and fantastic forms of that blue rugged mass of ice, met the virgin white of the snow-fields which cover the Vierscherhorns,* whose natural brightness was rendered perfectly dazzling by the morning ray. This extraordinary spectacle offers itself in the space between two enormous mountains, the Mettenberg and the Eigher—which, as we look at them from Grindelwald, seem ready to overwhelm us and the whole devoted district beneath them. The pointed peak of the Eigher† wore a cap of snow; the more rounded and less lofty summit of the Mettenberg‡ was very slightly streaked with it: both of them in their uppermost regions form a mighty climax of precipices cheerless and barren; but mid-way down, forests and herbage clothe their steep sides, and their gradually sloping bases are enlivened with vegetation and sprinkled with *chalets*. We walked into the valley, which is well wooded. Our guide shewed us a tree, called the Eyholz, which here and at Lauter-

* Belonging to the same chain as the Finster-aar-horn (11,914 feet).

† 12,872 feet.

‡ The Mettenberg stands as it were before the Shreck-horn, and completely hides that *Peak of Terror*.

brounn grows on the tops of rocks. It is like the fir in appearance, but is remarkable for its hardness; on which account it is used for pillars and gate-posts, and in the most exposed situations is said to retain its soundness for more than a hundred years. There is a small church, with bell-tower in the Italian style, and wooden portico, surrounded by a circular wall of stone; of which material the adjacent parsonage is also built. These two edifices and scattered cottages of timber, some of them well built, compose the village. At the south-eastern extremity, we stopped awhile to view the superior glacier which occupies the transverse valley between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn. This torrent (if it may so be termed) of ice, encroaching low on the province of fertility, wonderfully contrasts its hues of mingled white and azure with the dark pines and verdant pastures, among which in apparently close contact it descends. Yet the general aspect of these glaciers, celebrated as they are, was not such as to strike us with an impression by any means equal to that with which we contemplated those of the Mont-Blanc chain. But if in this particular Grindelwald fails to meet one's expectations, it on the other hand surpasses them in the almost overpowering majesty of that gigantic group of objects by which it is nearly encompassed.

" Nature's bulwarks built by Time
" 'Gainst Eternity to stand,
" Mountains terribly sublime
" Girt the *vale* on either hand.

The Faul-horn,* the Eigher-horn, the Mettenberg, and the Wetter-horn,† constitute indeed an assemblage the most

* 8020 feet high. † 11,453 feet.

powerful in its influence over the feelings of a spectator. The Wetter-horn rising from the level of this valley presents an inaccessible precipice, crowned at a prodigious height with a pyramid of snow. Viewed from Grindelwald, it is the last of the chain: and thus with the sky for a background to the contour of its western face, it is seen to the greatest possible advantage. Clouds circling densely round its brow, served as the people informed us for a portent of rain, and we found the *Wetter*-horn much too *weather*-wise for *us*. Our hopes of being able to enjoy the equestrian excursion over the Scheideig* to Meyringhen were soon afterwards destroyed by the renewal of rain.

The valley of Grindelwald is described by most writers on Switzerland as being extremely fertile, producing not only hay, hemp, and fruit trees in abundance, but also a great deal of corn; others have moreover spoken of it as containing a numerous and well clothed population, who carry the impress of health on their vigorous frames, and the picture of contentment in their countenances. This seems to be painting both men and things *en couleur de rose*. In fact, amply allowing for the difference between visiting a country in fair and in fickle weather, we saw but little in the aspect of the valley or in the ap-

* Mr. Matthews in his "Diary of an Invalid" calls this mountain journey "the unprofitable task of climbing up one side of a hill merely to descend the other." But if this writer (shrewd, lively, entertaining, and instructive as he is) had recollected what Mr. Coxe (in the 31st letter of his 1st volume) has said of the passage of the Scheideig, as the best point of view for beholding such stupendous objects as the Schreck-horn and the Jung-frau-horn he would hardly have undertaken to assure his readers that "all that is worth seeing, may be seen without quitting the high road;" meaning the road from Grindelwald to Interlaken and Brientz. I own that this lost point is among *my* regrets.

pearance of its inhabitants to justify our regarding it as a happy one.—"The winter lasts here seven months, (said our host whom we interrogated on the subject) and that alone renders the situation unfavourable to agricultural pursuits. The valley is much wider than that of Lauterbrounn, yet the numerous population still finds it too narrow for its well doing. The occupiers are deep in debt to the proprietors of the soil, and have to pay the interest with the produce of their dairies. They depend almost wholly on their pasturages, growing of corn little more than enough to mix with their potatoes."—The harvest and every principal operation of rural economy is later here than in the adjoining valley of the Lutschinen; and in that valley the ripening process is not so forward as in the vicinity of the lake of Thun.*

At seven o'clock and in a heavy rain, we quitted Grindelwald, and arrived at Interlaken about noon; the only fresh ground over which we passed being the space of a mile, the distance of the latter place from Unterseen. The broad valley between the two lakes of Brientz and Thun forms one of the gardens of Switzerland, abounding not less in those stores with which the power of vegetation gladdens the heart of every native inhabitant, than in those varied scenes of beauty and sublimity which alternately fascinate the eye and appal the mind of the stranger who visits them. In the bosom of this smiling land, amidst its healthy, well-clothed, and apparently contented population, some English families have taken up their summer residence, in houses most advantageously situated both for accommodations and for prospects.

* The village of Grindelwald is at 3150 feet above the sea, consequently much higher than that of Lauterbrounn.

Interlaken is small, but has an air of substantial comfort and an appearance of general welfare perfectly corresponding with its delightful situation. The town stands on the left bank of the Aar, near the point where that river flows out of the lake of Brientz. The inn looks upon an agreeable promenade, shaded with noble trees: and we should have been extremely glad to have accepted, in a less hurried way, the rest and refreshment it offered; but brightening skies reminded us of our more active designs; and we betook ourselves on board a boat, speedily engaged by our guide to convey us up the lake. As quitting its level borders we viewed the two tapering spires of Interlaken, (one belonging to the church, the other to the *ci-devant* abbey) whose images were distinctly reflected in the clear blue wave—whilst behind them and their equally picturesque accompaniments of bridge and grove and rural seat, rose the green-skirted sides of proudly towering hills, we felt, in a different sense indeed but with analogous feelings of inexpressible delight, the full force of that passage of a late Noble Poet, in which he acknowledges "how feebly words essay," to describe

The might—the majesty of loveliness!

Rinkenberg soon presented itself on our left hand. A mill, a small farm-house or two, and several cottages are dispersed about the water's edge; above these a chateau, and beyond it a church complete the social finish of this beautifully wooded promontory. The mountain chain, which takes its name from the above mentioned village, is peculiarly attractive. From the lake to its summit, a height of nearly four thousand feet, forests and pasturages are

intermingled with each other. The bottoms of this lofty range form the best feature of the scenery on the northern side of the lake, which they border with a succession of finely tinted rocks, rich foliage, and hanging-fields of delicious green.

On the southern bank (to our right) the mountains rise with more perpendicularity: their tops were yet covered with snow; and the Glacier of Walmingen wore a superb crest of it, sparkling in the beams with which the sun was striving to clear a vapoury atmosphere. Our boatmen informed us that what is now called the glacier of Walmingen, in consequence of its permanent assumption of this frosty garb, was green in the summer time some eighteen or twenty years ago.—The appearance of the clouds this day was extremely curious: whilst the great body of them continued to float round and envelope the heads of the broadest and most towering Alps, others skirting along their lower regions offered the striking contrast of their white fleeces to the sombre hue of the fir forests.—Habitations are the great *desideratum* on both sides this fine extent of water:—

"Here men are few,
"Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot;
"But peering down each precipice the goat browseth."

At the eastern extremity and on the south coast, nearly opposite Brientz, is the waterfall of the Giesbach, which comes from a spring at the foot of the Faul-horn. Its appearance where it reaches the lake gives but little promise of what it is capable of affording as a picture of Nature's own forming. Our boatmen landed us a short distance beyond the fissure through which its waters find

their lowest point of descent. Thence we proceeded up an easy path on the mountain's side, which at every step opened to us views of increasing beauty. Below us was the lake fringed with woods; above us were rocks upon rocks, enriched with trees and flower-bearing shrubs that thrive most in the scantiest soil. Our ears were presently assailed by the random sound of pastoral bells, mixed with the shrill notes of the human voice, and looking up we saw a scattered herd of goats feeding, attended by their juvenile keeper. These animals, like their superiors of the same genus, the Chamois, seem to take pleasure in bounding from one steep to another.

At an elevation of about four hundred feet above the level of the lake, we reached a verdant pasturage, where the upper cascade presents itself with astonishing copiousness, brilliancy, and grandeur. How far, or by how many precipitous grades, it had already descended before it became visible to us, we were then unable to ascertain; but from this point we counted eight distinct falls, making the depth of the whole about six hundred feet. Our labour, wonder, and gratification did not however rest there. The guide conducted us to the highest fall, by a winding path; and at each stage the scenery was superb. At the most elevated attainable point there is a sort of grotto, probably formed by nature and evidently enlarged by art, down one side of which steps have been rudely excavated. In this covered way we stood sheltered and in safety, whilst the torrent kept its dreadful tumult o'er our heads, falling in a broad sheet of foam before and beneath us, into the rocky basin, which receives its dashing waves only to pour them forth again to a lower and still many a lower depth, with impetuous course and

deafening intonation. The transparent purity of the stream—the verdure of the luxuriant foliage that in some parts almost conceals, in others openly displays, with sweet gradations of light and shade, the unequal stages of its channel—the slender bridges of timber thrown across its most fearful chasms, standing on which, the spectator feels the peculiarity of being at once at the bottom and the top of a roaring flood—the glorious prospect of lake and mountain which the platforms near its upper falls command—these and a host of nameless local features indescribable by the pen and which the pencil itself but inadequately delineates, impart to the scene a romantic beauty and a picturesque splendour, that completely realise in the Giesbach what imagination would paint to us, as the most magnificent of cascades in the most enchanting of situations.

Directly opposite the fall stands the house of the Regent (*anglicé* school-master) Kehrli, who accommodated us with a bottle of good La Cote wine; and his brave array of boys and girls sang to us a *ranz-des-vaches*, in the Bernese idiom, whilst he, like another Caleb Quotem, beat time to the family choir. We sat awhile on benches placed for us on the green grassy turf before his lodge, built on an elevation which commands from north to south nearly the whole length of the lake of Brientz, comprising in the extreme distance a view of the Niesen, and, beyond the spire of Interlaken, the waters of Thun. Such was the extensiveness of our remoter prospects; and as the rushing of the Giesbach formed a running base to the vocal music of our young Alpine songsters, the congeniality of the surrounding scene impressed itself with augmented force upon our feelings. We had the evidence

of natural sympathies to convince us that this cow-call affects the hearts of the Swiss when *abroad*, chiefly if not solely, by its power of calling up the peculiar associations of life enjoyed, and of scenery beheld by them at *home*—that in short it is the attachment of the Swiss for their native mountains which these simple accents renew in their bosoms, exciting, as Ebel observes, "those tender emotions, and that strong desire of revisiting their native land, which has sometimes caused their death, when hearing a ranz-des-vaches in a foreign country."—The honest pedagogue was also a performer on the Alp-horn,* which he made to "discourse music" of no contemptible quality either for tone or execution.

"The Ranz-de-Vaches (says a modern Swiss writer†) owes its influence over the mind of the auditor very much to the place and manner in which it is heard. It is impossible, indeed, to form a correct idea of the influence of such a national air, without having heard it on the mountains themselves. The solemn face of Nature, by whose sublimities we are surrounded, serves to open our hearts to all that is simple and natural; and we experience a soft and melancholy sensation." The local advantage

* This instrument is a hollow tube, between four and five feet long, of a moderate size, bent at its thickest and lowest extremity, and terminating with a basin similar to that of a trumpet. It is played upon in all the mountainous districts of Switzerland, and serves to summon the shepherds and cow-keepers to their employments, and to call the cattle themselves to pasture in the morning, and to re-enter their stables in the evening. Some of them are made of a root of fir-wood, which has been split down the whole way, and hollowed in the inside, then rejoined and twisted round, with strong ligaments of bark, and waxed at the joints, so as to render it air-tight.

† See "Recueil des Chansons Nationales Suisses," published in 1818, by Burgdofer, of Berne.

at least was enjoyed by us in perfection, whilst descending to our boat again near the cleft through which the Giesbach finds it way into the lake, we listened to the *Kühreien* of *Siebenthal*, with which the "Regent" and his family saluted our departure from their lofty solitude. It was sung well and powerfully; greeting our ears with many a long drawn out note and strikingly abrupt transition of sound: blended with those of the clarionet-like obligato played on the Cor-des-alpes, it had a fine effect of wild unpolished harmony. To these were added some of the requisite accompaniments—the murmuring of the mountain torrent, the rustling of trees, the tinkling of goats-bells, and the awful beauties of Alpine scenery.*

We proceeded to Brientz, which as viewed in approaching it from the lake has a singular appearance. The church, the parsonage, and the inn of this little town, seem at a distance to be its only architectural objects: the rest of the habitations have so little of shape or comeliness in them, that they look, more than any thing else, like scattered heaps of time-discoloured stones. On landing we walked to the western extremity of the place, and there witnessed some of the deplorable effects produced two or three months before, by a storm of lightning and rain. A rivulet which has its source in the adjacent mountain-ridge, swelling with the sudden deluge, and

* To complete the pastoral picture and the moral impression, there were however some material objects yet wanting; and those remained unsupplied to us, viz. the cows and their keepers. "When (adds the judicious and intelligent writer above quoted) the herdsmen calls together his cattle dispersed among the neighbouring hills, when he descends gaily and carelessly into the valley, with his milk-pail on his shoulders, and with his spirits and feelings effused in such songs, his accents then make an impression which it is impossible to describe; and it is thus that a Ranz-des-Vaches ought to be heard in order to have its merits appreciated."

——————— Bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunder'd, and with wasteful sway
Uprooted groves and rolled the shattered rocks away.

On this occasion several persons lost their lives, others had their cattle drowned, their little fields and orchards destroyed, and their cottages over-thrown. The scene of devastation extended from the cliff to the margin of the lake, about a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth. We found ourselves amidst wrecks and rubbish: here a peasant's wooden dwelling half buried beneath enormous stones—there a barren mass of sand and gravel deeply covering the spot where recently a garden smiled. A considerable number of men were employed in raising a double line of lofty dike for the future protection of the valley from similar inundations of the same stream.

We dined at the pretty and commodious inn of Brientz: its windows command a grand prospect of the lake and the southern shore, where we see torrents hurled from forest-covered precipices; and, high beyond, the Faulhorn rear its "earth o'er-gazing peak" of purest snow. A *char* without springs most joltingly conveyed us to Meyringhen, by a road that passes close to the falls of the Oltschibach, the Wandelbach, and another fine cascade, and across the Aar which receives them all into its troubled waters.—During our evening stroll through the narrow and irregular streets of Meyringhen, we inspected the ingenious specimens of wood-cutting, which the inhabitants produce during their long period of winter. Drinking cups curiously carved, sallad spoons and forks elaborately ornamented, are among the best articles of their manufacture, chiefly executed with a knife.

August 12.—Accompanied by our guide we were very early afoot in the valley of Hasli. The weather was delightful; and we found the environs of Meyringhen replete with objects of interest.

"The sun-beams streak'd the azure skies,
"And lin'd with light the mountains' brow;

shining full upon the tops of the Well-horn (9200 feet) and the Sternheushorn, a branch of the stupendous chain of the Grimsel: they at the same time illumined the Glacier of Rosenlaui, which descends from the Wetterhorn; the snow-cap of whose great pyramid, glittering in the blue and cloudless ether, was one of the finest objects my eyes ever beheld.—By a covered bridge over the Aar, we approached the celebrated cascade of the Reichenbach. The great stream of which it is composed, originating partly from a spring in the lofty mountain of the Scheideig, and partly from the glaciers of Rosenlaui and Schwartzwald, descends from the rocky chain of the Schwergi, through a cleft or hollow. The first fall, which is about one hundred feet, shews itself (to the spectator looking at it from the N. E.) in a profile direction. The second and greater of the two superior falls presents a front of between twenty and thirty feet in breadth, and four hundred feet in perpendicular depth, plunging from "the wave-worn precipice" into a deep gulf. This point of it is attained by a laborious ascent of between three and four hundred feet; and, from the site of a hut built for the accommodation of visitors, it offers a sublime and even terrible appearance:

"Rapid as light
"The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss,
"Charming the eye with dread."

As we gazed on the wondrous scene, almost scared with the roar, the sun's rays smote the descending column and produced a splendid Iris on its wide-spreading cloud of spray. The principal fall is so lofty, that portions of the waters in their descent assume much of that gauzy appearance, which we had already noticed in the cascades of the Pisse-vache and the Staubach.—The Reichenbach then rushes through a hideous ravine filled with enormous fragments of black stone or marble, and, pursuing its headlong course down the steep declivity for a distance of about three hundred yards, achieves its lower fall, which though not of so tremendous a height as the upper one, is yet more capable of affording the constituents of a good picture. We passed through a track of swampy meadows and over a small bridge to gain a close view of it. The volume is fine: trees and shrubs boldly overhanging the top—high pointed cliffs peering behind; and the forms and colours which the water assumes as it dashes against the rocks from stage to stage, unite in producing a truly magnificent effect. In regard however to the combinations of scenery, the Reichenbach though on a grander and more extended scale, is not so beautiful as the Giesbach. Near the lower fall is a bath-house, for cold and warm bathing.—Looking northward from this point we see the Brunig, (opposite the Scheideig) and more in the distance westward, the Rohthorn. Going over to that side we successively passed the falls of the Dorf-bach, the Alp-bach, and the Mule-bach, and the ruins of an ancient castle, which our guide called Resti.

To protect Meyringhen from the ravages which these mountain-streams make when swelled by rain, the inhabi-

tants have, by dint of vast labour and perseverance, constructed and kept up between them and their little town a high and broad wall of stone from the foot of the precipice to the banks of the Aar. On the flag-paved top of that massive embankment, we stood and surveyed the peaceful sublimities of a valley, where, to adopt the eloquent remark of Madame de Stael, speaking of similar recesses in the canton of Berne, "La vie coule, comme les rivières qui les traversent; ce sont des ondes nouvelles, mais qui suivent le même cours: puisse-t-il n'être point interrompu."—In the midst of green meadows we see ourselves shut in on every side by immense ramparts of cliffs, over which appear the snowy hills in splendour inimitably bright. We listen to the chiming of cow-bells, and to the ceaseless chorus of falling waters: these sounds alone break the otherwise pervading tranquillity; excepting, when the prolonged notes of the Alp-horn artlessly blown from an airy height by some unseen rustic performer, or the reverberation of an avalanche in the adjacent glacier, sullen and deep like distant thunder, awaken the mountain echoes. As we retraced our steps to the inn we met the peasantry of both sexes, a tall, robust, comely, and well clothed race, going to their several occupations; some driving their pretty little cattle to the milking, others ascending to their more loftily situated dairies. The men had a respectful touch of the cap, or a cheerful *Guten Mörgen* for us; the women are more reserved, but not less civil when accosted. Here and there dispersed through the pastoral landscape we discerned parties of travellers and their guides proceeding in various directions, some to cross the Brunig, others to encounter the more formidable

passage of the Grimsel. Of such a kind is the scenery that displays itself—such were among the incidents of a summer-morning walk, in the valley of Hasli.

Leaving Meyringhen we proceeded to the foot of the Brunig or Black mountain. After a steep ascent on horseback, for about an hour and a half, through thickest shades of pine and beech, we reach a fertile Alp* of some extent, in the midst of whose fine fruit trees and verdant pasturages stands the village of Brunigen. At this point we stopped to look at the amazing prospect. The Faul-horn, the Enghel-horn, and Gestel-horn, here display themselves proudly; and still seem to rear their colossal forms as high as ever above us. The range of wooded rocks whence flow the cascades which we yesterday passed by, in our evening journey to Meyringhen, (each of which as then seen from the road appeared a tremendous precipice and a fearful torrent) now presented themselves at the lowest grade, looking like as it were the first step of a giant's staircase. Above them we see tier upon tier of similar precipices; and from summits cased in ice, behold streams and impetuous cataracts

> " Roll down the lofty mountains' channell'd sides,
> " And to the vale convey their foaming tides."

We trace the Aar as swelled by numerous accessions of this kind it glides in silvery meanders towards the lake of Brientz, which is itself a conspicuous and brightly gleaming feature of the distance. The highest peaks had this day no concealment, except such as the evaporations

* The word Alp, in the more limited sense, is applied by the inhabitants of those elevated regions, to denote the mountainous pastures between the divers chains of rocks that form, as it were, steps to reach the line of snow. *Ebel.*

from their own snows enwrap round their craggy points in the form of thin mist.

The inhabitants here grow no corn, but subsist upon milk, cheese, a few potatoes, dried meat, and preparations of fruit. We entered one of the cottages, and found the sitting-room perfectly clean and neat. The people were extremely civil and obliging, and treated us with some of their best *Kirschwasser*.—A piece of rock slate formed the fire-place of their kitchen; and the custom of dispensing with chimnies occasions that part of the interior to wear a dingy hue; but they appear to have every requisite utensil both in metal, pottery, and wood. Of the alpine forests a certain number of trees are cut annually: these are distributed among the inhabitants, in lots according to the number of each family, for their buildings as well as for fuel, in the course of the year. They also lop off the tops of the lime and ash trees for the purpose of feeding their goats and sheep with the leaves.—Observing some fine standing timber, that bore the marks of ignition, we learnt on enquiry that the peasantry are in the habit of applying fire to insulated trees, and that they keep feeding it till the inside of the trunk is completely consumed and only the outer coat and bark remain: it is thus that they obtain pot-ash for washing their linen.

Hereabouts, discharging our horses, we arrive at the top of Mount Brunig, and commence our descent of the reverse side. A few minutes' walk brings us to a boundary stone, passing which we quit the canton of Berne, and enter that of Underwalden.—All that we saw of the Bernese territory had impressed us with a most favourable opinion. Its great extent, its prodigious mountains, with their glacier summits, and their vallies of ice—its noble

lakes, fine air, fertile soil, and excellent roads—its abundant and useful productions—the healthy appearance and generally prosperous condition of its inhabitants, and the Protestant simplicity of their religious worship—all serve to remind us of Berne as one of the most important, respectable, and remarkable of the ancient Swiss cantons.*

We proceeded through a succession of the tallest timber: our downward course was indeed perfectly sylvan. At noon we reached the village of Lungern, on the lake of that name: this together with the valley of Sarnen, of which it is the commencement, presents a most agreeable and striking prospect. The houses at Lungern, faced with small pieces of painted wood, like the scales of a fish, have a neat appearance: the whole place like almost all the towns in this part of Switzerland, exhibits a degree of order and cleanliness, and at the inns we find a reasonableness of charge for good provisions and interior comforts, that should put France and Italy to the blush. With one drawback, however, must our encomium be qualified. The hire of horses for conveyance is disproportionately dear; for the animals themselves are clumsy, and their equipments very indifferent. At every inn, travellers are obliged, stop they never so short a time, to write in a book that is handed to them, their name, country, place they come from and intend going to, which are daily inspected by the magistrates.

We looked into the church at Lungern. The canton of Underwalden is Catholic; and accordingly we have

* Berne entered into the Helvetic Confederation in 1353, by a perpetual alliance which it made with the three cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden. The population amounts to 291,200 souls.

the effigies of Our Saviour on the cross, with the other numerous and less easily to be vindicated symbols of the Romish Faith.

The view of the lake, looking to the south-west, when once seen to advantage can never be forgotten. This charming sheet of water with its emerald waves reflecting the varied tints of an amphitheatre of mountains, resplendent in verdure and decked with the most luxuriant foliage—the neat little village and pretty spire of Lungern on its lovely borders—and to crown all, the peaks of the Wellhorn,* the Schreck-horn,† and Wetter-horn, rising behind the lofty chain of the Ulcheren, in the full majesty of their height and in the glory of their brilliant whiteness, combine to form a picture rarely to be matched in beauty, scarcely to be surpassed in sublimity.

Ascending the high ridge, called the Kaiser-stühl (Emperor's chair) we passed through a forest of the largest growth, in which are beech and pine trees, from eighty to a hundred feet high. The valley of Giswill now opened upon us with splendid effect. The church, situated on a mound of earth, is an uncommonly pretty object. This valley which lies between the lakes of Lungern and Sarnen, was, we were told, formerly covered with water, but had been rescued by drainage: it appeared to us that a little further application of the same process would be useful to its meadows, through which a stream, issuing from the Sarnen lake flows into that of Lungern: the mountains high but receding are covered with woods and pastures, a few patches of corn appearing here and there. The Giswillen Stoch has a very lofty

* 9496 feet above the sea. † 12,560 feet.

peak, with pines to the top. Descending into the valley, we reach the lake of Sarnen, and pursue a charming ride along its eastern shore, through a continued range of meadows mown as close as if with a razor, and of the freshest green. This water (about three miles long and one and a half broad) is surrounded by mountains, but not so closely environed by them as that of Lungern.

We stopped at Sachslen to see the very handsome church, erected there in 1766 to the honour of a celebrated person, commonly called Father Klaus. His real name was Nicholas de Flue, and he was born in that village March 21, 1417. He fought several times for his country: among other occasions, in the war which the Swiss sustained against Sigismond, Duke of Austria. He afterwards became one of the magistrates of the canton of Underwalden. But his dissatisfaction with the conduct of his colleagues, added to his fondness for the excessive austerities of ascetic devotion, induced him to quit his wife and children, and, hiding himself from the world, to turn anchorite at the age of 50 years. He lived twenty years in a wild solitude at Ranft, about a league from Sachslen, where he died in 1487, in his 70th year, with the reputation of a most holy man. The genuine patriotism of his character manifested itself in the reconciliation of differences which he mediated between the democratic and aristocratic cantons at the Diet of Stanz, on the 22d of December, 1481. It was at the age of 64 that he repaired there, and by the wisdom of his discourse succeeded in re-establishing a good understanding among the assembled deputies, at the very moment when their stormy discussions had threatened to end in rupture and

civil war. His voice was deemed the voice of Heaven; and, conformably to his counsels an alliance immediately took place between the divided cantons; who would have loaded him with rich presents in token of their gratitude: but he refused to accept them, and returned to his hermitage. His great merit was that of active zeal for the public good; yet not for so laudable a part of his career has his memory become the object of ecclesiastical distinction and of popular veneration; but for his abandonment of wife, children, and friends, in order to submit himself as a monkish recluse to a thousand useless rules and unmeaning restrictions, alike alien to true honour and unfriendly to practical virtue. So just is the observation "Toute fausse Réligion combat la Nature."*

Under the portico of Sachslen church are two fresco paintings; one relating to the political, the other to the legendary history of the worthy and respectable Nicholas. Of the former the design represents the aged hermit making his sudden and unexpected appearance before the assembled Diet, just as its members were about to separate in irritation and hostility. His tall and reverend form, clothed in a friar's dress, and his dignified countenance rendered more impressive by a black flowing beard—the figures of the awe-struck deputies habited in the full magisterial suits of the 15th century, some rising from their seats, as he is in the act of addressing to them his short but admirable speech of pacification†—are well executed

* Rousseau—who with equal propriety remarks: la pure morale est si chargée de devoirs sévères, que si on la charge encore de formes indifférentes, c'est presque toujours au dèpens de l'essentiel.

† "My friends (said De Flue on this memorable occasion), I come from a deep solitude. I am a stranger to the ways of man, but I serve the Lord. You cities (Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne), must give up your sepa-

and have the marked expression of portraits. The inside of the edifice is elegantly constructed and altogether very sumptuous. The pillars and arches are of black marble; all brought by the manual labour of peasants stimulated by their religious enthusiasm, from quarries in the valley of the Melchthal, about two leagues from Sachslen. Some of the altar pieces are adorned with sculptures of no mean workmanship and with pictures of considerable merit. This is a favourite place of pilgrimage. The bones of the Swiss Saint are enshrined in a sort of glass coffin, decorated with much gilding and jewellery; and before these precious relics, as well as upon his tomb-stone in one of the side chapels, we saw persons of both sexes with every outward sign of intensely ardent feeling, prostrated at their devotions. Father Klaus having, as his epitaph boldly asserts, lived "nineteen years in the desert without taking any sustenance," and consequently proved himself a walking miracle whilst in this world, it is not very surprising that he should be regarded as continuing to work wonders* in that beyond the grave. Accordingly we find him sharing the honours of *vœux rendus* with the Virgin Mary; and in

rate league: it is big with mischief. You rural cantons (Uri, Schweitz, Underwalden, Zug, and Glarus), forget not the services that have been rendered you, and reward Fribourg and Soleure, by freely admitting them into the Confederacy. I learn with sorrow, that, instead of thanking God for the victories he has bestowed upon you, you are still contending for the division of the spoil. Let all the lands you have acquired be divided in due proportions among the cantons; and all moveables among the individuals, according to the number supplied by each canton. Lastly, let me exhort you to unite all your separate leagues into one great intimate union, of which truth and friendship shall be the basis and firm support. I have nothing to add. God be with you."—*History of Switzerland.*

* "Miracles prepared by pious fraud for popular credulity."—*Southey's Vindiciæ*, p. 89.

some cases engrossing them to himself. In an *ex-voto*, bearing the date of 1817, the Romish Queen of Heaven appears in the clouds with the Infant Jesus in her arms. Father Klaus is kneeling before her: in the lower part of the picture is a young woman in bed: her pale complexion, and the basins and medicine bottles placed on a table near the bed-side, indicate her state of sickness; from which however this votive offering vouches for her recovery through the powerful interposition of St. Nicholas with the Virgin Protectress—"near God."—In another, the holy Klaus appears alone in the heavenly regions, and the sick person in a bed below.—In a third we see a tempest on the lake; and the canonized De Flue from his place in the skies, stills the raging of the winds and waves.—Such is the fabric of solemnity and superstition which priest-craft has raised, not upon the basis of a man's good qualities or valuable services, but after the example of his weaknesses and his failings.

The well built town of Sarnen, delightfully situated at the northern extremity of the lake, is the chief place and seat of government of the *vallée d'en haut*, (Oberwald) as Stanz is that of the *vallée d'en bas*, (Underwald) into which two districts the canton is divided. At the entrance of the town we noticed a circular stone platform, which they told us was in former times the place of execution, by beheading; but is now not used.—It was our wish to have stopped a few hours at Sarnen, which contains some curiosities worthy a traveller's notice; but as the city of Lucerne was our intended quarters for the night, to accomplish which object an extensive piece of water remained to be traversed, prudence dictated expedition, and we made the best of our way down the valley to Alpnach.

In that miserable town, on one side frowned upon by lofty mountains, and washed on the other by the lake—in that little place, consisting for the most part of scattered hovels, a new church has lately been built at the expense of the inhabitants. It was not, in sacerdotal judgment, deemed sufficient that they had already a church of small size but apparently large enough for the population. The new temple is on a scale of grandeur and in a stile of embellishment fitted rather for Fribourg or Lucerne, being of scarcely inferior dimensions to some Protestant cathedrals: nor was this needed for the accommodation of the adjoining village, for that also has a chapel. The indigence of the people of Alpnach is but too clearly discernible both in their persons and in their dwellings.—Could we be at a loss to divine the cause? Struck with the circumstance, we asked the only respectable looking inhabitant we could meet with, at the door of his house, viz. the master of the inn, how it happened that we should then have before our eyes three places of worship and so few houses? He observed, in reply, that it was out of all proportion, and in his opinion uncalled for by the necessity of the case; that the expence of the new building had been very great, and had fallen heavy on the commune; that for his part he had been against the erection of so grand a structure, but persons of small property, like himself, were not their own masters; that the priests governed every thing there by their great spiritual influence; that the money collected from different sources was spent by them in increasing the number of churches, and in administering to the pomp of religious worship, whilst the poor, so far as related to their temporal wants, were left in the wretchedness of total neglect.

Our guide himself informed us of a fact connected with the subject above mentioned, which the men who rowed us in their boat to Lucerne confirmed. It appears that the people of Alpnach would have found themselves incapable of furnishing the means of building their great church, but for a large forest of pines on the skirts of Mount Pilatus, over which the commune possessed an unlimited right of felling and disposing of the trees. At the instigation of the clergy, a bargain was made between the inhabitants and an engineer of the name of Rupp, with whom were joined two gentlemen from Arau. This contract allowed the speculators to cut down as much timber as they pleased for the space of eight years, after which time the original right reverts back to the inhabitants of the commune in question. The price given was 3000*l.* sterling, and the timber proved so fine, that the greater part of it, when it reached the lake of Lucerne, was floated, in the form of rafts, down the Reuss into the Rhine, and thus conveyed to Holland, for the purposes of ship building.* In return for this sacrifice of property, Alpnach and its adjacent plains of pasture can boast of a church, whose white walls and tapering spire are the admiration of the traveller by water, as he approaches the south-west shore of the bay; but when on landing he discovers nothing

* In order to bring down to the lake of Lucerne the wood purchased by this company, 9000*l.* were expended in erecting a slide of singular construction.—"Its length is about 44,000 English feet, and the difference of level at its two extremities is about 2600 feet. It is a wooden trough, five feet broad and four deep. The large pines, with their branches cut off, are placed one at a time in the slide; and descending by their own gravity, they acquire such an impetus in their progress through the first part of the slide, that they perform their journey of eight miles and a quarter, in six minutes, and, in wet weather, in three minutes."—*Loudon's Dictionary of Agriculture.*

but poverty and beggary near it, he will probably be of opinion with ourselves that an alms-house or an hospital would have been the more humane and charitable appropriation of the parochial funds.

At half-past four in the afternoon, we embarked on the lake of Lucerne, at a point where the prospect is more striking from the gloom of the distant mountains, than pleasing from the nature of the more immediately surrounding objects, which, with the exception of the level shore of Alpnach, consist only of steep forest-clothed hills. As we proceeded however in a north-easterly direction, scenery of a very different kind to any we had yet witnessed in Switzerland, displayed itself on every side. To our left, Mount Pilate appeared in great majesty, his highest peaks uninvested with clouds, and his calcareous sides unhidden by inferior eminences, whilst his skirts gradually sloping towards the bay of Winkel, exhibited the lively garniture of grass fields, woods, and cottages. To the right we looked upon the Stanzer-horn or Bloum-Alpe, which, with a few scanty pastures and fir trees at its foot, rises almost perpendicularly, exhibiting here and there spots of barren rock: all the rest darkened with pines. A little further on lies the attractive village of Stansstad, with its white tower at the water's edge, backed by another stupendous ridge. At this place, in 1798, "the peasant brethren of the glen" offered a brave but ineffectual resistance to their invading foes the French, who, ungenerous as unjust, burnt down every house. It was indeed on these romantic borders, that the Gallic hosts made themselves conspicuous by burning and destroying cottages, villages, and towns, and by committing a thousand other acts of wanton cruelty and rapa-

cious oppression. In the many murderous assaults made by those pretended champions of "Liberty and Equality," on the inhabitants of the three forest cantons, in whom the spirit of Swiss Independence manifested itself with a heroism like that of their Sires of old,

"Underwalden last expired,
"Underwalden was the heart.
"In the valley of their birth,
"Where their guardian mountains stand;
"In the eye of heaven and earth,
"*Fought* the warriors of the land."*

An opening between the Stanzerhorn and the mountain above the little village just named discovers the valley of Stanz, and beyond it a chain of vast altitude, the hollows of which are filled with snow, and the summits

* See "*The Wanderer of Switzerland*," by Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY. That gentleman, in his beautiful and affecting historical poem, has finely illustrated the prominent facts connected with the unequal but heroic struggle, the unavailing yet never to be forgotten efforts, the courageous and persevering example of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwalden, in opposing the too successful attempt of the French to deprive them of their freedom. The noble spirited ALOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of those three cantons, repeatedly drove back the invading forces, on the very plains of Morgarthen, where, five centuries before, their ancestors had rescued themselves from Austrian subjugation. This determined resistance to the flagitious designs of the Directory, compelled the French General Schawenberg to give them a solemn pledge that he would respect their national independence. But no sooner were they disarmed, than the perfidious rulers of Republican France compelled them to take the oath of allegiance to the new fangled constitution manufactured at Paris, and already imposed upon the rest of Switzerland. The inhabitants of the lower valley of Underwalden alone refused compliance with the ignominious terms, and bade defiance to the inhuman menaces of the enemy. All the men of the valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms; and with a resolution worthy of so righteous a cause, devoted themselves to perish, or preserve their liberties. Having removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps,

terminated in bare and shattered peaks of the finest conformation. We passed "the wild and woody hill" which gave birth to that brave knight of Underwalden, Arnold de Winkelried, whose name is rightly associated with imperishable renown, for his self-devotedness and glorious death in his country's cause at the battle of Sempach.—On the lake all was calmness and tranquillity. The evening sun shed his brightest tints of gold over the rich foliage, which in some parts overspreading the hills extends down to the brink of the water, in others crowns the craggy rocks. At each stage of our progress, the prospects expanded and their beauty increased. The borders we were coasting became less bold and more lovely. Around, from east to west, from the Righi-berg to the Bloum-Alp and Mount Pilate all was lofty and majestic. As the boatmen steered close along the S. W. shores of the lake, we passed some delightful spots, and only wondered that the residences there are not more numerous. Before our course was directed into the western gulf that leads to Lucerne, we turned our eyes to the opposite quarter, through the entrance of the lake of the Waldstettes, upon the savage grandeur of perpendicular rocks and

they returned to the borders of the lake and there awaited the approach of the French. In the first action, the invaders were repulsed with considerable loss. A decisive battle, however, subsequently took place in which the Underwalders were overpowered by hosts of foes rushing upon them from three distinct points of attack. In this last, desperate, and miserable conflict many of the women and children of the valley fought and died by the side of their husbands, fathers, and friends. An indiscriminate massacre followed the defeat of the brave Underwalders. Two hundred Schwitzers arrived at the close of the battle to assist their allies; and, to a man, after having slain thrice their number, were cut off:

"Terrible in death they lay
"THE AVENGERS OF THE FIELD!"

snow-clad summits that designate the wildness of Uri and of Glarus. The whole scene was one whose impression is treasured among the most cherished of my Swiss recollections. It was the *ne plus ultra* of mingled beauty and sublimity: nor were the feelings of admiration and delight with which it inspired me, disturbed with the slightest portion of alloy, save what arose from the fond fruitless wish, that ONE could have been with me to partake the enjoyment, or that the power had been granted me of imparting it by description. How gladly would I have sacrificed a large share of my own pleasure for the sake of seeing THAT FRIEND beside me, and of directing her face towards the east, whilst the last glories of sun-set were falling upon the mountains, to watch the rose colour gradually deepening into purple, or fading on the distant Alps into grey; and then I would have asked her whether it is too much—whether it is enough—to affirm that with respect to the scenery of Switzerland "the language of Enthusiasm is the language of Truth."

The city presents itself, in this aquatic approach, not with an air of commanding consequence but certainly with features particularly pleasing. As viewed from the lake, the Cathedral on the right—the Jesuits' church on the left—the ancient *Tour d'eau* and the long bridges in the centre, forming a connecting chain of objects between the two extremities—the lofty turrets and battlemented curtain of the town wall, crowning the verdant heights behind the body of the place—are a picturesque combination that cannot fail to strike every one, and especially the lover of architectural peculiarities. The promise however of an interesting or a cheerful interior, which the more distant prospect offers, is not fulfilled to the stranger entering Lucerne.

CHAPTER XIX.

LUCERNE—*View from the hill of Allen-winden—Monument to the Gardes-Suisses——Collegiate Church——Jesuit's Church—M. Pfyffer's Topographical Chart—The Arsenal—The Hotel de Ville—The Bridges—Scenery—Costume of the Canton—Death of the Avoyer Keller—General Observations—Walk on the Southern Shore of the Lake—Voyage to Küssnacht.*

WE made the best use of a fine morning, by taking a short excursion through the gate of Basle, along the banks of the Reuss, the current of which is rapid and forcible in the extreme: its waters are dark green, a colour congenial to the romantic character of the stream, whose channel is broad and full, and whose depth is the more conspicuous from its exquisite clearness. After following on a wide carriage way well protected by a parapet, the bold sweep of this fine river for about half a mile, we ascended an overhanging hill called Allen Winden, and, from the Pavillion there, viewed its winding course, where pine, poplar, and beech trees clothe the sloping margin, sometimes on both sides and to the very edge of the water. The ground on the left bank, forming the skirts of Mount Pilate* rises loftily in wooded grandeur.

* The height of this mountain is 5685 feet. Its name is probably derived from the Latin *Mons Pileatus;* and indeed its summit is frequently covered with a cloud as with a cap. The fable of the country is that Pontius Pilate, overwhelmed with remorse, betook himself to this mountain, and drowned himself in the little lake at the top of it.

The country on the right bank, gently undulated, beautifully fertile, is checquered with orchards, corn crops, and luxuriant herbage, with here and there a modest villa; whilst insulated and picturesque cottages, with the more substantial dwellings of farmers, are scattered in the dells or embossomed in trees on the acclivities.

Lucerne is finely situated at the spot where the Reuss issues out of the western extremity of its singularly shaped lake. Over the town to the left, rising behind a fine wavy tract of pasture and forest land, we see a graceful mountain of considerable height: looking across the lake, we behold others which, elevating themselves almost perpendicularly from its surface, average between three and four thousand feet in height. Many are much higher, and all of them as romantic in their forms as fancy can pourtray. Beyond and above these rise loftier still; and some we discern at a great distance from, and only just appearing above them, completely covered with eternal snow.

After breakfast we went a short distance from the town, a little way to the right of the road leading to Zurich, in a very agreeable part of the environs, to see the Monument raised to the memory of the brave Swiss Guards who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, in defending their post at the Thuilleries. It consists of a colossal lion, dying of a spear-wound received from behind: he lies stretched upon a heap of arms which he has been defending to the last. The thought is perhaps unrivalled in its grandeur and simplicity; and the execution is hardly of inferior excellence. The attitude of the majestic animal, and the expression of suppressed anguish that pervades every

feature of his noble countenance are wonderfully fine. The work has been executed on the perpendicular face of a large and lofty rock over-hung with picturesque foliage, and laved at its base by a pool of spring water. Above the lion is this simple inscription: HELVETIORVM FIDEI AC VIRTVTI. Below it are the dates of AVG. X. and SEPT. II. and III.*—On one side the names of the officers

* The following painfully interesting passage is extracted from a French History of the horrible massacres of the 2d and 3d Sept. 1792, at Paris:—

A considerable number of the Swiss who escaped the slaughter of the 10th August, were incarcerated in the prison of the Abbaye. The miscreants who had just been murdering the priests at the Carmelites, arrived there covered with blood and dust. At their head marched the Huissier Maillard, the same individual who conducted the women to Versailles, on the 5th of Aug. 1789. He demanded that all the Swiss should immediately be given up to execution. "It is our will," shouted the whole multitude of cannibals. The pretended Judges of the People pronounce the fatal word *à la Force.* Maillard charges himself with the execution of the sentence. Having entered the hall into which the Swiss were brought together, he said to them "You assassinated the people on the 10th of August. They demand vengeance. You must go to the Force prison." The Swiss threw themselves at his knees—"mercy—mercy." To this appeal Maillard phlegmatically answered, "Our only business is to transfer you to the Force, perhaps pardon may then be granted you." But the unfortunate men had too plainly heard the vociferations of the murderers, who swore upon their bloody sabres to exterminate every one of them. "Ah Sir, why do you mock us with the most barbarous irony. You well know that we shall not depart from this place but to go to our death." At that instant a crowd of cut-throats filled the prison. The Swiss, extended on the ground before him in the most suppliant posture, vainly endeavoured to move the cruel heart of Maillard, whom the assassins appeared to obey. But soon perceiving the fruitlessness of the attempt, they drew close to one another, and, locked in one general embrace, each bade his comrades a last adieu, uttering the most sorrowful cries at the prospect of inevitable death. The impress of despair imparted yet more interest to the figures of some veterans, whose white locks were well calculated to inspire respect. Their firm countenances seemed to intimidate the ruffians that surrounded them; as Admiral Coligni's awed for some time those whom the Guises had sent to murder him. But presently the howlings of those among the inhuman

who escaped death; on the other, of those who fell victims to their devoted faithfulness and honour.

M. Pfyffer, one of the survivors, now Colonel, had, it seems, long cherished the idea of commemorating by some public monument the unconquerable fidelity of his fellow-soldiers; and, encouraged by the restoration of the Royal Family of France, he communicated his design and wishes to the public. Many of the Swiss cantons subscribed liberally; and the Bourbons proved their gratitude by munificent contributions. A gentleman of Lucerne who undertook to mention the matter at Rome, was taking coffee with Thorwaldsen; and after some conversation on the subject, requested that celebrated sculptor to commit his ideas to paper. The Danish Artist sketched

butchers, who more remote from the scene were not witnesses of a heart-rending misery which suspended as if by enchantment the fury of their compeers, restored to the troop its pristine ferocity.—Suddenly a Swiss, disengaging himself from the embraces of his companions, came forward with an air of confidence and composure. His form was commanding; his physiognomy interesting, but martial. "I wish to die the first," he exclaimed in the calm tone of deep and settled grief. "If there is a person among you who knows military discipline, he ought to be aware that soldiers like ourselves cannot be guilty of the crime of which we stand accused. It is our chiefs who should answer. Yet they have saved themselves, and we are doomed to perish. But learn that brave men do not fear death, which in your service they have a hundred times faced in battle." He then asked the furies of massacre by whom he was environed "Where must I go!" The doors of the prison opened before him. He advanced boldly. The assassins, whom his courage astonished, at first drew back; forming a circle round him—sabre, hatchet, bayonet, in hand.—The Swiss having reached the centre of the murdering band takes two steps backward; tranquilly looks around him; crosses his arms over his breast; remains for a moment immoveable—and, when he sees that all is prepared for his sacrifice, rushes forward upon the pikes and bayonets, and falls pierced with a thousand wounds. His last groans are heard by his unfortunate comrades who are soon made partakers of his fate.

the very lion, whose image we see at this place. The drawing is hasty, but executed with great force and freedom. It appears that the Colonel had desired to have the unyielding courage and unshaken fidelity of his countrymen represented under the symbolic form of a Lion; but that the DYING Lion was the idea of Thorwaldsen. His model for it is also exhibited in the lodge, and the sculptor employed to work after it has evinced no faint shew of the same luminous talent which gave birth to so excellent a design. No sooner had the model arrived at Lucerne (Thorwaldsen himself having examined the nature of the stone, and pronounced it durable and calculated in every other respect for the purpose), than the artist commenced his labours, hollowed out the grotto, and in little more than a year the bas-relief was sculptured in the living rock.

Near it stands a little chapel, where masses are said for the departed objects of commemoration: at the portal, over which are the words INVICTIS PAX, the spontaneous ejaculation arose to my own lips of "Peace to the souls of the Heroes." It is altogether a most agreeable and interesting spot; and whoever admires to see the emanations of Genius consecrated, under the auspices of national Gratitude, to the Memory of the brave and dutiful, will reap a congenial recompense in paying a visit to this Lucernian Monument of the Tenth of August.

We next proceeded to the Collegiate, or as it is called the Cathedral, Church: a building finely situated; but of no great size. The portal is in bad taste both as to sculpture and architecture. The interior is modern; fitted up with the pomp of decoration which appertains to the Romish worship, and with the tawdriness and trumpery

which it equally encourages and authorises. The organ is a celebrated one both for dimensions and quality.—The great pipe in the centre is not less than forty feet high by three feet in diameter, and is computed to weigh 1100 lbs. In the chapel of the Virgin, we see that favourite object of Catholic worship, attired in *grande costume*, including a hooped petticoat of pink and gold embroidery, and a lace lining to her robe, an imperial crown of gold on her head, a luxuriance of flaxen hair disposed in ringlets over her forehead and neck, and a highly rouged face, of a voluptuous cast, especially about the eyes. The infant perched on her hand is, as usual, the miniature likeness of the mother, both in dress and feature. Over its little head is a wig, and over its wig is a crown: it holds a golden ball and cross in the left hand, and a sceptre in the right—

"O, how unlike the Babe at Bethlehem!"

So much for the figures of the Virgin-Goddess and *the Child-God*,* at this Her *Privileged Altar*, "pro Sacerd. in Corp."—I fight not for modes of Faith. I quarrel not with Doctrines nor with Doctors. But I protest in the name of its Divine Founder against the degradation of Christianity, which this *is*: I contend on religious grounds for the cause of Common Sense, which this is *not*.

At another side chapel, inscribed "Altare Confraternitatis B. V. Mariæ De Monte-Carmelo,"† we see an

* *Don Leucadio Doblado* (B. White) in his admirable "Letters from Spain" acquaints us that "the representation of the Deity in the form of a child, and bearing the name of Nino Dios (the Child-God) or Nino Jesus is very common in that country."—p. 476.

† "Altar of the Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel;" the same *holy* confraternity whom Pope John the XXIII exempted from

image of the Virgin, dressed in the same gaudy weeds of superstitious folly, and placed before, so as nearly to hide, a very curious group of ancient sculpture, elaborately executed in a relievo of alabaster marble: it represents the Death of the Virgin, the Apostles surrounding, and our Saviour looking down from Heaven upon Her.—The choir of this church contains some beautiful carvings in wood; and a good altar-piece, but over which the Almighty is conspicuously personified under the figure of an old man!* The two towers of the west end, with their tall thin tapering spires, are of an early date: the nave seems to have been built within the last hundred and fifty years.

The church of the Jesuits is, as usual, a stately, handsome, and splendid building. In the gallery of their college we saw a curious series of old paintings, of which the favourite subject is the Dance of Death, the designs of which remind one of Holbein's reputed work. There was a rehearsal of sacred music in the church for some

Episcopal Jurisdiction and from Purgatory, by express command, as he pretended, of the Virgin herself.—Urban the 4th gave three years of Indulgence to those who should call the *Carmelites* Brothers of Mary, though they never were related to her.—*D'Emillianne.* Can one be at a loss to account for the saying, that "the Pope makes good markets of the ignorance and sins of the people."?—It is the *Carmel* Mary, whom (according to *Doblado*) all the rogues and vagabonds in Spain address as their patron goddess.

* For this, among the rest, it seems the Lucernians have the highest sanction and example of their church. Dr. Burnet, alluding to the Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, says "in the concave of it there is a gross indication of idolatry; for the Deity is there pictured as an ancient man, encompassed about with angels."—In the chief church at Soleure (says the same writer) there is an image of God the Father, as an old man with a great black beard, having our Saviour on his knees and a pigeon over his head.—This is still to be seen there: *semper eadem.*

approaching religious festival, at which the vocal as well as instrumental performers displayed natural powers and scientific attainments of no ordinary kind.

From the promenade above the cathedral we had one of the finest views of Mount Pilate, whose form is as grand and majestic as its situation is remarkable. Its rocky peaks and verdant base, with the phenomena of clouds that gather round its summit, present objects of peculiar interest and attraction. Mount Pilate descending to the east, and the Stanzerhorn to the west (neither of them at any great distance from Lucerne, but still beyond the confines of its own lake), leave an open space, through which we see more distant mountains streaked with snow.

As connected with a knowledge of the carte-du-pays, so desirable for all travellers, particularly in a country like this, we failed not to direct our steps to the house which contains the celebrated plan of a portion of Switzerland, undertaken and executed in relief, with admirable precision, by General Pfyffer, a contemporary of Mr. Coxe's, and who devoted nearly half his life to its completion. This wonderful map, 22½ feet long by 12 wide, is on a scale of 13½ inches (French) to a league. The scale for height is one inch to 900 feet, and the highest mountain is represented by an elevation of ten inches. It embraces an extent of 180 square leagues, and comprises the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, Underwald, and part of the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, and Berne, shewing the gradual rise of the vallies, from the level of the lake of Lucerne, as they ascend with the mountains that form them one above another towards the Alps. The proportional height and form of the rocks, and the degree of declivity characteristic of each mountain, are exhibited with the

greatest exactness. The very kind of trees that grow on any given spot; the course of rivers as they rise in the hills, pour down into the vallies and intersect the plains; the irriguous channels of brooks; the falls of water in cascades; the position of lakes, towns, villages, and chateaux, are all accurately laid down and faithfully represented. Not only every road, but every path; not only every assemblage of habitations, but the form of every insulated cottage; nay every road-side or summit-crowning cross finds its place in this relievo. People who design passing over any district which it includes, consult it on their departure, and returning bear testimony to its correctness. The military commanders who since its existence have led armies through Switzerland, gained such information from their inspection of it, as to be enabled to conduct their troops over Alps which would otherwise have appeared to them to deny a passage. The valley of Enghelberg and the Surene pass were traversed by Gen. Lecourbe, in 1799, after studying Pfyffer; thereby gaining a decided advantage over Marshal Suwarroff, whose line of retreat through the Schaëchenthal, between enormous rocks loaded with glaciers, is to be exactly traced in this plan. All the objects are coloured after nature; and the peaks are astonishingly well imitated. The material of which this plan is formed is a mixture of wax and pitch, with the exception of the mountains, in which stone has been employed.*

We saw some relics of the old General's; among the rest a fine portrait of him, in the midst of his employment

* M. Pfyffer retired from the French service when he was 50, and completed this extraordinary work, as far as he had explored, at the age of 70; still continuing his annual expeditions into the Alps after that period. He died in 1802, at the advanced age of 85.

of surveying and drawing. With pencil in hand, he appears seated on some dizzy height, surrounded by rocks and precipices: his countenance is expressive of that sensible and active mind, which with equal vigour and energy of body he is recorded to have retained to the last. The portable seat which he contrived for these scientific excursions is of the most ingenious and simple construction.

We went to the Arsenal, and saw the arms, accoutrements, and military stores belonging to this small republic. The militia of the canton is composed of twenty-five battalions of infantry and jagers of 600 men each: four troops of dragoons, and a corps of artillery consisting of five companies. This depôt contains an adequate reserve of cannon, musquets, rifles, swords, pistols, cavalry appointments, &c. in excellent order for their equipment. The decorations along the walls are an interesting sight; chiefly trophies of the olden time.—In the lower room are specimens of the ancient military costume and weapons of the Lucernians; a flag taken from the Turks near Tunis by Francis von Sonenburgh, a Swiss Knight of Malta, 1640.—Some fine suits of Italian armour, pikes, halberts, and colours, fruits of their prowess during their contests in the Milanese.—In the second room are effigies of the Gardes Suisses at Vienna, in yellow uniform, trunk hose and slashed sleeves. The banners belonging to the fifteen Baillages of the canton, (very old) are deposited here. Besides which every village has its flag; and we were informed that, when on certain days in the year the militia go in procession to a shooting match, they take their guns and colours from this arsenal and return them afterwards to their respective places. The windows are filled with stained glass; small designs but well painted, and damasked in brilliant colours, repre-

senting the armorial bearings and devices of the different cantons of Switzerland, and the dress of their ancient warriors, executed in 1606: among the rest is a view of Lucerne, as it appeared in 1671, and as in truth it looks "at this present writing."—The third and uppermost apartment contains the most precious memorials of Swiss heroism, viz. those of Sempach. They shewed us the chain armour or shirt of mail, worn by Leopold, who was killed at that battle; together with the iron collars lined with spikes, wherewith it is affirmed the Arch-duke intended to have tortured the Avoyer Gundoldingen, who fell in the same conflict, and stained the banner of Lucerne, which he bore, with his life's blood. Ensanguined marks are visible upon it. We looked for, and asked in vain to see, some vestige of Arnold de Winkelried, truly *the* hero of that glorious day:

> —— He of battle-martyrs chief,
> Who, to recal his daunted peers,
> For victory shaped an open space,
> By gathering, with a wide embrace,
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears.*

Instead of any genuine relic of the Helvetic Decius, the keeper of the Arsenal shewed us with an emphatical point of the hand, and an exulting air—things that served only to remind us of that unhappy period when "civil dudgeon first grew high" in Switzerland. I mean the sword, mace, and banner of the learned, the wise, the good Zuinglius, who lost his life at the battle of Kappel, in which the

* See a Poem of Mr. Wordsworth's; who correctly observes, that of this event, one of the most famous in the annals of the Swiss, pictures and prints are frequent throughout the country.

Protestants were defeated by the Catholics, 1531. Himself a preacher of moderation and a practiser of forbearance, this illustrious reformer and equally brave patriot fell a victim to the rash policy of the Zurichers. He perished by the hands of the victors, who cut his remains to pieces, and caused them to be burnt by the hangman of Lucerne. As if to make amends, however, our conductor shewed us one of the Pope's standards taken at the battle of Marignano in 1515. In the same room we noticed the complete suit of plate armour worn by General Feer, who commanded 24,000 Swiss troops in the field above mentioned. Round the neck of his effigy hangs a long cross-bow bolt, which is recorded to have passed through his neck, inflicting a dreadful, and as it was believed a mortal, wound; but from the moment of his making a vow to St. Sebastian, he recovered! Upon the piety of so fortunate a warrior it were impossible to make a comment without presumption; or on his name, a *pun*, "without reproach." My own feelings indeed, with reference to the honest Lucernians, are such, that I would gladly forbear uttering "a sigh" even at their *Faith;* but I must on this occasion be allowed to indulge in "a smile" at their *Feer.*—We tried one of the ancient arbalists: the force of it is very great: it is wound up with a windlass or crank. The bow itself (which is not more than two feet long, on a stock of two feet and a half) is made of a composition of horn, cut into small pieces, and joined like wedges one within another; the whole covered with a kind of shagreen case. The arrows with iron heads, of which there are numerous sheaves, measure about fifteen inches long. These are true specimens of Swiss weapons of Tell's time.

The Hotel de Ville is on a small scale, but the interior

exhibits some rich architectural embellishments. It has a fine old tower attached to it, on one face of which the colossal figure of a wild man is painted. This huge portraiture, we were told, refers to a giant, whose bones are said to have been found under an old oak in 1577. The same figure is in the arms of Lucerne. During the night, a sentinel stationed on this tower, blows a couple of blasts with his horn, and the sentinel who is on the great tower of the ramparts, is obliged to answer with three soundings of the same kind of instrument.

At Lucerne there is only one bridge for the transit of carriages over the Reuss, and that is a wooden one, the piers of which tremble with the force and rapidity of the current. But there are three others, covered over head and open at the sides, passable by persons on foot. Two of these serve between them, by their prodigious extent, to secure a communication from one extremity of the town to the other. One crosses a little bay which the lake forms, and affords to the inhabitants a pleasant walk to their cathedral, situated on the other side of it. This bridge (called the *Hofbrücke)* is 1380 feet long, forming an immense gallery, decorated with a series of several hundred pictures, of a triangular shape to correspond with the hollow of the roof: these not ill executed designs, represent the History of the Old and New Testament, some of them in a very curious stile. They face the passenger as he enters; and their being painted on both sides the pannels enables him to view them as he goes either way. The second, built over the lake where the Reuss issues from it, is 1000 feet long, and goes by the name of *Kappel*, or pont-de-la-Chapelle, and contains a similarly arranged *gallèrie des tableaux*, representing the various incidents

of the most memorable epochas in Swiss history. Both the above mentioned structures afford views of the lake, as interesting and delightful as can well be imagined.—The third covered foot-bridge crosses the Reuss someway lower down the river beyond the bridge for the carriages; and just at the narrowest and most rapid part of it, where it is really tremendous to look down upon its waters, whose deep green becomes converted into a white foam: and the bridge though strongly built vibrates in every timber to the furious passage of the stream beneath. On the centre is a miniature chapel, and on the same pier where the waters are most rapid a little crucifix overhangs the rushing current. This bridge is about one hundred and seventy paces long; and the subject of the paintings which ornament it is the "Dance of Death."

From these bridges and from other commanding points, the eye enjoys a gradual ascent from the exquisitely beautiful to the perfectly sublime. Lucerne and its lake, situated as near as may be in the centre of Switzerland, may be considered as the point at which all that is soft and beautiful in the northern part of the country has its termination on the northern shores of that lake: whilst from its southern and eastern banks rise the rugged mountains which exalt themselves step by step into the Great Alps. One mountain indeed, of considerable height, stands on the northern shore, and is visited as affording perhaps the finest panoramic view in Switzerland. It is called the Righi *(Regina Montium)*; and from the elegance of its form, the richness of its soil, and the abundance of its productions, it well deserves the name of "the Mountain Queen." The southern and eastern shores on the contrary are lined with almost inaccessible rocks and preci-

pices. These which are but foundations to yet more tremendous heights descend into the water abruptly: a few villages are planted at the foot, and cultivation is carried partly up their sides. There are among them one or two extremely fertile vallies, but their summits only are visible from Lucerne, rising high above the gentler scenery of the lake. There is one part of the southern shore, formed by a rocky cliff, whose majesty of form and deep sombreness of hue render it one of the finest foregrounds that can be conceived to a picture of this kind. Taking our view from the town this mountain is on the right; the Righi on the left, about the same distance from us; and beyond them one sees nothing but peaks and summits. Thus much for the rugged and alpine part of the picture. For the milder and more captivating features we have the shores of that portion of the lake which properly belongs to Lucerne. The borders of this bay hide from the spectator, standing on the bridge, the native base of the Righi and that of the Bergenberg, only rendering more romantic what appears above them. And the opening formed by the entrance to the bay itself, and which in the distance appears but narrow, produces an exceedingly interesting effect. Within the limits of the bay all the objects are seen in their natural colours, clearly defined: the eye embraces them at once, and rests for awhile delighted upon a picture of such perfect beauty; then seeks through that opening for something beyond; but all beyond has a mysteriousness about it, which so highly enhances the sublime impression of distant objects.

The whole view over the lake is too extensive to

be taken in at one glance. The one which has just been alluded to is perhaps the most interesting. The spectator directs his eye to the S. E. The immediate foreground is formed by a great portion of the waters of the Lucerne branch and the shores beyond this foreground. Sufficiently distinct on a favourable day to be clothed in the deep purple veil that invests the nearest of distant hills, rise the Righi on the left, the Bergen on the right. To the right of the former tower the mountains which ascend from the eastern shores of the Uri branch. Above the Bergen ascend the mountains on the western shore of the same branch and those that belong to the southern shore. These last are nearer and consequently appear loftier, and their peaks and snows are much more distinctly visible. Other mountains also make a part of the perspective; their bases are far remote from the lake, but their astonishing height renders them visible. Two of these frozen summits are those of the Titlis between the cantons of Underwald and Uri, and the Dodiberg between Uri and Glarus, each about 10,000 feet in elevation, to which 1100 more must be added for the level of the lake above the sea. But what notion can dry details convey of such a *coup d' œil!* As well might I attempt to describe some *chef d' œuvre* of Raphael's or of Titian's by saying that it is an oil-painting upon canvass.

The powers of the ablest and most eloquent pen would not be unworthily employed in the description of these astonishing scenes. But to give a proper idea of their inexhaustible variety, their enchanting loveliness, their appalling immensity, is out of even the Poet's reach. Yet diversified, beautiful, and sublime as in themselves they

are, these views become infinitely more so from the ever changing circumstances under which they are beheld. The effects produced upon such objects by solar and atmospheric influences are past expression. The Painter himself would be compelled to yield: he would fling down his pencil in despair.

The costume of the canton of Lucerne is extremely pretty and becoming to the young; but has a disgusting effect as worn by the old, whose grey hair and spindle-shanks suit ill with the gay bonnet, long tresses, and short petticoats which appertain to the dress. To the young on the contrary it imparts a charm of appropriate interest; especially when assumed by a bonny lass somewhat above the mere paysanne. The flat bonnet of straw is put on with art and taste, and decorated on the top with four bunches of ribbands and a fifth of flowers. The hair is parted from the forehead, à-la-madonna, and falls behind in two long braids. The dress is very peculiar. The intricacies which bedeck the bust, a perplexing panoply of mingled chains and buttons, a mystic combination of brass and silver joints, of lace and embroidered velvet, defending the bosom from the most penetrating glances, are utterly indescribable by words. The petticoat, which suspended from the shoulders is commonly of two colours, is divided circularly by a ribband in the middle of its length, which reaches a little below the knee; and the azure garter is upon occasions not invisible. Indeed there may be a spice of coquetry in this same briefness of the petticoat; for the leg and ankle are in general well turned, and make a fair display when dressed in a tightly drawn cotton stocking, of the finest texture and the purest white, and further set off by a neat shoe and a

pretty foot. A lass thus attired in her Sunday suit, with tolerably regular features and a smiling countenance, is an attractive and pleasing object in the social picture of this charming canton. For figure, feature, and complexion in the Sex, however, Lucerne must yield the palm to Berne.

The men have no very peculiar costume to distinguish them from the agricultural class of other countries. But by the women the national dress is pretty generally worn in the town, even by those who consider themselves a little above the peasantry; and among the peasants themselves, in their villages, it would be only short of sacrilege to wear any other.

In this canton the authority of the state is concentrated within the hands of a few. The two chiefs of the republic, like those of Fribourg and Berne, are called Avoyers. They are elected for life; and there are Great and Little Councils, at which these functionaries annually and alternately preside.

A short time previous to our visit a melancholy and mysterious event, bearing immediate reference to the person of its late First Magistrate, had thrown a deep gloom of affliction over Lucerne; and the circumstances which had arisen out of it still continued to agitate the public mind with doubts and apprehensions. The Avoyer Keller, being in June last at his country seat, went to visit a friend in his neighbourhood. On his return homewards in the evening, the weather became stormy, and a good deal of rain fell. M. Keller was on foot, accompanied by his two daughters: he quickened his pace the sooner to obtain shelter. His daughters followed him, and, as soon as they reached home, inquired of the servants if

their father had changed his dress. They were thrown into the greatest consternation by the intelligence that he had not made his appearance. The young ladies sent several persons in search of their parent: but every endeavour to find him proved fruitless, and they passed the night in suspence and anxiety, the more agonizing as one side of the road by which their father had passed was bordered by a precipice. It was not till the morning of the next day that the corpse of the Avoyer was discovered in an abyss: and when taken out it was so very much lacerated and disfigured by having come in contact with sharp pointed rocks, as to give rise in some persons' minds to a suspicion that he had been assassinated.*

* The cause of the unfortunate Avoyer's death became afterwards the subject of a long and most minute investigation before a court of criminal judicature. Respecting these proceedings the author has been favoured with the following details from a friend in Switzerland:—It appears that a short time previous to the event in question, a band of robbers had been captured in the environs of Zurich. The chief of these brigands was a woman, named Clara Wendel, the disgrace of her sex and the terror of the district: she had long resided in the canton of Lucerne, as was the case also with many of her accomplices. This abandoned female charged two Magistrates of Lucerne with having engaged her and her troop to murder M. Keller. The individuals thus accused were Messrs. Pfyffer and Corragioni; men who had both attained their sixtieth year, who were fathers of families, and had borne the highest reputation. These gentlemen were, on the 5th of November last, transferred to the prison of Zurich, there to be confronted with their accusers. The informations were so multiplied but at the same time so contradictory, that many even of the robbers gave the lie direct to them. The two unfortunate magistrates drew up a memorial in which truth appeared in all her strength and brightness: this they presented to the tribunal of Zurich. The judges of that court came to the resolution of sending back Messrs. Pfyffer and Corragioni to the bosom of their families at Lucerne; where they arrived on the 13th of March, 1826. There, surrounded by numerous friends, they sought to forget their calamities in the satisfaction which conscious rectitude imparts: still however remaining under private arrest, until the

Lucerne itself though the capital of the canton is a place of inconsiderable size. In Mr. Coxe's time it had hardly more than 4000 inhabitants:* that number however, is

trial should be terminated. A Digest of the evidence given at the Inquest of the Commission at Zurich into this dark affair, was published at Lucerne by M. Escher, who dedicated his work "*Au bon droit ègal pour chacun; à la Verité et à la franchise républicaine.*"

The Court of Justice held on this most extraordinary case, which was finally tried at Lucerne, did not pronounce its judgment till the 2d of September, 1826, when, although the innocence of the two respectable magistrates accused was clearly recognised and acknowledged, yet no compensation was awarded to them for the sufferings they had undergone, or for their long period of restraint and seclusion. Clara Wendel confessed that all the allegations which she and her accomplices had brought forward were false and wicked inventions, without the slightest foundation; but notwithstanding there was every reason to believe that this wretched woman had been made use of as the instrument of calumny against MM. Pfyffer and Corragioni, nothing could prevail upon her to reveal the names of those at whose instigation she had become their accuser. It was proved that M. Keller's death was occasioned by his accidentally falling down a precipice. Yet it was this circumstance which the enemies of the two individuals above mentioned laid hold of, in order to effect their destruction. Clara W. has been charged with the costs of the proceedings, which are enormous. By dint of unpunished robbery, she however had become rich. Her age is between thirty and forty. She is supposed to have been brought up by the Bohemians, or Gipsies, and to have no knowledge of her parents or any other branch of her family. It appears that she was never instructed in, nor had ever conformed to the practice of, any religion whatever. The canton of Lucerne was her favourite place of residence, which led to the supposition that it was her native country. Having attached herself, whilst very young, to a troop of banditti, she at length became their leader, and maintained this situation of command over them by the hardihood and boldness of her character, and by the inconceivable address with which she evaded the pursuit of the police. It was confidently expected that she would be executed with a part of her gang. But it is said that she has powerful protectors.—Such has been the issue of "Le Procès Keller." A very strange business from beginning to end; and in its result by no means calculated to excite respect for "*la franchise républicaine!*"

* The population of the whole canton amounts to 102,000.

said to be now nearly doubled. The streets are for the most part narrow, and the buildings not of very striking appearance, except as far as the construction of the roofs and gables may render them so: but this peculiarity is no longer novel to the traveller who has passed through Flanders or the central districts of Switzerland. From the general character of mediocrity it is but just to except the houses which line the Reuss, particularly on its northern bank. This fine river divides the town, and unites, with other advantages of situation which Lucerne enjoys, in offering the finest opportunity for an extensive commerce. Yet notwithstanding its position at one extremity of a lake, which terminates at the other near the foot of one of the principal passes into Italy; notwithstanding the river that flows through it finds its way through the Aâr into the Rhine; the commercial affairs of the Lucernians are almost entirely confined to supplying with corn those other cantons of the lake, the territories of which are too mountainous and rugged to admit of their growing it for themselves. The rapidity of the Reuss is a slight obstacle, which a city like Berne or Zurich would easily overcome. But the influence of oligarchy in civil government, added to the effects of superstition in ecclesiastical affairs, is most prejudicial to knowledge, activity, and industry. There is indeed little, if any, of that spirit of intelligence and improvement to be found in the Catholic cantons, of which one meets with such prevailing evidences among those of the Protestant persuasion.*

* The example, however, which has been set by the Vaudois, the Bernese, and Genevans, and, what is equally requisite, the zealous aid of their capitalists, are likely to have the effect of infusing something like a spirit

When the inhabitants of the forest cantons (as Zug, Schwytz, Uri, and Underwalden are called) come to fetch corn on the market-day in their oddly constructed boats, the women take advantage of the voyage of their husbands to bring their fruit, butter, eggs, and cheese to market, held in a spacious piazza under the Hotel de Ville, or on the bank of the river where the boats land. This affords them a fine opportunity for displaying their various provisions and their respective costumes to advantage.—"On a Tuesday (observes a lamented young friend of mine,* writing from the spot) and on that day only, Lucerne is in a bustle. In the evening, the purchases being completed, and the stalls tolerably well cleared, the well-filled sacks of corn being stowed aft, the master of the boat places himself at the stern with his press oar. The women throw their empty baskets on board; and then embark themselves, ten or twelve to a boat: each stands up boldly to her oar; the signal is given; all bend forward with one accord to the task. The large cumbrous vessel yields reluctantly to the impulse, and glides away slowly over the smooth waters of the lake.—It is a pleasant

of enterprise into the leading people of Lucerne. M. de Molin, banker at Lausanne, has lately submitted to a meeting of Commissioners at Payerne, a plan for forming by means of junction canals a communication between the lake of Geneva and the Rhine. According to this project, the transport of merchandise is proposed to be made from the lake above named to those of Neuchatel and Bienne, and from thence by the Zihl and Aar, past Basle, to the waters of the Rhine; or by the Limmat to Zurich and Wallenstædt, and thence by the Reuss to Lucerne. The expense of the work is estimated at seven millions and a half French livres: which it is expected will be covered by the sale alone of fertile soil (at least 50,000 acres), which will be gained to agriculture in consequence of drainages already commenced by the Government of Berne.

* See p. 278 of this work.

thing to meet these happy crews on their homeward voyage, in a fine summer's evening, a little before or a little after sunset. Some time ere our little skiff comes along-side their square built barks, we mark their gradual approach by the loud laugh ringing over the waters, and the yet louder chorus of the song keeping time to the dashing oars; and the joyous sound just dying upon the gales of eve, is taken up and continued by a second party and a third. And he, who will tell me that the laugh is not the merrier, nor the strain more harmonious in the midst of all the sublimities and beauties in which earthly scenery can robe itself, than it would be elsewhere, should come and listen to them himself, and if he does not *fancy* so at least, I do not envy him the strength of mind which enables him to achieve a victory so complete over the illusions of the imagination."

The lake affords the finest fishing, but it seems nobody thinks of it as an amusement. They are fonder of the fish, which are delicious. I can speak to the excellence of the trout, from the experience of our supper last night; and am told that the carp and pike are also of superior quality.

The few boats belonging to the place, are those which are let out for the excursions of strangers: they are flat-bottomed, of a shape unfit for rough weather if their size be small, and so unsteady as to make the use of the sail extremely hazardous.

By those who, from a residence of some length at Lucerne, are warranted in giving an opinion, its climate is not esteemed a healthy one; but is considered to produce lassitude and an indisposition to every kind of exertion both bodily and

mental. Some of the women are dreadfully afflicted with goitres; and wherever they occur the water is invariably found more or less impregnated with *tuf* stone. It is said that there is but one fountain in Lucerne free from it. The question as to the origin of the above mentioned shocking deformity would appear to be entirely set at rest, by the numerous instances in which concretions of *tuf* stone have been taken from the swellings. The mischief is effected during the years of childhood, before the glands of the throat have acquired the rigidity of those of adults. Yet the men seem to be almost exempt from it.

At the foot of the uncovered bridge for carriages over the Reuss, stands the fashionable rendez-vous named or rather nick-named, Caffé-du-Commerce. "There (says one who had acquired no slight knowledge of the town) you may see the gentlemen lounging from morning till night, upon seats in the open air, hardly taking the pains to move from one side of the way to the other to shelter themselves from the sun." Certain it is that the grass grows in some of the streets; and the aspect of even the most frequented is *triste* and deserted: so little does its interior correspond with the cheerful look of the place as you approach it from the lake.

Forty years ago not a bookseller was to be met with at Lucerne: and it cannot strictly be said that there is one *in* the city even now: for the very excellent and agreeably situated shop of M. Xavier Meyer is "*hors* de la porte-de-Basle."

With the character of a most indolent and pleasure-loving race, the Lucernians have at the same time the reputation of being from high to low, rich as well as poor, both clergymen and laymen, most kindly polite in their

attentions to the stranger; and that this general observation in favour of the inhabitants is well founded, I can readily believe, from our own cursory experience of their affability and obliging disposition.

The only indications of popular zeal refer themselves to the Religion, which throughout the whole canton is as rigidly and devotedly Romish as might be expected in the chosen residence of the Pope's Nuntio. A specimen of this feeling has been given in noticing their great church. But the whole town is full of oratories, legendary pictures, and votive offerings. In more than one principal quarter, we saw a great crucifix, and an equally large image of the Virgin publicly exposed, and bowed down to. These images, crosses, and pictures, in and about the place are decorated with fresh looking garlands, and we meet the women with chaplets in their hands. At the entry even of private houses a *bénitier* (containing Holy Water) is placed; the very dining-rooms of inns have a small crucifix elevated at one of the upper corners; and every few hundred yards in the immediate environs you encounter some direction post, or fountain, embellished with the Virgin's effigy, let into the wood or stone, and carefully protected from the weather.

On quitting Lucerne, we walked along the southern shore of the lake, through a succession of corn fields and orchards: the path, sometimes rising, at others descending, enabled us now to enjoy fresh breezes from the water, now to rest our eyes on a valley enclosed with sloping banks of enchanting verdure. We pursued our course along a beautiful little bay, the shores of which rose like a wall from the lake, most exquisitely varied with masses of rock peeping out of the thick shrub-like trees that

overhung and almost concealed them. In this delightful tract we see the houses of the rich and wealthy thinly scattered over the borders, on points commanding the finest views of the lake: whilst on the right, objects yet more interesting to the traveller's sight present themselves in detached cottages of extremely pleasing forms, chiefly situated on little eminences, environed with fruit trees, amidst luxuriant pasturages, and often relieved by a forest of pines

"Dark fringe to a precipice lofty and bare."

Most of these cottages have in their immediate vicinity a large building, which serves for a barn, and a place to milk the cows in. The sturdy peasants trudge off for Lucerne with the produce of their dairies, which they carry in large and peculiarly shaped vessels of wood, kept admirably white and neat, and suspended at their backs. The whole walk as far as Stitz was one continued picture of indescribable variety and loveliness. At that small village, situated on the water's edge, we found our boat, according to preconcerted arrangement, waiting for us; and immediately embarked for the bay of Küssnacht.

The northern shores of the lake in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, sloping gently to the edge, exhibit extensive and rich pastures intermingled with the most luxuriant foliage; sprinkled with cottages and sparingly adorned with country seats. With these charming borders, over which we see the Righi lifting its sugar loaf peak and slanting strata, on our left hand, and with Mount Pilate on our right, in isolated grandeur, we had before us to the south-east the gigantic Bergenstock, which, at the entrance of the lake of the four cantons, rises abruptly

from the surface of the water to the elevation of more than a thousand feet: his almost perpendicular sides are shagged with sombre pines. Beyond it, over ranges on ranges of inferior mountains, the summits of the Titlis displayed their glaciers, which were then assuming the brightest rose colour. As we continued coasting along the northern shore, it presented to us the most romantic loveliness of aspect that rocks covered with beautiful shrubs, and tinted with all the varied hues of mosses and lichens, could offer, as they were then arrayed in the milder glories of an unclouded but descending sun. In rounding the little cape of Megger-horn, we nearly touched a very small islet, which has its chapel dedicated to Nicholas de Flue; and the good man's statue is placed conspicuously in the open porch of the little structure. There is something that greatly interests, in the manner in which the Swiss thus distinguish the parts most prominent, as well as those most difficult of access, amidst the diversity of their wonderful landscapes. Sometimes we discern a shrine or oratory seated in solitude, and looking no bigger than a speck at the foot of a mountain, where all around is barren cliff and gloomy forest. Even the cottager, whose small occupation lies on the margin of the lake, will plant a lilliputian chapel on some rocky promontory near his habitation, though its height be but a few yards above the surface of the waters.

A little further on we pass the Alt Stad, a peninsular rock, by the side of which there *was* a handsome obelisk*

* This monument which the Abbé Raynal had caused to be erected, with a dedication "Tribus optimis civibus," was destroyed by lightning, in the year of the revolution in Switzerland (1798). The tablets of inscription have been deposited in M. Pfyffer's house at Lucerne.—*Reichard.*

to the memory of the three founders of Swiss Liberty. As we sit admiring the situation, a rowing skiff approaches the spot. It is manned by three persons whose robust forms, and strongly marked countenances, and coarse habiliments of ancient cut would have qualified them to take the heroic parts in some dramatical representation of Staufach, Fürst, and Melchthal's glorious meeting on the field of Rutli. With a zest unabated by repetition, these hardy mountaineers partake the enjoyment of a fair-weather trip on their delightful lake; and displaying at once their feelings of hilarity and their powers of harmony,

> "They chant, as glides the boat along,
> "A simple but a touching song.

Entering Küssnacht bay, but still keeping close to the shore on our left hand, we pass the remains of the castle of Hapsburg, situated on the brink of the lake, in a sweet spot, where an English proprietor would be sure to build a residence of some kind. The tower and watch-turret of its keep, over-topping the surrounding trees, had exchanged for awhile their frigid tint of antique grey for the glow of the sun's yellow light.

Thus venerable in their brightness—thus cheerful in their decay—these ivy-mantled ruins were probably more in keeping with the pictorial softness of the scene, than they ever appeared in that iron age of seignory and vassalage, when baronial castles shone in all the freshness and strength of their construction, but when the friend of the peasant was seldom to be found among the noble and the mighty. Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, afterwards King of the Roman Empire in Germany, was one of those rare and superior characters. He treated the Swiss with pater-

nal kindness; and they evinced their gratitude for his favour and protection by repeated acts of the most devoted fidelity. Fortunate in the display of his valour and martial talent, this great prince owed yet more to his wisdom, justice, and sound policy, which, constantly manifested towards those under his government, enabled him long to reign in prosperity and peace. Raised from the rank assigned to them by a petty Earldom of German Switzerland, the sons of Rudolph, enriched and aggrandised by his success, became Dukes of Austria; and a descendant of his family, with enlarged dominion and augmented influence, wears at this moment the Imperial Crown.

The villages of Meggen and Merlischachen next presented to us their cottages of wood (with the improvement of red-tiled roofs), scattered amongst rising meadows, which are abundantly planted with apple, cherry, pear, and walnut trees, checkered here and there with a slip of corn or a vineyard. The church appears on the highest point of the upland, and the houses peep through the inclosures of their little gardens and full-bearing orchards in the prettiest manner possible. Which-ever way we looked objects the most attractive met our sight. At every turn the prospect changed "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The most meritorious painting would fall short of conveying any adequate idea of scenery which in blended contrasts develops features at once so lovely and romantic, so beautiful and sublime. The perfect calmness and transparency of the lake*—the fresh verdure of

* The lake of Lucerne is nine leagues in length, and about two leagues on an average in breadth. Its mean depth is estimated at not less than between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred and fifty feet. But there are places where, it is affirmed, soundings have been taken to the

its banks, delight the eye—whilst "the mountain majesty" of its vicinity affects the mind with feelings inexpressible. Here all is softness and fertility; there all abruptness and barrenness—here we see a wooded cape catch-

extraordinary profundity of four thousand feet; and others of which the bottom has never been found. The tempests there are always awful, often dangerous. "Halcyon Days" were those in which *we* made our trajects on its surface. In order, therefore, to exhibit another and a different picture of it, I recur with mournful satisfaction, to the subjoined passage from "the remains" of a friend, not less accurate in his notice of facts, than felicitous in his manner of describing them:—

"As we were returning from our evening excursion on the lake, admiring the dark masses of cloud which were forming themselves round the summits of the higher mountains, we observed them grow more and more dark, and, spreading themselves over the face of the heavens, portend a fearful storm. For awhile, however, a calm hardly less imposing, reigned upon the lake; and in the atmosphere above it there was not the least breath of air to ruffle the water, which was literally as smooth as glass: the motionless clouds hung over us, as if expecting every moment the signal for pouring out their gathered wrath. The thunder soon made itself audible in the distance, and the lightning flashed in our eyes as we rowed on silently but with all our might to escape the fury of the tempest. Presently the rain came down in torrents; but we had now reached our little harbour, almost before we were wet through, and from its friendly shelter, watched the progress of the storm. It was not long before it reached its height: the thunder shook the bridge above us, rolling on without intermission; and the flashes of lightning were exchanged for vast sheets of livid fire, which followed each other in quick succession, and illuminated the whole horizon. The nearer mountains were already obscured by the rain, and only the immediate shores of the lake were to be seen. Presently the most distant part of the lake, that was visible to us, appeared covered with foam, which approached nearer and nearer; and at length we discovered that it was a fall of hail lashing the waters with surprising force, and, as it advanced, completely hiding the opposite shore. On it came, and in a few moments reached the spot where we were stationed, fortunately under cover. We could discern nothing at the distance of a yard, not even the water of the lake: the lightning itself but faintly glimmered through this awful veil. The little space before us, on which we could make any observation, exhibited a most singular appearance: the hail fell upon the water with such violence, that each hail stone

ing on its gentle slope the mellowest glories of the day—there the alpine chains of Uri and Underwalden, ascending above the clouds, and enveloped in the blue-black misty veil of extreme distance, appear to be the constituents of another and a less happy world.

We were now in the mid-stream of the bay, rowing straight for Küssnacht: the handsome church and white houses of this village form a picturesque group, backed by thickly foliaged heights, on one of which stands a ruin called Gesler's Berg, being as it is said the castle to which the tyrannical bailiff was conveying his prisoner, the favourite hero of Switzerland, on the occasion when he leaped ashore from the storm-driven boat in the lake of Uri. The Righi as thus viewed from the north-west, is a commanding and agreeable object. Compared with the neighbouring steeps, this mountain has indeed nothing in its character and contour that would be called magnificent; but this is more than compensated by the elegance of its shape, by the richness of the pastures and

ere it sank, rebounded again at least a foot from the surface. They were none of them smaller than a large nut, and many of them were at least an inch in diameter, rough jagged masses of solid ice, descending with such violence, that a blow upon the temple from one of them would probably have been fatal. Their descent continued for nearly ten minutes, so that we had ample time for observing the phenomenon. We had been told of such tempests; but how slight is our amazement on such occasions, when compared with what we felt as eye witnesses to this. The hail though the most singular, was not the most terrific part of it. Long after that had ceased, the lightning flashed and the thunder roared as fearfully as ever. After an hour the tempest spent itself, but it gathered again round the scathed peaks of Mount Pilate; then subsided awhile; but broke out at midnight with redoubled fury.—We had read and heard, not a little, of the storms upon the lakes of Switzerland; and this quite came up to all the expectations we had formed."—C. W.

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woods with which it is clothed to within a short distance of its table summit.

On landing at Küssnacht, among the first living objects that met our eyes were some boys shooting at a mark with a *cross bow*. We were now in the canton of Schwytz, within a short distance of the very spot, where Tell winged his arrow to the heart of Gesler. This interesting co-incidence we contemplated with unqualified satisfaction. Hitherto the monuments of Helvetia had failed to inspire us with enthusiasm, and but feebly excited our curiosity. The statues of her ancient heroes that decorate the numerous fountains in each city and town through which we had passed—the trophies of her victories displayed on the walls of arsenals and in other public depositories from Geneva to Berne and from Fribourg to Lucerne—served only to remind us of the humiliating fact, that, possessing increased means, the modern Swiss (with a few illustrious exceptions) had shewn diminished zeal and energy in the defence of their country. But here in Schwytz, whose lion-hearted sons, by perils braved—by difficulties surmounted—by deeds of valour performed, have in our days, so nobly sustained her just claims to the honour conferred on her little capital in the appropriation of its name to the whole league of liberty—here at Küssnacht where the valiant and generous Reding caused their great standard to be unfurled, round which the peasant-warriors of the smaller cantons* flocked and fought for freedom

* "The small cantons in their noble ignorance of the things of this world, sent their quota to Berne; these religious soldiers kneeled before the church, when they arrived in the public square.—"We do not dread" said they "the armies of France; we are four hundred in number, and if that is not enough, we are ready to make four hundred more of our com-

with a courage and devotedness worthy of the example of their ancestors at Morgarten—here in true and undegenerate Switzerland every object associated with its early history seemed to us doubly sacred.

In the church, which has a marble pulpit and other interior decorations of no mean quality, we noticed among the votive offerings at the "Altar of St. Werdelin, Abbot," the model of a boat in which were the figures of two sailors, together with the images of that Saint at the helm and the Virgin Mary at the prow of the vessel. Their church-yard finery of gilt crosses is excessive—not to say ridiculous.

From the windows of the inn we enjoyed a consummately delightful prospect—the fore-ground is of the loveliest kind and the distance replete with amazing grandeurs. The scenery of the bay and the remoter parts there present themselves in one of the finest points of view. A vast expanse of lake lay between us and Mount Pilate, which, crowned with clouds, still appeared the Monarch of the Lake: to his left we had a full view into the bay of Alpnach, and still further to the left, of the towering Bloumberg and Stanzer-horn. The horizon in that direction is bounded by objects no less distant and elevated than the Bernese Alps. It is impossible to partake this rich treat of Nature in her sweetest as well as most emphatic forms, without deriving a gratification of the purest cast. The

panions march to the assistance of our country." Who would not be moved by this great confidence in such feeble means! But the days of the three hundred Spartans were gone by; numbers were omnipotent; and individual devotedness struggled in vain against the resources of a great state, and the combination of tactics."—*Madame de Staël on the French Revolution v. 2, p. 215.*

lake, unruffled by the slightest breeze, like a glass reflected its own smiling borders; and the solar ray diffused over all a golden beauty which must be seen to be conceived, and which bids defiance to every attempt at verbal description.

"The majestic repose of so grand, so solemn, and splendid a scene, (to quote an applicable passage of Mr. Gilpin's) causes a sort of enthusiastic calm, which spreads a mild complacence over the breast—

> Soothing each gust of passion into peace;
> All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
> That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

"When the mind has a little recovered its tone, from the *general* impression of such a scene; it feels a new pleasure in examining more minutely the several picturesque ingredients, which produced it—the stillness, and purity of the air—the strong lights and shades—the tints upon the mountains—the polish of the lake—and, above all, the reflections displayed upon its bosom, when

> ——— spread
> Into a liquid plain, it stands unmov'd
> Pure as the expanse of heaven ———
> And to the fringed bank, with verdure crown'd,
> Its crystal mirror holds."

CHAPTER XX.

Tell's Chapel at Küssnacht—Ascent to the top of MOUNT RIGHI—*The Staffel-inn—The Culm—Sun-rise—Grand Panoramic View—Hospice of the Capuchins—Notre-Dame-des-Neiges—Fall of the Ruffiberg Mountain—Ruins of the valley of Goldau—Arth—Lake and Town of* ZUG—*Church Service—Popular religion and manners—Baar—Silhbruk—Horgen—Thalwyl—Zurich.*

WE took horses at Küssnacht to perform our expedition up the Righi; and the road crossing a tract of fine meadows and orchards soon brought us to William Tell's Chapel, situated in a hollow way. They are making a new and wider road which passes close to the side of the chapel; from the rising grounds above which the view of the neighbouring mountains is very fine. The building itself is small and of extremely plain and simple construction: it has a bell under a spiry cover of wood on the top; and in front a rude portico composed of two pillars of timber, supporting a pent-house roof of red tiles; at the entrance is a small flight of steps. Over the door, inscribed with the date of 1608, is placed a tolerable fresco painting, representing a deed for which the justification must be sought in the first law of Nature, self-preservation. That it formed no part of the plan conceived by the virtuous liberators of Switzerland, is proved by the fact that this personal assault made by Tell on the life of his oppressor did not hasten the measures which were concerted by Fürst and his patriotic associates,

and which ended in the downfal of Albert and the deliverance of Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. On the altar of the chapel are the images of two modern Saints of the Romish church, Carolus Borromeus and Nicolaus de Flue. Some of the travellers and peasants in passing it dropped upon the knee to offer orisons at this shrine. Their religious feelings I presume not to canvass; but I shall always revert with pleasure to the moral sentiment inspired by the pilgrimage which we ourselves this day made to so interesting a memorial of the struggles of the Swiss in the glorious work of regaining their liberties.

"Then slowly climb the many winding way,
"And frequent turn to linger as you go,
"From loftier rocks new loveliness survey.

Along our path were many cottages, looking very pretty with their side galleries of wood. Some of these are erected in the finest situations, upon slopes beneath overshadowing trees, or amidst an exuberant fertility. Their lower apartments serve for all kinds of miscellaneous uses: the family lives, and the stranger is received, in the second story, on which there is generally a room of larger dimensions. The walls, floor, and ceiling are all of wood; which indeed is the sole material employed in building by the mountaineers; but most of the villagers in the plains and vallies cover in their roofs with tiles. The inside upon the whole appears comfortable; and the exterior is of that scenic form which will not easily be forgotten by those who have seen such cottages, and experienced the honest civilities of their kind-hearted inhabitants, grateful for the most trifling recompense returned for their attentions.

The employment of the peasantry, consists chiefly in attending to their herds and making the most of their rich produce, which thus furnishes a delightful and harmless occupation. We met a woman with a wooden vessel of very large size at her back, filled with fine fruit, among the rest some peaches, from which we made a purchase, and enjoyed their delicious flavour as we proceeded on our mountain journey.

Peaceful as are their present employments, one would imagine that the people of these districts might be apt to forget that they inhabit a country which has required, and may one day again require them to defend it against a foreign foe: but this is far from being the case.* Every village, and hamlet; nay even every three or four houses, separated by any considerable distance from the rest, have their target. And the peasant probably would think that he had failed to discharge a duty to his country, if he, every Sunday morning, omitted to send a ball or two from his rifle into the second circle at least, that surrounds the bull's eye. These targets are very numerous in the cantons of Berne, Underwald, Lucerne,

* Military reputation is common to the Swiss. The five poorer cantons (as they are reckoned) viz. those of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Underwald, and Zug, are particularly distinguished for the martial spirit of their inhabitants. And that portion of the young men on whom the pressure of indigence weighs most irksomely at home, fly to "the paths of glory," and above all to the hope of procuring wealth abroad. For such soldiers of Fortune, it would seem that the proverb, quoted in all armies was specifically made. *Point d' Argent, point de Suisse.* Nobility and valour determine the choice of officers. The renown of each individual is regarded as reflecting glory on his canton, and no where perhaps are soldiers to be found, who know better how to command or who observe better discipline, notwithstanding the alledged fact that they are too much given to wine and kirchwasser.

and Schwytz. We had in our course beheld them set up at the foot of glaciers and by the side of cascades, in the most secluded spots of their alpine vallies, as well as among the rich scenery and social objects that enliven the banks of their beautiful lakes.

In pursuing an upward course over pasturages and through forests of fir, we were greatly struck by the appearance of the lake of Zug, which took us quite by surprise. The borders of this vast basin being for the most part formed of steep woody cliffs are more *triste* than those of Lucerne, of which we next regain sight, and perceive with astonishment by how narrow a neck of land it is separated from the lake of Zug. The town of Arth and the pyramids of the Mytten present themselves in this *coup d' œil.*

> "And now the eastern mountain's head
> "On the dark lake threw lustre red;
> "Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
> "Ravine and precipice and peak."

The prospects at every stage become grander. We continue a winding course along the edges of the first terraces of the Righi, now traversing a fertile alp cheered with scattered chalets and cattle feeding near them; now piercing into the deepest recesses of rocks covered with pine and beech, the shade of which over our heads was gloomy in the extreme. The path hereabouts is consecrated at the distance of every hundred yards to the representation of our Saviour's supposed pauses, on his way to the place of crucifixion: as for example where Simon is taken to bear his cross, where Christ turns to the woman and addresses her, &c. &c. Each is called a

station; and is distinguished as *statio prima*, *statio secunda*, and so on.—It was a pleasing and picturesque sight to see peasants and pilgrims of both sexes ascending before us through paths of the most romantic character. Some Lucernian girls full dressed in the gay and becoming costume of their canton, accompanied by their respective swains, were mingled among these half-religious half-amatory devotees journeying to the shrine of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges. The people young and old, I observed, in these mountain perambulations adopt the sensible way of commencing and for the most part continuing their way upwards with a firm and steady pace; slow at first as foot can fall, which greatly lessens the fatigue.—Issuing from the dark sylvan regions of the mountain, in a western direction, we beheld the sun, ere it sank behind the valley of Entlibuch, casting its ebbing glories over the small lake of Sempach, whose surface it appeared to render

"One burning sheet of living gold."

The eye now rested on a bare and seemingly perpendicular wall of native rock, exhibiting the most perfect specimen of the Breccia, or (as it is commonly called in England) plum-pudding-stone strata of which the Righi,* from base

* There is an appearance of truth in the assertion that Mount Righi poetically called (Regina Montium) the Queen of Mounts, bore anciently the name of *Mons Rigidus*. It is one of the most singular in Switzerland; and, with respect to situation, even more remarkable than Mount Pilate, with whose naked peaks its own fertile summits are strikingly contrasted. Surrounded by three lakes, viz. those of Zug, Lucerne, and Lauwertz, it forms a peninsula of between eight and ten leagues in circumference. More than ten villages, with chalets and habitations almost without number are situated at its feet and on its sides. Its highest ridge, known by the name of the Culm, is according to General Pfyffer 5676 feet above the level

to summit is formed alternately with layers of hard grey stone: whence Geologists infer that the mountain itself is a deposit left by the retiring waters, which according to that hypothesis must have once had their level more than four thousand feet above the present surface of the lake. As we continued to climb, the scenery became more wild: the view was perpetually altering by sudden turns of the path, which, carried along acclivities and declivities, comes to and crosses a bridge of rough-hewn pines thrown over a wide and deep chasm. Below us lay frightful heaps of rock which echoed to the fall of a torrent leaping from

of the Mediterranean sea; 5723 feet according to Usteri, and 5433 feet according to Weiss. It is by Pfyffer's computation 4356 feet above the level of the lake of Lucerne; by that of Usteri 4403; and by Weiss 4136. It belongs to the chain of pudding-stone mountains (montagnes de brêche) which extend themselves entirely through Switzerland, from the lake of Constance to that of Geneva, rising to the height of between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and running close to the chain of calcareous mountains. Situated among the first of these chains, it is one of the loftiest parts, and its rectilinear strata, inclined towards the south, are as perfectly regular as if they had been placed by the hand of man. The valley of Art, a quarter of a league wide, is the only division that separates it from the Ruffi or Rossberg on the eastern side; the lake of Lucerne bathes its foot to the west: so that on two sides it is isolated from the chain to which it belongs. To the north it is nearly in the shape of a precipice from the edge of the Culm to the surface of the lake of Zug, and there presents an almost perpendicular wall at its greatest height. On that side alone the Righi appears naked and despoiled of that rich vegetation and abundance with which every where else it is covered.—The nature of its climate is very variable and differs much in different quarters; in some parts it experiences great heat and in others excessive cold. On the southern sides, exposed to the unmitigated rays of the sun and at the same time sheltered from the northern blast, the soil brings to perfection the vegetable products of hot climates: whilst to the north, plants appear which grow in much more bleak regions and on the loftiest mountains. The naturalist Cysat estimates the number of plants of different species that flourish on its southern side at upwards of 800. The Rhododendron, the Napel, Iceland Moss, &c. are frequently found there.—*Meyer's Guide.*

ledge to ledge: above us rose pine-covered masses destitute of animation, save a few goats grazing on some scanty spots of intervening herbage. At length the most elevated point of the mountain presented itself to the left over our heads, and we attained by a steep ascent the *plateau* called Staffel or Righi Staffel. It was high time that we reached it; for a black mortuary cross placed near one of the precipices, shewed that this part of the journey is not without its dangers; and the great luminary of Heaven was no longer to be seen; but we walked as far as the Roth-stoch to witness those transitory splendours which he leaves behind him to console us for his departure.

We retired for the night to the Staffel or middle-house, built within the last few years for the reception of travellers, and affording very fair accommodation. We found it full of company. Our supper party consisted of fifty—Swiss and German visitors of both sexes—no French—and (yet more remarkable) no English, except ourselves. Our countrymen were all at the upper house. To give some idea of the celebrity of the Righi as a point of view, it may suffice to state, that at this season of the year it is no uncommon thing for sixty and seventy travellers, not including those at the Culm, to sit down to dinner together, assembled from every principal nation in Europe, and from trans-atlantic countries also. The inn is large, containing no inconsiderable number of bed-rooms; yet the men are sometimes forced to take up their night's lodging upon benches in the salle-à-manger, and the ladies to share very small apartments with each other.

The night proved rainy and the wind was high: *mal-a-propos* weather in which to be on a mountain four

thousand feet above the level of the sea. The little cabin assigned to me, however, was snug; and the bed so cleanly, that, without envying in those respects the comforts of the lower world, I betook myself to repose in earnest though not over confident hope of seeing the sun rise next morning. When the *lever* is likely to be fine, one of the servants of the inn goes round an hour before the time, and knocks at every room door, that those within who think fit may repair to the Culm and witness there the glorious sight.

August 14th.—Looking out at the first faint glimmering of morn, I experienced a singular visual deception. There appeared to be pools of water just under my window, which at the first glance I mistook for rain standing in the hollows of the verdant platform, on which the inn of Righi Staffel is situated. The dawn increased its light; and then I perceived that our position was close to the edge of a most tremendous precipice, and that these apparently little patches of water were portions and branches of the lake of Lucerne.

At half-past three we started for the Culm. The air was keen and misty. Pursuing a tolerably good but arduous ascent, on a fine green turf, we arrived in about half an hour on this highest point of the mountain, on which stands another inn, a stable, an observatory, and a Cross. That sacred symbol is, in Catholic cantons, placed on the summit of every accessible height; and the most likely spot to find a hermitage is where the overhanging rocks would seem to threaten destruction to its secluded inmate.—The cloudy veil, which for a time still floated between our almost isolated station and the eastern horizon, now began to rarify and disperse: the

the Orb of Day presented itself to our sight, rising behind the mountains of Appenzel and Glarus, whose rugged wilderness of snow-capped summits it tipped with an edging of golden light. As the sun gained height and power, we watched its vivifying effects in the direction of the south, and saw the sublime peaks of the famous St. Gothard chain, on the frontiers of the Milanese, and, still further on (to the south-west) the enormous group of the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreck-horn and the Jung-frau, beautifully tinged by its earliest rays.—This is indeed a scene which more than repays every fatigue encountered by the traveller to witness it; so immensely extensive—so "wondrous fair"—so incomparably grand is the picture thus spread forth and lighted up around the central elevation on which he stands.

"It resembles (says the German author of a geographical and statistical description of the canton Schwytz) an agreeably coloured *relievo*, above which one seems to soar like an eagle in the ethereal regions. It would be liable to affect a person with vertigo, if he did not feel safe and firm upon this *plateau*, yet he invariably experiences a sort of trembling of the frame. The eye wanders on all sides, without resting long on the same object: it seeks to examine, to notice, to search into every thing, and to omit nothing. One hears in the remote part of deep vallies the harmonious bells of the herds: nearly four thousand head of cattle graze on this mountain, exclusive of goats and sheep. One sees an azure sky; one breathes a purer air; one feels to be in a strange world. But when we turn to the south side, new and unexpected prospects present themselves in terrible array to the astonished sight. Like giants

clothed in armour of snow and ice, the highest mountains strike the view. Rocks of fantastic shape, like towers or enormous pyramids, lift their bare pinnacles one above the other to the heavens. The eternal snow, which covers a portion of them, resembles tattered and torn garments, hanging from the highest summits down to the bottom of the vallies. Into those vast deserts no living creature penetrates except the huge vulture of the mountains (Lämmer-Geyer, *gypaëtus* barbatus), and he, flying in wide rounds about some craggy peak, seems at such a distance no bigger than a beetle. Nothing upon earth is to be compared with the magic field of sublimity which one enjoys upon the summit of the Righi, when the day begins to dawn, and the rising sun throws golden flakes of light upon the horizon; when by degrees the brilliant points of the glaciers appear to be in flames from his rays; when the whole east is on fire, and lakes, rivers, towns, villages, whole countries, issue forth from the mists of night and display themselves to view."—There is really no exaggeration in this elegant and highly descriptive passage: its only defect is that which must ever attend the happiest efforts of the pen when employed in the attempt to convey ideas of a spectacle, which words cannot pourtray, which imagination itself cannot figure, which demands to be seen in order to be understood.

From the north-east to the south-west the view was bounded by one vast pile of heaped-up mountains, that reared their awful forms many thousand feet above the level of our situation. The nearest to us were those of Schwytz, Glarus, Uri, and Underwalden; the more distant, those of the cantons of St. Gall, Appenzel, Grisons, Tessin, and Berne. The elevation of the Righi placed us pretty

nearly on a level with the basement line of their cliffs and precipices, supporting others which retain the snow in the deep clefts and hollows of their summits, unmelted from winter to winter; those summits and sides consist of naked and sterile rocks, terminating in broken ridges and sharpened peaks—to look at which, for the first time, a perfect stranger to Switzerland would with difficulty persuade himself of the fact, that among mountains whose upper regions exhibit such an aspect of multiplied horrors, are to be found many fertile vallies, seats of plenty, scenes of beauty, abodes of comfort, health, and happiness. The loftiest and most remarkable of these colossal "Sons of Earth" are situated towards the south and south-west. Their variously formed tops are, with a few exceptions, inaccessible, and all of them are clad with everlasting snows. In the midst of these dread abodes—this "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice," the Almighty Author and Governor of the Universe has caused the most important and beneficent operations of prolific Nature to commence, and from their widely expanded ramifications, as from an inexhaustible elaboratory, pours down a flood of blessings on His thoughtless thankless creatures. From the glaciers of Switzerland, Savoy, and the Valais, the mightiest rivers derive their primary source; thence rolling their waters swelled by many a tributary stream, amidst the boundless plains which they at once adorn and fertilize. Dividing and subdividing themselves, from this vast focus of their accumulation and climax of their altitude, these matchless objects, some of which reach to fourteen thousand feet in perpendicular height and are seen more than eighty leagues off, cover nearly a whole continent with their vari-

ous branches. It is to the Alps that Europe owes the waters that bathe its opposite extremities. From this enormous crater descend the Tessin and the Po, which pour their united floods into the Adriatic; the Rhine which empties itself into the German ocean; the Rhone which flows into the Mediterranean; the Inn which carries its tide into the Black Sea, conjointly with that of the Danube.

Mount Pilate is still a grand object, though the height we had attained was nearly equal to that of his bare and shattered summits. To his left we had a full view into the valley of Sarnen, and still further to the left, could plainly discern the spire and town of Stanz, seated in its beautiful and fertile valley, the capital of Underwald. Looking due south we had a distinct but partial view into the lake of the Waldstettes, where there are several pretty villages at the water's edge on the northern coast. Ridli, Buchs, and Beckenried, at the foot of the Burschenhorn are the principal. The immediate shores rise gently and are tolerably fertile; but beyond and above them the Schwalmeren presents a steep ridge of unvaried barrenness. Higher still behind those dreary rocks appeared the snowy mountains of the interior of Underwald.*

* Having mentioned what we actually did see from the Culm, I cannot refrain from briefly alluding to a few interesting objects, which, although in its neighbourhood, are yet invisible from that point, and which to my regret no subsequent opportunity of surveying offered itself to me:—The brow of the Righi-berg conceals Gersau, which, situated at the foot of the mountain, is celebrated for being the smallest republic in the world. The same intervening mass of rock hides Brunnen, famous for the formal treaty of confederacy signed by the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Underwalden, immediately after the battle of Morgarten. Nor was our best aided sight allowed to penetrate into the branch of Uri (the most romantic

The view to the north and west is almost unbounded. In these directions the eye embraces, as if regarding a pictorial map opened beneath it, the astonishing extent of country comprehended between the foot of the mountain and the summit of the Jura with a part of the chain of the Vosges and the hills of the Black Forest. We distinctly counted twelve lakes,* and marked the Reuss winding far and wide through rich plains and gentle undulations in its course towards the Rhine.

To the north, immediately under the Culm, lies the noble lake of Zug, above the level of which we stand 4700 feet; and, considering the vast height, the descent may fairly be called perpendicular. As such indeed it appears to the spectator, who ventures to take a downward view. It requires tolerably firm nerves to do it. The shores at the foot of the Righi are entirely lost, and the lake is the only object which meets the eye.—Looking

of the whole lake of the four cantons), and to distinguish Rutli among the meadows on its eastern shores. We looked through our telescopes at the sheets of never-melting snow that crown the pine-fringed precipices of the Isenthal, but were denied even a glimpse of the foliaged rock (with its commemorative chapel) called "Tell's Platen," where the brave peasant-archer sprang to land, repelling with his foot the boat with Gesler into the midst of the stormy waves.

* Fifteen Lakes are visible from the Righi, viz. those of Sarnen, Lucerne, Roth, Soppen, Sempach, Eggolzwyl, Mauen, Baldegg, Hallwyl, Türler, Zurich, Pfeffikon, Aegeri, Zug, and Lauwertz. It has been generally supposed that the lake of Constance might be reckoned among the number seen from this point of view. But those who have fancied that they have seen it, have been deceived by the mist that floats above that great sheet of water. All the best authorities coincide in asserting the absolute impossibility of discovering the lake itself from the Culm; but the chateau of Tettnang, situated on an elevated mountain two leagues beyond the lake of Constance, as well as the castle of Waldburg, five leagues more distant, is visible.

eastward, the huge hill of the Ruffiberg or Rossberg presents itself. And as if to impress us more strongly with a consciousness of our own superior elevation, we are enabled to look *over* its ridge into the valley and lake of Ægeri,* which latter object has more the appearance of being on the top than, as it in reality is, at the bottom of a lofty mountain.—But what is the desolation, whose dark and lifeless tract forms so great a contrast to the cheerful verdure and cultured animation, that embellish the rest of the lowland scene? It is the valley of Goldau, part of which in 1806 was covered by an *éboülement*, or fall of soil and rocks, from the southern side of the Ruffiberg; and as the eye glances from the bottom to its shattered top, we shudder at the scene which it leads us to contemplate. Beyond those frightful ruins we gained an interesting view of the little lake of Lauwertz, and its island-castle of Schwanau, over which we with equal clearness discerned a considerable portion of the town of Schwytz, including the towers of its venerable Cathedral, seated at the foot of those stupendous fastnesses, where retired

> "From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
> "In awful solitude."

The sun which soon after its rise had been struggling with alternate success against the clouds, was by this time shorn by them of his brightest beams; but the state of the atmosphere was sufficiently clear and serene for us to view, not only the Alpine summits, but the towns,

* Though so close to the lake of Ægeri, the view of Morgarten and its battle field is intercepted: the famous spot where Leopold, Duke of Austria, was signally defeated by the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Underwalden. The Swiss had only 1600 men against 20,000.

villages, and sheets of water; in short most pleasantly to recognize every principal object, as laid down in the panoramic chart of Colonel L. Pfyffer de Wyer, taken from this point. The admirable correctness and precision, with which it has been executed, supersede the necessity of any other guide upon Mount Righi to the traveller who happens to have that sheet of local instruction in his hand.

Returning from the Culm to Righi Staffel, our attention was directed to a singular chasm called Kessisboden. It is a large deep perpendicular pit, situated within a few feet of the northern precipice, and the orifice of which is nearly close to and even with the turf of our path. It is said to correspond with another aperture, very low down the same side of the mountain in the direction of Küssnacht.

Before we take our departure from Righi Staffel, allusion must be made to a lady who makes it her principal residence during the summer. She is the wife of one of the leading men of Lucerne; and the Righi is her "hobby-horse." Four, five, or six months are passed in showing civilities to persons of all nations who visit this celebrated spot; and she professes a particular regard for the English. She generally carries with her a little Album, into which she requires the stranger to insert his name at least. Such a medley was never seen. As many tongues are there met together as at the confusion of Babel. English, French, Italian, German, Russian, Latin, and even Greek. Almost every body inscribes something besides their names. A shoal of school-girl recollections, such as "Far in the windings of a vale, deep in a sheltering wood"—"The rose had been wash'd

just wash'd by a shower," &c. appeared inscribed more for the amusement of future parties than for the edification of the amiable Madame S. who can hardly read three lines of our language. Formal compliments on the part of the ladies, and stale quotations about love from the gentlemen, form the principal contents: there are some few things tolerably good, and not a little original nonsense. One of the best was an adaptation from Shakspeare, as a hint "aux Messieurs les Anglais," but which has in many instances been woefully disregarded:

> "I dare *write* all that may become a man,
> "Who dares *write* more is none."

So much for the humours of the Righi. Adieu, *Regina Montium!*

After breakfasting at the house where we had passed the night, we commenced our journey downwards.—Taking a reverse route to that by which we ascended, and crossing a pasturage and a wood of pines, we soon found ourselves in the deep ravine,

> "Where in her holy chapel dwells
> "Our Lady of the Snow."

In a verdant spot, encompassed on all sides by the different rocks and cliffs that form the summits of the Righi, stands this now favourite place of Romish devotion. It being Sunday, the little church was crowded to its very portals with the cow-herds of the mountains and the peasantry of the neighbourhood, of both sexes, assembled to hear morning-mass: with these were mixed troops of pilgrims, who came, many of them from a considerable distance, to perform their vows at the *indulgence-*

bearing shrine of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges.* Close to the church is an Hospitium, supported on a similar plan, but not originating it would seem in the same views of real utility, as gave rise to other more famed religious houses of refuge. The passage of Mount Righi is not one of absolute necessity to the traveller, like that of the St. Bernard, the St. Gothard, Mont Cenis, or the Simplon. But, what with the superstitious, the curious, and the valetudinary, it yields perhaps to none of those valuable establishments in the numbers by which it is every summer visited. The three father-capuchins, whom we saw performing the sacred office, are said to be very obliging to strangers. Surrounded indeed as we found ourselves by houses of public entertainment, and by stalls (like those of a fair) amply provided with cakes and chaplets, kirschwasser and crosses, beads and butter-milk, there was evidently no reason to be afraid of a *cool* reception from the devoted servants of "Our Lady of the *Snow*."

Leaving the hallowed ground of the Hospice, we continued our descent through the turnings of a narrow valley, at the bottom of which flows the Righi-Aa, a stream supplied from either side by cascades. One of these, called the Rothen-fluh, is extremely grand and powerful; flinging its copious volume from the top of a perpendicular cliff, to a depth of about two hundred feet, with scarcely a perceptible break: the sparkling element then, losing its sheet-like form, splits into countless jets

* This chapel was first founded in 1689, by Sebastian Zay, of Art. But the edifice, proving too small to contain the number of pilgrims who flocked there, was pulled down and rebuilt on a larger scale in 1719.—*Guide sur le Mont Righi.*

of silvery brightness upon the projecting base of the precipice:

> Nor can the tortur'd wave there find repose;
> But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
> Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
> Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
> And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
> With wild infracted course ———

but *not* "with lessen'd roar." These alpine torrents gain indeed at last "a safer bed," in descending to a lower depth; but they can seldom be spoken of, in the otherwise so appropriately descriptive language of our Caledonian Bard, as "*stealing* along the mazes of the vales."

An hour's brisk walking brought us to a much less elevated and a somewhat less romantic situation. The torrent above named still rolled impetuously over its rough bed on our right hand; but the country beyond it was comparatively level. The path here proceeds down a gentle slope, covered with the finest pasturages, and with innumerable cottages and chalets, in the latter of which are stored the rich produce of the herds that find excellent feed on the higher regions, more particularly on this side of the Righi. Arrived nearly at the foot of the mountain, the view suddenly opened upon us, and taking in great part of the valley of Art, presented the result of that dreadful calamity, the *Bergfall*, to which allusion has already been made. On so near a view, the scene of wide-spread ruin was appalling. This once happy abode of an interesting population—this district which is said to have excelled all the rest of the canton in beauty and fertility, was almost instantaneously overwhelmed, and its attractions annihilated. Churches and

houses, verdant meadows and fruitful inclosures, flocks and herds, and (most terrible reflection of all) the bodies of the greatest portion of the inhabitants were completely covered with an enormous mass of soil; on the surface of which we now see huge fragments of rock strewed about in heaps, or piled one upon another to the height, in some places, of more than a hundred feet; forming as it were a tumulus raised by Nature over the unfortunate victims of her partial decay. By the side of the road an inn and a chapel have been erected, and these are the meagre and melancholy representatives of the once lovely and thriving village of Goldau. A few wretched huts, further on in the encumbered plain, and several ponds of stagnant water, at once mark the respective sites of the Rothen and Busingen hamlets, and render the prospect more deplorable. The little village of Lauwerz, on the border of the lake of that name, has been more restored, and indeed did not suffer so much as that of Goldau.

Could we look upon such a scene without painful emotion! It was one of those which will not easily be obliterated from my remembrance. The anniversary of the fatal catastrophe was approaching; still commemorated by the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns,

"With mass, and knell, and funeral prayer."

Nearly nineteen years had elapsed since the voice of gladness was heard in the valley, and the ray of morning gilded for the last time the spire of Goldau and its village delights. Man as he vainly thought "went forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." Alas! upon how lamentable a change of scene on the same speck of earth

did the sun go down that night. O who, unmoved by heartfelt sympathy, can reflect on the cruel lot of one bridal company of joyous travellers, that set out from Art at noon of the fatal second of September, on a journey of pleasure! The loveliest of the gay and hopeful train was overtaken by the mountain-fall at the bridge of Goldau, and, together with two boys of great promise, perished beneath that stony deluge. The husband of the lady, and the father and friend of the youths, escaped their untimely fate only by being accidentally a short distance behind them. Among the many sad particulars of this calamitous event, there are none so affecting as the tale of woe related by the survivors of that highly respectable but most unfortunate party of which Messrs. May, Steiguer, Jenner, and De Diesbach were the principal persons.*

* See a little work published by Meyer, of Lucerne, entitled "*Goldau et son District, tel qu'il etoit ci-devant, et comme il est actuellement; Extrait traduit de l' Allemand du Docteur Zay d' Arth*—From that interesting abridgment of Dr. Zay's larger work the following particulars are taken:—On the 2d of September, 1806, the villages of Goldau, Lauwerz, Röthen, and Busingen, were destroyed by the fall of a mountain called the Spitzbühl or the Ruffiberg, part of the Rossberg. An immense mass of earth, suddenly gave way from the bottom of this slanting mount to its summit, and rushing forward to the plain carried with it the pasturages and forests with which its acclivities were clothed, hurled the largest trees and rocks of prodigious size through the air with the rapidity of lightning, and overwhelmed the cottages and stables of the peasantry together with their devoted inmates. The greater portion of the inhabitants of the valley attempted in vain to flee from the dreadful avalanche: others from the direction which it took imagined themselves secure from its fatal visitation. The torrent of mountain soil, however, divided: one part of it rushed into the lake of Lauwerz, which it forced from its bed, and by the violent propulsion and recoil of the waters three houses were carried away in the village of Seeven on the opposite bank. The other part in a few short moments completely overwhelmed Goldau and two other lesser villages. Two churches, more than a hundred houses, two hundred stables and barns were annihilated; and upwards of four hundred persons, men,

After surveying awhile longer the inexpressibly awful scene of a terrestrial paradise, as all unite in describing its former state, thus converted into a frightful desert of rocks and ruins, we pursued our journey to Art, in the

women, and children perished, on this lamentable occasion.—The land devastated by the fall, occupies the space of a square league or about 7000 acres. The banks constructed to keep in the torrent of the Rigi-Aa, together with various bridges were also destroyed, and the rivulets themselves, many of them driven out of their ancient course, overflowed in their subsequent directions, lands which the former visitation had spared. The pasturages of the mountain on each side of the valley became of less value after the destruction of those on the plain, from the proper proportion between the two no longer existing. The peasants inhabiting the opposite skirts of the Righi, saw the whole terrible work of destruction, as it proceeded. The general persuasion of the moment among the neighbouring peasantry and those who escaped alive from the devoted spot, was that the day of judgment and the annihilation of the universe were approaching. All believed that the fall of the Ross-berg would be succeeded by that of the Righi and the adjacent mountains. The inhabitants of the valley were distinguished throughout the canton for their fine persons, and bold manly character, for their kind dispositions, cheerful tempers, and good morals. "C'est la (says Dr. Zay) qu' on retrouvoit la simplicité, la bonhomie, des anciens peuples bergers."—Their food was simple as their manners: milk and fruit were their ordinary diet; meat and even bread were considered as a luxury among them.—The families were linked together with a paternal friendship and confidence. Their dairies were left open to the traveller, who entered and refreshed himself without any price fixed before hand, he only leaving behind him what he thought a suitable recompense. After the dreadful catastrophe above detailed, their noble and manly sentiments did not desert the survivors (whose numbers however scarcely reached 100) but in the midst of these scenes of horror they were supported by a truly Christian spirit of fortitude and resignation.—The secondary causes of this awful visitation appear to be found in the unusually long rains, during the preceding months of June, July, and August, and also in the peculiar conformation of the rocks and soil. Throughout Switzerland long continued rain occasions crevices of more or less extent on the declivities of mountains which are often followed by partial slips.—The gentleman who shews Pfyffer's relievo map, at Lucerne, told us that the old General had predicted the fall of the Ross-berg, which is calcareous and of a very crumbling nature.

direction of which the beautiful prospects recompensed us for the pain, with which we had contemplated the effects of a *Bergfall.*

A few minutes brought us to the village of Ober-art, from which we proceeded through a succession of cheerful meadows, and by the side of orchards bending to the ground with the weight of their fruit—cottages lined the way or were dispersed over the plain in pretty groups—the torrent of the Rigi-Aa roared along in its passage to the lake of Zug, every now and then lending a portion of its stream to turn the peculiarly constructed water mills of the country. The road, resembling a wide and well-kept garden walk, over-hung with walnut and other fruit trees, offered on either hand a picture of rural industry and plenty. The countenances of the men are open and their persons athletic—they wear short jackets, which thrown open display a broad leather girdle buckled round the waist, and their garters are strapped below the knee. The women look healthy if not handsome: we overtook many of them in their Sunday suits, and with rosaries in their hands repairing to the church at Art. The female costume of the canton has nothing particularly remarkable except the hair braided and parted *à la Madonna;* some of them wear long tresses interwoven with ribbands and fastened on each side of the waist. A moderate sized hat of yellow straw, decorated on its crown with ribbands and flowers, gives a becoming finish to the dress. Both sexes are affable, obliging, and well behaved.

In these Catholic cantons one continually passes diminutive chapels, with images and decorations of proportionate size. Some of them are buildings large enough for a man to stand in: others, only a few feet in dimensions.

We usually found some person paying devotions at these little shrines. And whatever may be the errors and corruptions of a popular creed and worship, it is satisfactory to see its professors and votaries evince that warmth and zeal which shew that they are in earnest. For my own part, with all those feelings about me of repugnance and aversion to the general system of the Romanists, which have already been undisguisedly expressed in these pages, I trust that I have always been careful, when visiting their churches and witnessing their ceremonies, to observe a line of behaviour, indicative of my consideration for serious subjects, and of my reverence for sacred things: especially regarding it as among the foremost of social obligations to avoid on such occasions offering either by word or deed the slightest shadow of offence to a people sincerely attached to their religion.

As we pursued a western direction the Righi on one hand rose with majestic steepness; the Ruffiberg with more gradual and less lofty elevation, on the other. The lake of Zug—a fine plain of water with the large straggling town of Art situated immediately on its shore presented itself in front, where the eye roved over a prospect of great variety, extent, and beauty. The scene was fascinating and the mountains added greatly to its influence over our minds. It was impossible, however, for us to look at the inclined plane of the Ruffiberg, stripped of a large portion of its once verdant covering on the southern face by the treacherous slip of 1806, without regarding it as "the rude Deity of desolation" contemplating with an invidious eye the loveliness that still remains beneath him—as a gigantic monster now "hush'd in grim repose," but waiting the signal to spread destruction and

misery over the rest of the valley. A possible event; for the former horrible catastrophe was occasioned by the rains and by the peculiar nature of the mountain. Both causes yet remaining in existence may at no distant period produce a similar effect. There is however ONE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, all powerful to controul and counteract even the Laws and Courses of Nature. May HE in his mercy interpose a sustaining hand, and protect the remnant of this little vale, so noted in its whole extent, not only for its beauty and fertility, but also for the simple manners and modest virtues of its inhabitants.

Art is a neat little town, with a handsome church. The front of one of the houses in the street leading to the lake is ornamented with very decent fresco paintings, representing the several incidents of Tell's History, and likewise that of Father Klaus. Among some few historical curiosities is the monument placed on the spot where, on the 15th November, 1315, an arrow was found, to which a note was attached, addressed to the Judge Jean Jacques Zay, of Art, containing these words:—"Be on your guard on the vigil of St. Othmar, and to-morrow at Morgarten." This arrow is an interesting memorial of one of the occasions in which the ancient Swiss so gloriously and successfully contended for the freedom and independence of their country.*

* Duke Leopold of Austria was at that period making a false attack on the town of Art. Henry of Hunenberg, a noble knight, who was of the Archduke's suite, the only one among so many inveterate foes of the Swiss, who entertained any sentiments of good-will towards them, shot this arrow so adroitly, that it passed over the wall of defence and those who guarded it, and stuck in the ground at some distance behind them. It was soon perceived, and it conveyed a hint, which the Swiss took, respecting the measures to be adopted for resisting the invasion with which they were menaced at another point.

At the *Aigle* we took refreshment. According to the hostess's account, confirmatory of preceding information, the ruined district of Goldau was the most beautiful part of the valley. This person was then at her father's house at Ober-art, close to the scene of destruction, and, like the rest of the inhabitants, she imagined that an earthquake was taking place as the precursor of the Last Day! She spoke with unaffected emotion of the honest, pious, industrious, and manly habits for which the unfortunate victims were distinguished.—On complimenting the good lady upon the interesting monument which signalised her town, she said drily—"Yes, it was interesting to strangers." And not to yourselves?—"Oh! we do not think about such old stories of days gone-by: we have enough to do to mind our dairies; to rear our cattle, and make our cheeses." All the time a smile of triumph, brightening her expressive features, gave a direct contradiction to her professed indifference. I suppose, she resumed, you are going to Küssnacht, to see Tell's Chapel—all the strangers go to see it? We have already had that satisfaction, was the reply; but probably you think as little about that as about the Arrow? And then she tried to look apathetic again. Pray, good hostess, do trouble yourself to look at the house opposite your own door. It was the one with fresco-painted front, which has just been mentioned—Tell passing Gesler's hat—Tell shooting the apple off his son's head—escaping from Gesler on the lake, and slaying him at Küssnacht.—She could hold out no longer—but broke forth into an impassioned exclamation on the happiness of living in a free country. We told her that in England, to read the history of William Tell was one of our earliest delights; that,

prizing our own constitution above every earthly blessing, we felt a sympathetic interest in the liberties of Switzerland, and revered the memory of their founders and defenders.—She said, the English were a noble nation, and that the Swiss loved us for our love of liberty. Adieu, adieu!—And this was the landlady of an inn where we had scarcely laid out half a crown.

At eleven o'clock we proceeded in a row-boat on the lake of Zug, which appears bounded for the most part by woody hills rising abruptly and to a vast height nearly from the water's edge. The south-western shore in particular has a very gloomy aspect; unrelieved by a single village, nor, so far as I could discern, even by a solitary habitation from the furthest extremity of Art to Immensee. The whole space between those two points is occupied by the steepest part of the Righi. The north-eastern borders are more cheerful. It is on this side that the treacherous and fatal Rossberg displays for a considerable breadth the pleasing results of agricultural industry.—Klausenagg, St. Adrian, Walchwil, Hörnli, and Lauterbach, are only so many small knots of cottages, embosomed in pine and beech trees: high over which, as our bark almost touched the shore, we saw

> "The goats wind slow their wonted way
> "Up craggy steeps and ridges rude.

On the Walchwiter-berg are extensive pasturages, and also enclosures of corn, situated at least a thousand feet above the surface of the lake.* From Immensee to

* This lake is three leagues long and one league broad. It furnishes fish of unusual size. Carp of from fifty to sixty pounds, and pike of the same weight, also a small but delicate species of trout.

the castle of Buonas, and all round the northern extremity to Zug, the shores are indented with fine bays, and the adjacent country gradually declines to almost a level, behind which we see hills of comparatively moderate height, and those far receding into a distant horizon.—The Righi, the Rossberg, and Mount Pilate are grand objects as viewed from the north in our approach to Zug; at which place we arrived after a pleasant voyage of an hour and a half, and found our calèche already arrived from Lucerne, at the Grand Cerf Inn.

After dining at the table-d'-hôte, we took a hasty promenade through the town, which for a capital is the smallest, and the most antiquated in appearance, of any we had seen even in this country. In size, however, it bears a just proportion to that of the canton itself, which is about five leagues long and four broad;* and of all the small cantons Zug is the only one which has a walled town for its capital. We went to the principal parish church; and afterwards visited the conventual church, a larger building, situated some little way beyond the walls, in a very agreeable part of the environs, at the foot of the beautifully wooded and fertile Zugherberg. Both are venerable edifices, but as usual, overcharged with votive pictures, gilded ornaments, and superstitious imagery. The great church was attended by a numerous congregation. The women arranged on one side and the

* It produces corn and fruits, particularly chesnuts. In some parts the vine is cultivated; and every where the pasturages are good. The chief magistrate is called the Amman, who is taken successively from each of the five districts into which the canton is divided, his term of office never exceeding three years. The general assembly of the people, where every man, from 16 years of age, has the right to assist, is held every year at Zug.

men on the other, chanted the Latin service alternately. The shrill voices and elevated key of the former contrasted themselves with the deep mellow tones of the latter, whilst occasionally

"The pealing organ swell'd the note of praise."

The high altar, with all its shewy if not costly decocations, was dressed in a blaze of light, which, eclipsing that of day so dimly admitted through small windows filled with stained glass, illumined the figures of "the stoled priests," who passed and repassed before it in the administration of Mass. Presently the responses cease; the organ pours forth its fullest diapason of triumphant notes, and the choir commences a hymn. Incense from many a high-swung censer issues in curling volumes at the foot of the altar, and rolls slowly upwards to the fretted roof—the anthem is raised in a louder and yet louder strain, while the cloud of perfumed smoke ascends, and sinks at last in a dying fall, as the factitious vapour gradually melts away into the circumambient air.—Thus concluded a service, whose general effect is not a little adapted to take the fancy captive. The eye and the ear at least may be pleased by it; but on a comparison of such ceremonies with their general influence over the votaries of the Creed to which they are accessory, I feel no reason for qualifying in the slightest degree my sentiments of concurrence in the justice of Mr. Gilly's remark "that simplicity of worship is the best promoter of active and efficient Religion."—Nevertheless it is interesting to see the inhabitants of these particular districts of Switzerland flocking with zealous alacrity to the temples where their forefathers prayed with fervent though often misdirected

piety; and where, in these times of greatly increased facility both for giving and receiving instruction, it is *not* the fault of the descendants of those patriots, that their "Religion," surrounded as its externals are by the dazzling glare of consecrated tapers, should remain in a form so little calculated to endure the searching torch of Scriptural Truth. From their urbanity and decorum of behaviour (an urbanity and a decorum that would do no discredit to a wealthier and more *fashionable* society) I am persuaded that this simple-mannered and kindly disposed people want only that proper knowledge, which nothing but priestcraft now withholds, to render their faith as enlightened and pure, as their intentions are good and their feelings devout.

Our ride from Zug to Baar displayed to us a continued tract of the best meadow land with arable intermixed. The quantity of fruit trees is remarkably great: each side of the road presents to view one universally productive orchard. If the Swiss had only a little more land capable of tillage, they would never have occasion to resort to other countries for a supply of corn—their vallies are so fertile, and they themselves such assiduous and successful cultivators. The steepness of the ascent beyond Baar requiring a third horse, we applied at the Inn and their whole stud being out, the master very gravely made us the offer of—a *cow*. "Not accepted."

At Silhbruk we entered the Protestant Canton of Zurich; and soon after, reaching the top of a lofty hill which looks down upon the little peninsula of Aa, and the pretty little town of Horgen, were treated with a most extensive view of the Lake: its superb plain of water here spreads itself before you to the extent of five or six

leagues: the borders are cultivated from their very edge with vines, studded with villages and single dwellings, and crowned with majestic woods. From this commanding eminence looking to the south-east the eye embraces a most magnificent bend of the lake, whose extent seems to terminate with the town of Rapperschwyl on one neck of land and the village of Hurden on the other, between which a wooden bridge of 1800 yards long serves for the communication.

We observed some of the apple and pear trees, of great size, so loaded with produce as to be obliged to have their branches propped up. Of this fruit, we were informed, the people do not make either Cider or Perry; but, after cutting them in slices, hang them up in the sun to dry: thus preserved during the winter, they eat them stewed or in puddings.—In the houses we already begun to remark a character of greater substantiality and an air of superior comfort to any that we had hitherto seen in Switzerland, even the canton of Berne not excepted—numerous and respectable are the mansions; and the parish churches are neat, venerable, commodious structures without any *nonsense* about them. The road is good and the lands are fenced with excellent hedges or thick walls of white stone. In short there is every where an appearance of ORDER, propriety, and comfort.

The prospects from the church-yard of Thalwyl are uncommonly fine: on the left a grand and beautiful water scene finishes with the city of Zurich—on the right, a yet more extensive, lovely, and sublime perspective—each bay and promontory of the lake, enriched with large villages—the mountains of Schwytz, Uri, and Underwalden, with the stupendous chain of the Bernese Alps

in the glorious distance. We have reason to speak of the Inn as a most creditable specimen of neatness and cleanliness, of old fashioned but good housewifery and civility. The vineyards are patterns of husbandry: the grapes made a fine shew but seemed backward in point of ripeness. The innkeeper charged 5*d.* for a bottle of *vin ordinaire blanc*, pleasant beverage.—Our further progress, through a constant succession of charming hamlets, was rendered additionally delightful by the truly picturesque tints of the setting sun—not exhibiting all the rich warmth which we witnessed in them during our visit to the Borromean Isles; but gilding with a milder yet not less transparent glow, a landscape, whose verdant brightness resembles that with which Nature decks our English vallies, plains, and hills. The countless habitations of this populous and prosperous district were, at the moment to which I allude, reflecting a lustre of transcendant but indescribable beauty. It was in the captivating splendour of a fine summer evening, that the capital of the canton presented itself to our sight, as we approached the northern extremity of the lake on which it is situated between two gently swelling hills. It was with Mount Albis on one side of us, and the *Zuricher-See* and its lovely borders on the other, that we passed through a land teeming with abundance, embellished by the hand of care and of taste, and happy in a peasantry of whom any country might be proud—a land where the men are robust, active, industrious, well informed; and where, with respect to the softer Sex, we had within the compass of a few short hours, seen more handsome faces and comely figures than it had been our lot to cast eyes upon in France or Italy, from Paris to Milan.

CHAPTER XXI.

ZURICH—*Market on the wooden bridge—Costume—Public Library—Hotel-de-Ville—The Great Church—The Arsenal—Bastion of La Katze—Lake Scenery—Kloten—Bulach—Eglisau—Rafz—A German toll-bar*—CATARACT *of the* RHINE—SCHAFFHAUSEN—*Exterior decoration of the houses—Public Library—Grubenmann—Bridge—Promenade—The Münster—Reformed Creed—Protestant Toleration—Catholic Exclusion—Swiss Agriculture—Travelling in Switzerland.*

THE hotel of L'Epee, where we took up our night quarters at Zurich, stands partly on a broad wooden bridge over the Limmat, where that turbid stream rushes to the lake. It was market day, and the peasantry were according to custom congregated on this bridge to sell their provisions. The country women wear a costume peculiar to the canton, and of which the scarlet boddice, laced and trimmed with black, is a tolerably becoming part—the full white sleeves and high dress of linen for the neck resemble those of the Bernese; the petticoat varies in length as it does in colour: some of them are of Lucernian brevity. Their coiffure consists of only a black handkerchief cap having an orange or crimson band across the crown of it. The men, with their large hempen breeches, coarse doublets, and broad brimmed hats, remind one of Holland.

We visited the Public Library, which is placed in the church called the Vasser-Kish. Here they shewed us

the Psalterium Græcum Davidis, written in characters of silver (with gold initial letters) on violet-coloured parchment.* The Quintilian, an original manuscript, which formerly belonged to the Monastery of St. Gallen, "and from which (as Mr. Coxe informs us) the first edition of that rhetorician was printed."—The collection of Zuingle's manuscripts. The Officia of Cicero, printed by Fust, at Mentz, An. M. CCCC. LXV.—Three Latin letters from Lady Jane Grey† to Bullinger, in 1551, 2, and 3. The hand-writing is rather difficult to make out; but in those few leaves containing the production of her pen, there is sufficient evidence of the learning as well as the piety of that martyr-princess (martyr to the selfish ambition of some and to the revengeful bigotry of others) whose talents and virtues were just permitted to display themselves, and were then withdrawn from a world not worthy of them.

In the Museum, under the same roof with the Library, are several remains of Antiquity, identifying themselves with the locality of Zurich, the *Turicum* of the Romans.

* It is supposed to have once formed part of the *Codex Vaticanus*, preserved in the Vatican at Rome: as both these manuscripts are similar, and the Roman volume is deficient in the psalms.—*Coxe.*

† In June 1551 she was resident at Bradgate, whence is dated her first epistle in Latin to Henry Bullinger, of Zurich, one of the most eminent of the Reformed Divines, in which she mentions her having begun the study of the Hebrew language. This epistle manifests the utmost elegance of expression and turn of sentiment, astonishing indeed in so young a person: her two succeeding epistles to the same divine being also composed in a pure and unaffected style, informing him that she was pursuing her Hebrew studies in the manner which he had pointed out to her. She addresses him as if he were her preceptor, with wonderful respect and submission, in a fine strain of modesty and displaying a very singular zeal for the true religion.—*Lady Jane Grey and her Times by Mr. Howard.*

As the country of the Tigurini, a people famous for the wars which they long sustained against the conquerors of the world, one of whose most important military stations it afterwards became, this district of Switzerland must doubtless have contributed amply to increase the stores of the Virtuosò. But the cabinet of Medals, which is pronounced to be so very handsome, was "locked up, and not to be seen,"* at least without more favour than we could command, or more trouble and delay than were compatible with our hasty proceedings. From a marble tablet, obscurely placed at the foot of the staircase, I copied the following inscription:—DI. MA. (Dis Manibus) HIC. SITVS. EST. LVCIVS. AELIVS. VRBIA. QVI. VIXIT. ANNO. VNO. MENSIBVS. V. DIEBVS. V. VNIO. AVGVSTI. LIBERTVS. PRAEPOSITVS. *STATIONIS. TVRICENSIS. XL. GALLIARVM.* ET. ELIA. SECVNDINA. MONVMENTVM. HOC. PVERO. DVLCISSIMO. FECERVNT.—On a stone pillar of quadrangular shape the subjoined dedication is engraved:— IMP. CAESARI. DIVI. NERVAE. TRAIANAE. F. DIVI. NERVAE. NEP. *HADRIANO.* AVG. GERM. PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. COS. II. P. P. DES. III. M. P. LXXXV. Both these were found in the immediate vicinity of Zurich.

* This is the sort of answer which a lover of coins almost invariably receives as he "travels from Dan to Beersheba," from the British Museum and the Bibliotheque du Roi, at Paris, to the Ambrosian Library at Milan and the Public Museum at Zurich, at which latter place (be it observed) though the commonest of the medals are not even to be peeped at through a glass case without magisterial permission, yet the Books which amount to twenty-five thousand, including some tempting curiosities for the *Bibliomanist*, may be pulled about by any stranger that chooses. Really, this is a great disappointment to, and no slight reflection upon, numismatic amateurs. A plague on all knavish collectors, for whose reputed acts of "picking and stealing," honest-minded fanciers of obverses, reverses, and exergues, of legends and inscriptions, are thus cruelly baulked and punished.

This Museum, which is rich in mineralogical specimens, contains a fine relievo plan (in Pfyffer's manner) of the lake of Zurich and surrounding country. The room is graced with a good portrait of Zuingle, and a marble bust of Wieland; also the bust of Heydegger, and "though last not least" among the native ornaments of Zurich that of Salomon Gesner,* author of "the Death of Abel," and of the "Idylls:" he died in 1788.

From Addison's description of the Hotel de Ville, I expected to have seen a much more regular and elegant specimen of architecture in that building, which it seems, was but just finished at the period of his visit (1707). It is of considerable extent, and finely situated near the lake, its foundations being washed on three sides by the waters of the Limmat. Tuscan, Ionic, and Corinthian ornaments are arranged in a heavy and anomalous mixture with minuter details, that shew a hankering after the feudal taste. The portal is of black marble; and a series of sculptures surround the outside of this long square edifice, representing Regulus, Mutius Scævola, Brutus, Epaminondas, Horatius Cocles, with other worthies of Old Greece and Rome; to which are added the busts of those who, in Switzerland, alike by their councils and their courage, upheld the sacred cause of true liberty and patriotism.—In the Hall of entrance, are two large pictures re-

* Besides these, the names and labours of Bullinger, Hottinger, Simler, Spon, Scheutzer, Breitinger, Bodmer, and Hertzel, bear testimony to the success with which, since the Reformation, literature and science have been cultivated at Zurich. But "of all the luminaries which this city, fertile in great geniusses, has ever produced, Conrad Gesner, that great scholar and naturalist (says Mr. Coxe) perhaps occupies the first place. He was born in 1516 and died in 1564, in the 48th year of his age."

presenting all the different kinds of fish bred in the lake of Zurich and the river Limmat.—The rooms in which the Grand and Little Councils* respectively hold their sittings are on a larger scale, but equally as devoid of sumptuousness as those of the Genevan Republic.—Opposite the Town-house stands a clock-tower, by itself, on which is a double dial, one for the hours and the other for the signs of the zodiac.

Upon one of the two lofty steeples of the Gross-Münster is rudely carved in stone the figure of some warrior on horseback, supposed to be that of the founder of the church. In a niche on the other tower, is a huge gilt statue of Charlemagne, who was (it is said) a great benefactor to this temple.

The hospitals of Zurich are well endowed, and the poor amply provided for. At the Reformation the revenues of the churches and convents were converted to purposes of public charity and education: an appropriation which has contributed in no trivial degree to the prosperity of

* The Government of Zurich is an Aristocracy, with some slight tincture of the Democratic principle. The sovereign and legislative power resides in the Great Council, which, when the Little Council assembles with it, forms a body of 212 members. The reigning Burgomaster is the chief of the state.—The city of Zurich convokes the Diets of the Helvetic Body: it is to her that the letters of Foreign Potentates or their Ministers are addressed, in the name of the Confederation: she communicates them to the other cantons, and her Deputies preside at the general diets.—The following is the order of the thirteen ancient cantons at the Diet, viz. Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Underwald, Zug, Glarus, Basle, Fribourg, Soleure, Schaffhausen, and Appenzel.—Since the acts of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, Switzerland has been increased in extent. There are now 22 cantons. The names of the new cantons added to the former number of thirteen, are Argovia, St. Gal, Tessin, Vaud, Geneva, Turgovie, Neuchatel, the Grisons, and the Valais.—The total population of the 22 cantons is estimated at 1,750,500 souls.

the city. The public granaries are also well furnished. This is done at the expense of government, to provide against seasons of scarcity, during which its good effects have invariably been experienced.

The Arsenal is extremely well furnished both with cannon and small arms.* It appeared indeed to be a larger and better arranged depot for the *matériel* of modern warfare than even that of Berne. The collection of plate and chain armour, heavy maces, ponderous battle-axes. and two-handed swords, is well calculated from its extensiveness and variety to interest the military antiquary. They preserve in this magazine a cross-bow and an arrow, which are affirmed to be the very same with which William Tell shot the apple from off the head of his son. The bow is a small and homely piece of workmanship, bearing however (as compared with similar articles preserved at Berne and Lucerne) strong marks of contemporaneousness with the date of the romantic exploit to which it is said to have been instrumental. But on asking the person who shewed it to us, what were the proofs of its having been Tell's, we could get no other answer than that such was the *tradition*, which though doubtless *very* good authority for the genuineness of a saint's bones is not quite sufficient for that of a peasant's weapons. Besides, in the absence of positive evidence, probability itself is against the supposition that Zurich should have acquired such a relic, seeing that she did not join the confederacy till nearly 50 years after the first blow had been struck for Swiss Independence.

* The militia of the canton amounted in 1781, to 25,781 infantry, 1025 artillery, 886 dragoons, and 406 chasseurs; in all 28,235 effective men. *Coxe.*

Let Zurich then check the empty boast of possessing the Bow and Arrow of Tell, which, if they exist any where, are more likely to be found in the arsenal of one of the *forest cantons*, where they ought to be preserved. A city so honourably known for having been the first in Switzerland to throw off the fetters of Papal Superstition, and which still treasures up in its valuable libraries the literary remains of a Zuingle and a Bullinger, may safely abandon every doubtful claim to secondary distinction.

In consequence of the reputation which Ulric Zuingle gained by his preaching at Glarus and at Einsidlin, (even before the public sale of indulgences by authority of Leo X, and consequently before Luther commenced his career of opposition to those abuses) against vows, pilgrimages, offerings, and all "the fraudful engin'ry of Rome," this intrepid and zealous yet mild and magnanimous Reformer was called to Zurich in 1518. Conformably to his principles the Council issued an Edict addressed to the Beneficed Clergy having the cure of souls, in which it enjoined them not to preach anything but what was capable of being proved by the Word of God. Such was the reliance which the Government of Zurich placed on Zuingle's wisdom and moderation, that it allowed of public disputations being held on a series of articles which he had himself framed. It was an advantage of the greatest importance to the cause of religious reform that the soul of every man should thus have been left

> ——— "Emancipated, unoppressed,
> "Free to prove all things and hold fast the best."

The first of these controversies terminated in favour of Zuingle. The State supported and encouraged him. At

the finish of the second disputation he gained so many converts to the "Truth as it is in Christ Jesus," which he put with no less ingenuousness than force to the test of Scripture, that the Mass was abolished and the Images were removed from the churches. The third controversy added still more to the credit of the Swiss Reformer. At the fourth, in 1524, no one having presented himself on the part of the Roman Catholics, the Reformation was received concurrently and freely by both magistrates and people.

Notwithstanding the great antiquity of Zurich, and its being reckoned in consequence of the flourishing state of its manufactures, the richest of the thirteen cantons, there is nothing either with respect to its size or architectural features, that renders the city worthy of particular remark. The streets are for the most part narrow and ill pierced; the houses with few exceptions small and of ordinary appearance; and the ground on which they are built is very unequal.—Yet there is a pervading neatness and comfort in the place, as well as a shew of activity and industry in its inhabitants, that, combined with the beauty of its situation, point it out as an agreeable spot to fix upon for at least a temporary residence.—Besides, it ingratiates itself with our English feelings, awakening in us sentiments of Protestant gratitude, as the asylum where, through the intervention and recommendation of the learned and estimable Bullinger, a most hospitable reception was given to many English Nobles, Clergy, and Gentry, exiles from their native country for conscience-sake, when the vindictive stroke of persecution

"Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign."

In the course of a walk through one or two good streets, to a part of the fortifications, we were shewn the house once inhabited by the amiable and ingenious, but too enthusiastic and visionary Lavater. It is opposite the church of St. Peter, of which he was pastor, and under the portico of which he was sitting when wounded by a soldier, on the day that the French in 1797 took possession of the city.

The view of the lake* from the bastion of La Katze is enchanting beyond expression. The *coup d' œil* from this rather elevated point, embraces those varied and striking objects which, displayed on the most extensive scale, complete the formation of a magnificent picture. You look on a foreground composed partly of the ramparts and towers, and partly of the handsome gardens and respectable habitations which decorate the outskirts of the place. Glancing over these the eye rests with pleasure on "the breezy ruffled lake," which

> "Chast and pure as purest snow
> "Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyed.

Its broad surface, enlivened with sailing boats, is girdled round by a triple range of hills. The other constituents of the nearer distance are, on your right, the richly wooded promontory of Kilchberg, backed by the gloomy Albis; on the left Kreuz, Zollikon, and Küssnacht present themselves on their gently sloping coast. On both sides, the borders exhibit a bright and almost uninterrupted

* The lake of Zurich is ten leagues long and one and a half league wide. Its greatest depth is 100 toises: its surface, 1279 feet above the level of the sea. Eighteen parochial villages, surrounded by a multiplicity of separate dwellings, extend on both shores, and contain about 35,000 inhabitants.—*Ebel.*

succession of vineyards and groves, verdant meadows dotted with pleasure-houses, and lovely bays profusely adorned with villages, several of which also appear on the higher ground with most delightful effect. In the offskip these sweet shores are commanded by the rugged chains that divide the canton of Zurich from those of Schwytz and Zug. Above them, in still remoter distance, soars another and a loftier pile, displaying a long line of snowy ridges and naked peaks, whose peculiar configuration distinguishes them as respectively belonging to Glarus, Uri, Underwalden, and Berne. In the smiling charms of objects close at hand, a happy manifestation of the industry of Man improving upon the bounties of Nature—in the expansive bosom of the pellucid waters—in the graduated rise of the mountains, from the gently elevated, the majestically grand, and the terribly sublime—in the union of these I beheld a scene, of which the language even of enthusiasm can give no idea; but from the retina of my remembrance its images will not easily be effaced.

Aug. 15.—Early in the afternoon we left Zurich for Schaffhausen. Our *voiturier*, who had been a military man, took the pains of very clearly pointing out to us the respective positions of the French and Russian armies, on the 25th of September, 1799, when Massena defeated Korsakoff, as the latter on his retreat from Zurich was directing his march upon Eglisau for the purpose of crossing the Rhine. It was during the multiplied operations and fluctuating issues of that astonishing campaign, in which Italy and Switzerland were at one and the same time the theatre of war, and when the uppermost

plateau of the Alps was the scene of frightful and sanguinary contest, that the rich and lovely country between the Albis and the Lake, through which we had just passed, became a prey to successive hordes of licentious soldiery.

The views of the town, lake, and distance, from this quarter of the environs are of that kind to which it is difficult if not impossible for even the pencil to do justice. We stopped several times during the first few miles to admire the varied beauties of the surrounding landscape, and to take a last "lingering look behind," at the already receding sublimities of Helvetia. Now travelling in a northerly direction, we observe the mountains no longer bounding the horizon before us; though to our right hand the Alpine chain in the St. Gall and Appenzel cantons and that in the Vor-arlberg still seem to tower into the very skies. The road, like the country we were traversing, undulates in a constant succession of hill and dale. On each side it appears to be a region of productiveness, but not of such loveliness as that which we had previously beheld in the southern extremity of the same canton.*

The land is planted in strips, with vines, clover, wheat, potatoes, oats, turnips, hemp—amidst these fruit and forest trees are plentifully interspersed. We observed

* The canton of Zurich is the most powerful of the League, after that of Berne. The country produces corn, wine, pasturages, coal, and turf. The inhabitants are not only good cultivators but skilful manufacturers. Their principal fabrics are thick crapes, woollen cloths, calimancos, silk handkerchiefs, ribbands, and muslins. In Zurich they also make gold and silver wire; and are famous for their excellent curing of beef tongues. Sumptuary laws proscribe, to all but travelling strangers, the use of carriages in the interior of the town.—The population of the Canton in 1789 amounted to 175,000. There are now 182,123 inhabitants.

also a considerable quantity of poppies which are grown for their oil.—Of these districts the soil is in many parts stony.—Women here are employed in the fields more numerously and laboriously than we are accustomed to see them in England. The cottages and other rural buildings are seldom seen constructed simply of timber: but large pebbles are imbedded in their wood, plaster, and white washed fronts; the roofs are tiled. The land-occupiers farm their own; and there is a marked indication of competency and comfort about their houses and premises.—The oxen and cows are of a large and comely breed—horned: the former are used in their teams, as well as the horses, which are also fine animals and well harnessed.

Passing through Kloten, we see to the left of us, the little town of Regensperg, picturesquely situated midway up the mountain of that name, whence, from a Beacon, there is a grand view of the Alps.—The small town of Bulach offers in its interior an exception to the general character of the canton for neatness: witness the dung-hills in the streets. But outside the north gate is a very good inn.

At Eglisau, I gained my first view of the Rhine. That mighty stream, poured forth from its glacier urns in the Grisons, there winds its rapid course through a deep and narrow gorge of hills cultured on one side with vines, and thickly covered on the other with trees. The town, small and pretty, is situated on the right bank of the river, and wears an appearance not a little striking, with its wooden bridge of two arches, covered in, like a long barn, and having eighteen windows on each side. There is an old tower very lofty and

massive, close to the bridge, on the left bank, which adds much to the scenic effect.

On crossing the Rhine at this point, we enter an arrondissment of territory belonging, as we were told, to the Grand Duke of Baden, In this almost isolated district, is Rafz, a straggling village, with very large gloomy houses: the inhabitants, (who profess the Roman Catholic religion) appeared to us of a poorer class than any we had seen under the Government of Zurich. The hills are low and rounded—the plains extensive—the former clothed with vines or more frequently with woods—the latter, with plentiful crops of the most varied produce.

At Jestetten, still in the Grand Duke's domains, we had a German Turnpike to pay. The toll-bar is a piece of timber resembling the mast of a ship, long enough to reach across the road, and weighted at the lower end, which rests on a pivot in a post, close to the toll keeper's habitation. At the other end of the mast a small chain is fastened, which thence runs along a pulley and proceeds through a channel formed under the surface of the road and communicating with the inside of the man's house. When he wants to make the bar descend he pulls the chain to him, and the road is closed against passengers: to open it again he has only to let go the chain, and the weight at the lower end lifts up the pole to a diagonal position.

About a league below Schaffhausen, near the village of Lauffen is the famous Cataract of the Rhine. We had plainly heard its rushing noise, like that of a stormy wind, at more than two miles distance.* Leaving our

* In calm nights, the bellowing sound of the waters is sometimes heard at the distance of four leagues.—*Robert.*

carriage at the toll-house on the main road, we proceeded on foot to have a close view of it. After crossing some pleasant fields we walked through a wood which was not so thick, but that it occasionally revealed, in their snowy whiteness, the foam and spray of this tremendous cascade.

The first view obtained of the Fall in this direction is replete with peculiar features of picturesque grandeur.* But finding the height of our position too great to do justice to it, we descended to the banks of the river by a path which taking us nearly half round, at length brought us opposite the object of our curiosity. We there beheld the Rhine precipitating its whole volume of between three and four hundred feet in breadth, from an elevation of about sixty feet. Different parts of the cataract exhibited different appearances, according to the thousand accidental obstacles opposed to the force of its overwhelming current. I pretend not to describe such a spectacle, and presume still less to dwell on the effect with which it impresses itself on the senses. If such an achievement be within the power of words, it has been performed by the poetry of THOMSON:—

> A copious flood,
> In one impetuous torrent down the steep
> It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
> At first a *verdant* sheet it rushes broad;
> Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls
> And from the loud resounding rocks below
> Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
> A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

* M. Ebel strongly advises the Tourist not to approach the Fall of the Rhine from the side of Eglisau, recommending in preference that by Andelfingen. With all due deference however to that intelligent writer's

The clear sea-green tint of the waters that in eternal agitation chafe the shore on which we stand—the thick mist that, ascending from the basin below, forms an ample field for those reflections and refractions of light which produce rain-bows of beautifully vivid colours—the deep sullen roar that accompanies the fall—the castle of Lauffen crowning the wooded summit of the eastern heights—the gloomy group of buildings composing the village of Neuhausen on the opposite bank—the wild romantic aspect of the immediately surrounding objects, contrasted with the agreeably rural appearance of the more distant landscape—the fantastic shape of foliaged rocks rising from the bed of the river and on the edges of the ridge whence its waves are hurled—those waves commencing their descent of an inclined plane studded with huge fragments of stone, and, as soon as they reach the above-mentioned rocks, throwing themselves in four momentarily divided but quickly reuniting and intermingling masses—the violent collision and enormous pressure of the falling waters, which break and attenuate them to such a degree, that becoming more light and sublimated than atmospheric air, they mount up in cloudy forms of inexhaustible variety—all this, and infinitely more than is thus attempted to be glanced at in the vague and feeble pencilling of a verbal sketch, not only render the scene a most magnificent one, but also impart to it an interest, which, with any one who possesses a mind attuned to Nature's

very superior judgment and experience, I venture to express my opinion that the road in question, which we travelled, leads to a favourable and interesting point for a general view; although from the scaffolding called the Fischetz, erected within its very spray, the cataract is unquestionably to be seen in its sublimest aspect.

awful harmonies, suffers little or no abatement from the most intense or prolonged contemplation.*

On quitting our station in front of the cataract, we proceeded along the right bank of the river, and passing through some iron-works, climbed up to a mill, the windows of which command a still nearer view of this great river's tide rushing down the precipice in a torrent of foam. The sound of unnumbered surges, lashing the rocks and plunging into the gulf, was there so overpowering that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. Though the building is of stone, and erected on the solid rock, it experiences a perpetual trembling from the concussion of so prodigious a weight of waters, whose furious action increases in the ratio of the accelerated velocity with which they fall.—In the train of ideas which this truly superb and fascinating sight suggests, none perhaps are more absorbing than those that arise, as one regards the three enormous pieces of rock, at the top of the cataract, which, narrowed at their bases, make a singular display of small trees and shrubs on their more widely spreading tops. When one witnesses the impetuous force, and recollects the constant friction of the current, it is impossible to avoid being affected by a strong feeling of astonishment, that these insulated pillars should so long have withstood the rage of such terrible assaults, and at the same time being impressed with the belief that they will in time be undermined and overthrown.

* It is at the foot of this Fall that the goods and merchandise are reloaded which are obliged to be landed at Schaffhausen, as well on account of the cataract, as of the difficulty and even the impossibility of navigation between that town and Lauffen, whence the cargoes of vessels are conveyed by land carriage.—*Robert.*

August 16th.—Placed on the northern bank of the Rhine, Schaffhausen serves (but without any other garrison than its own citizens) as a bulwark to Switzerland on the side of Germany.* And had it been the first, instead of the last capital town of the Helvetic Confederation, which came within our notice, we should in all probability have been more struck than we were with it as a well-built and cleanly one, which it really is. The streets have a certain degree of old fashioned consequence about them; and there is no want of commercial bustle and of concomitant opulence in the place. The houses, large and lofty, bear every where the marks of antiquity: the irregularity of their construction and the peculiar nature of their decorations are well calculated to engage a stranger's notice. Every secular edifice, domestic as well as public, has its inscriptive, and in numerous instances its pictorial, distinction. Over the door of one house you may see the words *Zum Ritter* (The Knight's); over that of another, *Zur Hoffnung* (The Hope); of a third, *Zur Geduld* (The Patience); of a fourth, *Zum Kercker*. This last-mentioned term Kercker, or *Bow-window*, refers to the most conspicuous external feature of their architecture. All the larger buildings, with very few exceptions, have one or more of these peculiar projections either by way of flanking turrets to their castellated fronts, or as *vedettes*, which, jutting out from the first and sometimes from the second story in octagonal shape, rest upon a cul-de-lampe, and form boudoirs,

* The canton which bears its name is in fact beyond the natural boundary of Switzerland, being on the opposite side of the Rhine and inclosed within the limits of Suabia. It is only seven leagues in extent from north to south and about four leagues from east to west.

full of glass windows. Many of these appendages are sculptured and carved with great elaborateness of ornament.—The custom of covering the stuccoed façades of their houses with paintings and reliefs, of various designs and colours, is another characteristic of the Schaffhusians. That which is called "the Knights" is perhaps the best, as it is certainly the most florid specimen of these frescoes. The subjects of the work are a mixture of the historical and emblematical. You have Marcus Curtius on horseback leaping into the gulph of the Roman forum—a head of Cicero with a Latin, and another of Demosthenes with a Greek, inscription. One tier is filled with an equestrian procession of ancient warriors: in another the symbolic personification of the Virtues and the Vices fill different compartments, accompanied with appropriate groups of figures.—The edifice in question has the date of 1597, upon one of the beams; but the paintings, it is evident from the vivid hue of their colours, must have been restored long since that time. Other houses are decorated in a similar manner with incidents from Swiss history; and the fountains, which here as in the principal towns of all the other cantons numerously adorn the streets and open places, are according to custom surmounted with the figures of Tell and the other favourite heroes of Helvetia.

The Hotel-de-Ville, a ponderous structure of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, is to be distinguished chiefly by the effigies of the three brave and generous mountaineers of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald, who laid the foundation of their country's liberty.

The Public Library is but a small collection, chiefly consisting of theological works. In the principal room

are portraits of the Burgo-masters of the canton. Under one picture is inscribed—"Joh. Jacobus Ruegerus, Ecclesiasticus et Historicus Schafhusianus." Under another are the words "Martinus Pyer, Aetatis suæ L. Anno Domini, MDLXV:" a very good portrait, much in Holbein's manner.—Here they preserve the model of Grubenmann's* celebrated bridge over the Rhine at this place, begun in 1753, finished in 1757, and destroyed by the French in 1799. The structure was of wood, a single arch, covered in at the top and sides like that at Eglisau, and the carriage-way through, instead of resting on the arch, was let into the middle of it, and there hung. The strength of this extraordinary piece of mechanism seems to have been chiefly owing to the dove-tailed manner in which the timbers were laid one into the other. The centre formed a very obtuse angle, the inside of which was opposed to the current.

The present bridge is not of so complicated a piece of carpentry as Grubenmann's: its well constructed platform of timber rests upon eight supports of the same

* Grubenmann was a native of the canton of Appenzell. The bridge which constitutes the sole medium of communication between Schaffhausen and the rest of Switzerland having several times been carried away by the floods of the Rhine, this man, a simple carpenter, without theory, without mathematical study, undertook to unite the two banks of the river, three hundred and forty-two feet apart, by a bridge of so bold a construction that it should embrace the whole width of it with a single arch. By an effort of genius which well deserved to pass for one of the wonders of the age, Grubenmann accomplished this magnificent enterprise; for it appears that, although by direction of the Magistrates, advantage was taken of a pile of the ancient bridge, situated in the middle of the river, to give some additional support to the carpenter's bridge, yet its preservation by no means depended upon that circumstance. The construction cost 200,000 French livres; it used to tremble under the lightest burthens, and yet sustained uninjured the weight of the most heavily loaded vehicles.

material. From the south end of this bridge (where the territory of Zurich commences) we had a good view of the old castle, which serves as a depôt of artillery, and commands the town.—We walked to the promenade of Fessenstaub in the immediate environs: it is surrounded by pleasant gardens and vineyards, from whose elevated position we surveyed the fortifications of this ancient town:* its cone-roofed towers, and curtain walls with loop-holes, reminded us of such topographical representations as are to be found in the works of the early German painters.

The church, called the Münster, at Schaffhausen, is both outside and inside the plainest and most simple in its appearance of any that we have seen even among the Calvinistic Protestants. The arches of the nave are supported on twelve large columns, of a single block of stone each, seventeen feet high and nine in circumference. The stone pulpit in the middle, bears the date of 1594; but the surrounding architecture shews the church itself to be of a very early foundation. The ceiling is flat; and the pews are so arranged as to hold a vast number of people. The lofty square tower contains a bell, nine feet round, on which is the following inscription:—*Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango.*

It is recorded that, in days of yore, troops of pilgrims used to flock to the Münster, attracted by a colossal figure twenty-two feet in height placed there under an

* The citizens of Schaff hausen are divided into 12 tribes, of which each elect five members for the great council, and two for the senate. The government is in the hands of the two councils, over which presides a burgo-master. The town contains between five and six thousand inhabitants.—*Ebel.*

arch-way, and which was called "the great Good-God." Plenary indulgences were accustomed to be granted to the votaries who crowded thither; and thus at Schaffhausen, previous to the period of 1529, were

> "The temple and its holy rites profan'd
> "By mumm'ries He that dwelt in it disdain'd:

and thus too a religious worship is still paid to "useless wood or senseless stone," in those countries where the Pope retains his interest and bestows his infallible benefits. Looking at the naked walls of the Münster, and those of the parochial church of St. John (which is nearly the same size) I could not help reverting, with superior satisfaction of mind, to that discriminative system of discipline, which, in the Ecclesiastical Establishment of England, has equally abolished and excluded every practice tending to idolatry, superstition, or corruption of faith; which has effected this without compromising a single principle of scriptural truth, without losing any thing needful to the support of real piety, and without neglecting any rational means of aiding a pure and well directed devotion. It would not, however, be doing justice to those excellent men, the Reformers of Switzerland, were we to withhold from their memories the respect due to them for that very act of their policy, by which in the complete removal of every appearance of assimilation with Romanism, they kept their people from relapsing into the seductive errors of a religion, still professed and cherished in so many of the circumjacent States.

The principal articles of the Reformed Creed, here and throughout Protestant Switzerland, are the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, and the Incarnation. It appears

that the Clergy uniformly preach the Divinity whilst they inculcate the precepts and hold up the great example of Jesus Christ; they proclaim the doctrine of our Blessed Saviour's Atonement, by his death on the cross, for the sins of the world; they declare "the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation;" they administer the two sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper: in short their tenets seem to correspond as closely as possible, in every point of essential importance, with those of the Church of England.—When the young people receive their religious instruction, they are made acquainted by their Ministers with the wide difference that subsists between the Creed of the Roman Church and the Religion of the Gospel. If, on the recommendation of the civil authorities, the Pastors abstain in their sermons from touching upon points of controversy between the two persuasions, it is for the sake of peace.—Socinianism, or Unitarianism, has no public organ or authorised means of administration in any part of Switzerland.

Geneva and Lausanne* are the two principal towns in

* A young Piedmontese named *Alpinosa*, having abjured Popery, has lately come to reside at Lausanne. Monsieur Mollard Le Fèvre has published a letter written by this new convert to the Reformation. It is dated Lyon, the 25th of June, 1825, and addressed to one of his friends, to whom he has rendered a detailed account of the motives which prevailed with him to change his religion. He therein states that he has embraced the faith of the Protestant Church because every thing essential is comprised in its public service; that he had never been able to conceive it to be the will of God that the Ministers of the Gospel should read it publicly in a language not understood by the people; and adds that the praise of God ought to be sung in the vernacular tongue of a country. In speaking of the Eucharist, he says that he never could make up his mind to believe with the Roman Catholics, that God who is a Spirit, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, with whose infinity Nature itself is not commensurate,

which societies have been established for the distribution of the Bible and the promotion of Christian Knowledge among the poor.—In the Pays-de-Vaud, where the Catholics are numerous, the tolerant principle of its Protestant Government is carried so far, that, in many of the rural districts, the same church serves, at different hours, for both forms of worship.—The Romish Dioceses of Switzerland have lost a vast number of parishes by the Reformation; but the Abbeys and Benefices sub-

was to be swallowed like a pill—he holds that in this ceremony the bread and wine are used solely to represent the body and blood of our Saviour, which are taken spiritually by the devout communicant, and in remembrance of the benefits of Christ's precious death. With reference to the Romish prohibition to eat meat on the two last days of the week, as well as during Lent, he observes, that a man is no better for eating fish than for eating beef; that God, who has created wholesome food, does not forbid us the use of it. He quotes the 11th verse of the 15th chapter of St. Matthew—"Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."—And also the Apostle Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians—"Whatsoever is sold in the shambles that eat, asking no questions for conscience sake. For the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." (Ch. x. ver. 25 and 26.)—"Finally (says he) I have embraced the Reformed Religion because it does not place the scaffolds of the Inquisition by the side of HIS Cross, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." He proves from Holy Scripture that the marriage of priests is permitted; he reprobates the doctrine that children who die without being baptized are excluded from paradise; and demonstrates the absurdity of the Romish veneration of images, and invocation of Saints. This letter, according to my informant, is written with great controversial acumen and energy of stile; and has caused a sensation not only in all the Swiss cantons, but also among the intelligent inhabitants of the adjacent countries. It has indeed been pronounced equal to the best polemic works, in the perspicuity and force with which it shows, on scriptural grounds, the superiority of the Protestant Religion, and the corrupt and fallacious character of most of the Roman Catholic Dogmas, particularly those monstrous contrivances for enslaving the conscience, the doctrines of Transubstantiation and Purgatory.—Abjurations of this kind are now very frequently occurring in the vallies of Piedmont.

ject to their episcopal jurisdiction are still very considerable, and much more richly endowed than those of "the Evangelical Cantons." The living or rectory of Rousweil in the canton of Lucerne, for instance, is valued at ten thousand francs (Swiss money) per annum; whilst the oldest of the Protestant Clergy do not receive annually more than two thousand francs.—The Roman Catholics are permitted to enjoy the free exercise of their religion in all the Reformed Districts; but are not allowed to hold civil offices. On the other hand the Protestants meet with no more than an individual toleration, wherever the Catholics have the ascendancy in church and state: nor are the former admitted to any acknowledged equality with the latter as a body, except at the Union of Deputies in the Diet. Protestants have neither churches nor chapels in any capital of the Popish Cantons.—In the Reformed Cantons, the people are much better instructed; the arts and sciences are more successfully cultivated, and industry itself is more active than in the Catholic countries, where education is neglected, where superstition is the basis of almost all that is taught, and where the interest of the Priesthood dooms the Laity to ignorance and delusion. Indeed "it cannot (as Madame de Staël says) be denied that the opinions of the Protestants, being founded on inquiry, are more favourable to knowledge and to the spirit of liberty than the Catholic religion, which decides every thing by authority, and considers Kings equally infallible with Popes, unless Popes happen to be at war with Kings."

Agriculture, it appears, has made rapid progress of late years in Switzerland. As connected with this interesting subject, I regret not having, when at Berne,

been aware of my proximity to the estate of Hofwyl, belonging to M. Fellenberg. It has since been described to me as well worthy of a visit, being not only a superb property, but also the great theoretical and practical school of Swiss farming. Every branch of rural economy is there carried to a high degree of perfection; and mechanical means are applied to the improvement of cultivation, with a degree of success, which has spread the influence of its example more or less into all the other cantons. M. Fellenberg's plans are on a very extensive scale; and have moreover the character of being founded on the most liberal views; namely those of developing the moral energies of the people, and of contributing to the public prosperity. By following the counsels of this celebrated agriculturist, the farmers of this country are said to be growing wealthy. Every month a sheet is published in Berne and the Pays de Vaud, containing information and instruction relative to the best mode of culture, especially on the subject of manuring, draining, and irrigating the land. Inspectors regularly visit the different farms to judge of the state of their husbandry work. Government annually awards premiums, in medals or in money, to the most meritorious. And the vine-dresser, who makes any discovery calculated to be of general utility, is recompensed in proportion to the value of his services.

Every body complains and justly too of the expense of travelling in Switzerland. Whilst the French occupied the country, they obliged all the different States to adopt the establishment of Posts. But as soon as the cantonal governments regained their independent sovereignty, these respectively (with the sole exception of the Vaudois) put by the system of posting, and with it the most eligible mode

of conveyance for Strangers. With respect to the charges at Inns, such exorbitant advantages were at one time taken of the influx of strangers, especially of the English, in the larger towns, that upon complaint being made, the Senates of the principal Republics took the matter up; and, partly by indicating their displeasure—partly by pointing out the gross impolicy of such extortions, they have induced *Messieurs les Aubergistes* to be somewhat more moderate in their demands. As to *posting*, it is shrewdly suspected that nothing but the *patriotic* desire of keeping the monied visitors as long as possible within the confines of Switzerland, stands at present in the way of so obvious and desirable an improvement.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUABIA—Grand Duke of Baden's territory—Randek—Castle of Hohentwiel—Singen—The Unter-see—Village of Popemann—A Votive Offering—Lake of Constance—Stockach—Frontier of WURTEMBERG—*Duttlingen—The Danube—Lutheran and Catholic villages—Aldingen—Geese-keepers and Swine-herds—Agriculture—Balingen—The Paragrèles—Castle of Hohen-zollern—Heckingen; Fine Chucrh built by Prince Joseph William—Peasantry—Costume—*TUBINGEN; *Great Church; Tombs of the Princes; University Students—Forest of Schauenberg—*STUTTGART.

THE intention of visiting the ancient city of Constance was on our part abandoned, in consequence of the road to it along the left bank of the Rhine by way of Burg and Stekborg having been reported to us as in a very bad condition, and of the weather having apparently set in for rain. This is the truth, as far as it goes. But, if "the *whole* truth" may be told, there was another reason, for thus curtailing a chalked out line of route, more powerful in its influence on our further proceedings than all the rest put together: I allude to the repeated and unaccountable disappointments experienced by *one* of us, in the non-receipt of intelligence respecting those "who guard and grace his HOME"—a disappointment whose sickening weight upon the heart, under circumstances of domestic anxiety, he that has travelled in distant lands can best appreciate.

On our departure from Schaffhausen, a pair of good horses and an active postillion (for the boundary of Switzerland being about to be crossed we were posting it again) quickly brought us within the Circle of Suabia, and into a part of the territories of the Grand Duke of Baden. The first town, called Randek, is a miserable place; on the highest ground of which stands a gloomy old chateau, occupied by its owner, whose affairs must be as impoverished as his mansion is dilapidated, or he would hardly be induced to remain in so indifferent and comfortless a residence. In the main street we noticed several persons bearing indubitable marks of belonging to the scattered house of Israel, and we learnt on inquiry, that by far the greater number of inhabitants are of the Jewish persuasion. It appears that this "peculiar people" do not here, more than elsewhere, pursue any agricultural occupation; nor do they carry on any trade, but that of a money-lender or a horse-dealer. The Government of Baden last year published an ordinance, by which these followers of the Mosaic Law were commanded to bring up their children to some useful calling, and to employ themselves in husbandry work in the same manner that their neighbours did who professed the Christian religion. At first the Hebrews seemed disposed to comply with the new regulation, which, however, not being enforced, things are now going on again with the Randek Jews according to the fashion of their forefathers; namely, that of avoiding bodily labour and exercising their cunning on the simplicity of "the Gentiles."

In approaching Singen, we passed within a short distance of the castle of Hohentwiel, situated on a steep rock,

which forms the summit of an isolated mountain, said to be of volcanic origin. This was one of the most striking objects we had seen in our tour, rising as it does to the height of nearly a thousand feet in the midst of a vast plain. The fortifications, formidable even in their overthrow, were once very noble and extensive. They were blown up in 1800 by the French, to whom the place was in the most cowardly way delivered up without the least resistance. The particulars of this event were related to us by the master of the inn at Singen:—Le Courbe, General of Division under Moreau, who was then commencing his celebrated campaign in Germany, arrived near the rock with 20,000 men. He sent a summons to the commandant to yield possession of the castle, or it would be stormed. To judge of the result which such a threat should have produced, it is only necessary to remark, that the plateau on which the citadel stands is on three sides positively inaccessible; that the fourth and only practicable face was as strong as military masonry could render it; that seventy pieces of cannon were mounted on its walls, and a numerous garrison well furnished with *munitions de bouche et de guerre* had been assembled within them for its defence. The governor asked for twelve hours to consider of the proposition; and in less than three had the almost inconceivable baseness to come down from his towering strong-hold, and (in the very room where we sat listening to the recital of his recreant procedure) sign articles of capitulation, by which he gave up an impregnable fortress, betrayed the interests of his sovereign, and disgraced the arms of his country. The Grand Duke broke him and the other rascally fellows who joined in the surrender.—One

superior officer, "faithful found amongst the faithless," protested against the execrable sacrifice of martial honour, and refused to it the sanction of his name. It was in this manner, and whilst Massena in Italy, by his heroic defence of Genoa, was displaying an example worthy of a better cause, that men entrusted with the keys of Germany, gave facilities to French triumphs, and left poor unhappy Suabia to be overrun and devastated.

Respecting the destiny of this hill-fort, as connected with the military history of a preceding age, an anecdote of a very different kind was related to us by our communicative host. An army of Swedes, under Charles the Twelfth, sat down regularly before it; but finding their assaults fruitless, they turned the siege into a blockade, which lasted two years. After the garrison had, in the interval, nearly consumed all their provisions, the brave governor, on the last remaining ox being slaughtered, caused the stomach of the animal to be filled with a portion of the very little corn that was left, and let it down by a rope over the rock. His stratagem succeeded. The besiegers, on examining the bag and its contents, came naturally to the conclusion that the castle was not yet reduced to extremity, and having had sufficient experience of its invincible strength, they soon afterwards raised the siege.—Hohentwiel, though situated in the Baden dominions, belongs, as we were informed, to the King of Würtemberg, as a family appanage. It remains in an entirely dismantled state; a circumstance, however, which adds to, rather than diminishes, its picturesque grandeur. Not very far distant is another fortress on a lofty rock, called Hohen-Kräben, which "the Lion of the North," at the period above mentioned, besieged and took, it not being of the

same strength as Hohentwiel. And on our road from Singen, looking in a north-west direction, we saw not less than five of these lofty mounts, crowned with castles,* rising in different parts of a great level.

From Schaffhausen to Singen the country is fine: hills of moderate height, generally covered with green woods, here and there insulated eminences, clothed with similar plantations of firs, or young beech and oak trees—winding roads—are the principal constituents of the scenery, which, but for the appearance of vines, would have made us fancy ourselves in England. As you proceed the prospects open—and plains extending wide are bounded by cultivated as well as woody hills.—Deviating a little from the direct road to Stokach, we reached Rudolfs-Zell, and thence viewed the Unter-see,† or inferior lake of Constance. It is a charming piece of water, enriched with fruitful fields on the Suabian borders, and foliaged eminences on those of Switzerland. Our perspective to the south-east was terminated by the beautiful island of Reichenau, and an elevated range of country studded on the side of Thurgovia with towns and villages, and with convents and chateaux crowning the neighbouring heights.

In the little hamlet of Popemann, near Zell, is a chapel dedicated to the Mater Dolorosa of the Romanists.

* Hohentwiel, Hohen-howen, Hohen-stofflen, Hohen-staufen, Hohen-krähen. The three first named are visible from the Culm of Mount Righi, near Lucerne.

† The Zellersee (or Untersee) is sixteen miles long and about ten broad. The isle of Reichenau (a league in length and half a league in breadth) which with its Benedictine Abbey in Mr. Coxe's time belonged to the Bishop of Constance, now appertains to the domain of the Grand Duke of Baden.

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The same expedient of *ex-votos* is there resorted to (for all occasions and against all accidents) that we found so highly popular in other Catholic districts through which we had passed. In one of the pictures which hung near the altar was a peasant kneeling by the side of his cow. In the clouds was his Saintly Patroness pouring down a stream of milk (if we might judge by its colour) which touches the udder of the animal. This is done in the presence of the Virgin Mary who sits in the highest heavens with a dead Christ in her lap! On our asking the landlady of the neighbouring inn, what was the meaning of such hieroglyphics; she told us that it was the religious custom of the people, whenever any serious illness or affliction occurred to them, to make a vow to some saint, and, if they recovered or obtained the object of their prayers, they presented a picture or other offering in fulfilment of such vow, and as a memorial of the *miracle* which had been wrought in their behalf. When moreover a murrain seizes their cattle, or their cows cease to give milk, they pray to some favourite Saint to intercede with the Blessed Virgin to exert her all powerful influence with her Son, that the pestilence may be stopped and the lacteal fountain again may flow. And who, that has seen, as here and elsewhere he may do, the super-abundant records of *successful* application, can *seriously* come to any other conclusion than that the Church, which sanctions such *Apostolic* practices, *must* be that "*true and only saving*" one, to whose Priesthood it is given

> "To plead our cause in that high place,
> "Where purchas'd Masses proffer grace.

Continuing to coast along the north-western arm of the

lake, through a marshy tract (according to the foolish advice of an ignorant guide) we had nearly paid forfeit with our carriage and baggage; for the waters had risen and covered the road that lies along on the shore. An inhabitant of Sernatingen, however, perceiving the hazard we ran, came to us, and acting the part of a true friend at need, piloted our vehicle through the flood and saved us from a serious misadventure. Arrived at the village above named, we were favoured with a brighter sky than had attended our noon-day's journey; and were thereby enabled to discern beyond the vast expanse of waters, the gigantic forms and hoary summits of the Tyrolese and Appenzel chain, like all other

"Far off mountains, turning into clouds."

After the lakes we had previously visited, this branch, (only the extremity) of the great *Boden-see* presented an aspect of inferior interest. It belongs not however to us to boast of having seen the lake of Constance, properly so called.

At Stockach, picturesquely situated on a rising ground, we beheld a fine effect of sun-set on the Rætian Alps to the south-east, and on the champaign country stretching as far as the Black Forest to the west and north; a country which one is induced to contemplate with yet stricter attention from recollecting that, during the revolutionary war, it was repeatedly the scene of the most obstinate and sanguinary engagements, fought with alternate success, between the contending armies of France and Austria.

The road for miles and miles is lined on each side with apple and pear trees; and so plentiful was the crop that

the branches of most of them were, as a matter of necessity, propped up with poles.—The peasantry in these parts appear to be very poor: the women, employed in some of the hardest field-work, carry enormous weights of grass and other things on their heads, and the far greater number of them have neither stockings nor shoes. The men wear immensely large triangular cocked hats, which form a ludicrous set off to their blue smock-frocks.—Oxen of a large and powerful breed are used at plough and in the team. The sheep are also full sized.—This quarter of the Duke of Baden's dominions is entirely Catholic.

17th.—Duttlingen is a large place, with wide streets and lofty houses built of stone, in a very heavy stile. The church corresponds with the rest of the town as to bulk and architecture. Considerable business is carried on here in cutlery and shoemaking, and in the manufactory of net for pantaloons. The tradesmen attend the different fairs, within an extensive circumference, including those of Switzerland. The postmaster (whose inn is a good one) informed us that he never remembered to have seen so many persons travelling through the country, as there had been this summer: people of all nations, English, French, Russians, and Poles, as well as Germans. The students of the different Universities were particularly numerous; of those indeed we had ourselves met a great many *pedestrianizing* among the Alps, and some of them shaping their course towards Italy.

It was at Duttlingen that we crossed the Danube, whose name alone would have been sufficiently calculated to interest us, even if the river itself were not the wide and rapid stream which it is, although so near

its source at the foot of the Schwartzwald.*—As we looked over the parapets of the stone bridge upon this celebrated current, swelled by the rains of the preceding night, it was impressive as an illustration of Nature's bounty to reflect, that the waves then rushing past us from west to east had their remote destination through and beyond the mightiest states of southern Germany. What indeed would Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, or Hungary be but a succession of barren wastes, without the Danube and those hundred rivers which join it in its course to the Black Sea! By such admirable provisions, however, at the call of Creative Wisdom,

> ——————— The desert smil'd,
> And paradise was open'd in the wild.

The road, which is a fine *chaussée*, lies through a wide vale, consisting of open fields chiefly arable with a scanty intermixture of pastures, bounded on all sides by wooded hills. There are no vineyards in this neighbourhood. It is almost wholly corn-land; and the harvest was in progress, all the crops being ready for cutting except the oats, which are the latest sown. The wheat, oats, and barley are severally tied up in sheaves; and, it seems, that every tenth sheaf is taken by the Government of the King of Würtemberg (whose territory we have now entered) for the maintenance of the clergy, the salary of the civil officers, and pay of the troops. The general practice is to put up this tenth of the produce to be purchased at auction, by the highest bidder in every *hunderte*, or

* *Mons Abnoba*, of Tacitus; the southern extremity of *Hercynia Silva*, now called the Black Forest.

hundred, a district so termed because (as in England) they formerly comprised a hundred *vills* or townships.

Proceeding from Duttlingen, which is Lutheran, we successively pass through the large villages of Wörmlingen, Weilheim, and Speichlingen, which are Catholic. These places are so many long straggling lines of ill built houses. At each end stands a great wooden crucifix, painted red and light blue; on which beneath the figure of Christ is that of the Virgin Mary. The peasantry, both male and female, like their dwellings, look very dirty. At the last named village, as we traversed it, the inhabitants were walking up to their ankles in mud from matins: a set of people more peculiarly fit to be designated as the children of penury, or less entitled to the epithet of well-favoured, we had not cast eyes upon since we quitted Piedmont.

At Aldingen, and other places in this route, we noticed Storks building their nests on the top of church-steeples as in Holland.—The dress of the Women consists of a bodice and sleeves resembling in form but not in neatness, that part of the Bernese costume, a short black petticoat, bunching out all round, red stockings, a kind of skull-cap made of silk or velvet, or a dingy white chip hat, encircled on the crown with black crape—the hair, braided in tresses with long black ribbands, hangs low down their backs.

There is something curious in the arrangement made by the inhabitants, with regard to their live stock, after harvest, in this open country. Every morning, a man or boy, appointed by the township, begins at one extremity of it to blow his horn, when all the geese march out into the street; and as he goes along, sounding his well known instrument, every householder lets out a detach-

ment of the hissing tribe to join the main body, with which the driver proceeds into the stubbles for the day. In the evening he returns with his numerous feathered charge; and that bird would be reckoned, almost beyond precedent, a silly goose indeed, which in waddling back again did not turn off at the right point to its own home. A similar plan for feeding is also adopted with the cows and the swine, but each description of animal is under its respective keeper.

Aldingen is *Évangélique*, or Lutheran. The next village that we come to is Wellendingen: religion, catholic; children, beggars; place, a collection of filthy hovels surrounding a large church.

The higher ranges of hills were now either left behind us, or receding far on each side; and we travelled through a vast tract which, in some parts nearly level, in others varied by considerable undulations, presents every where abundant proofs of agricultural industry. It is chiefly corn land; and from what remained standing the crops of wheat appeared to be remarkably fine. We were much amused in observing the active vigilance and great sagacity of the dogs guarding the potatoe crops from the inroads of the sheep, which are of a large breed resembling our Leicesters and Southdowns. The soil seems in general extremely rich; and, as in Savoy and Switzerland, it is cultivated in narrow strips of greater or less length: a system, which, prevailing equally on the sides of gently rising eminences and on the plains in which they stand, exhibits a checquered assemblage of colours; green, yellow, brown, and red; thus pleasingly diversifying the face of a country, whose picturesque qualities improve upon us the further we make progress through it.

In the small market town of *Schön*-berg, "*célèbre* (Reichard says) *par la beauté du sexe!*" we saw nothing smart but the crucifixes, which were gilt and painted: dunghills formed a sort of semi-circular redoubt before the door of each house; and dirty rags displayed themselves on the back of almost every person, man, woman, and child, that we met. Squalid poverty reigns in the town, whilst the riches of cultivation teem in the surrounding neighbourhood. Ye Priests and ye Princes, tell us how this comes to pass!

From an elevated point of the road, near the village of Tottenberg, we were suddenly presented with a prospect of immense extent, and of considerable grandeur. A ridge of gradually increasing loftiness runs to the right hand nearly parallel with our course: its hills had now become mountains, exhibiting great variety in their form and clothing: they are part of the chain which divides Franconia from Bavaria. To the left and in front a vast and wavy landscape shewed at once the labours of the husbandman and the remunerative goodness of the soil.

Balingen is a Protestant town, large, populous, and of superior appearance. It suffered greatly by fire about five years ago; a calamity which pressed the more severely upon the inhabitants, as they had not then recovered from the impoverishing effects of the war; and they still complain of a heavy taxation.

Between Duttlingen and Balingen we observed a pretty general adoption of the *Paragrèles*, to the use of which, in the Pays-de-Vaud, allusion has already been made in this Tour.* On examining some of these we found ropes

* See page 257. Since that part of the work was committed to the press, the writer has met with the following descriptive and explanatory remarks

of straw twisted spirally with brass wire round the poles, from top to bottom.

At the village of Steinhofen we stopped awhile to gratify our sight with the highly picturesque and still formidable appearance of the ancient castle of Hohenzollern, built on the lofty summit of one of those detached mounts which form distinguishing local features in the Suabian circle. The buildings of this conspicuously grand seat, famous for being the birth-place of the Royal House of Brandebourg or of Prussia, consists of a palace of great extent, a church, and other architectural objects,

on *Paragrèles*, copied from a Continental Journal:—"These, when made in the simplest manner, consist of wooden poles, from 35 to 50 French feet high, and planted in the firmest manner in the ground; on the top of each of which is fixed a sharp point of yellow brass wire, about the eighth of an inch in diameter; to the bottom of this is attached, by means of a ring, another yellow brass wire, about the 16th of an inch diameter, continued all the way along this pole to three or four feet under the ground, and fixed to the poles by small wire staples.—From this description it will be seen that Paragrèles are merely lightning-rods made in the simplest and cheapest form, by which it is proposed to draw down the electric fluid from the clouds, and by that means to prevent the formation of hail.—The Paragrèles ought to be placed at the distance of 450 Flemish feet from one another. When any tall trees happen to be growing where the pole ought to be placed, the trees may be made use of instead of erecting a pole."

Repeated trials in America, in Italy, in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, recommend strongly Paragrèles to the attention of agriculturists. In a great variety of instances (which occurred in the years 1824-5 and 6) it has been invariably remarked, that the fields, which were provided with *Paragrèles*, experienced no damage from successive storms, but had their crops preserved as if by enchantment, in the middle of districts in which the inhabitants had not taken the same precaution, and which latter were totally laid waste.—Whilst the hail stones fell in great abundance upon the meadows and vineyards situated without the line of Paragrèles, there fell upon the leaves and flowers of the fields furnished with this protection only a small quantity of snow, or rather of a watery substance softer than snow, into which the hail had been dissolved by the attraction of the metallic points raised at equal distances.

in an apparently restored state, which presented themselves with striking effect in the various points of view to which our winding road successively brought us, as we approached Hechingen.

Hechingen is the capital of the Prince of Hohenzollern's territories, which consist of that town and about twenty-nine villages. On the entablature of the portal of the Church is the following inscription:—ERECTVM A JOSEPHO. WILHELMO. S. R. I. PRINCIPI DE HOHENZOLLERN A. D. MDCCLXXXII. It was consecrated the following year by the Bishop of Constance.—The exterior of this temple is an elegant specimen of modern ecclesiastical architecture, and the inside is in the handsomest stile and best taste of Catholic places of worship. Among the pictures is the martyrdom of St. John of Nepomucenus, at whose death, occasioned by his being thrown over the bridge at Prague, a victim to the fury of his enemies, five *new* stars appeared in the heavens! So Romish Hagiologists fondly record, and so Melling of Strasburg has painted it.—A reposo in Egypt, the Apostle James, and the Grand Altar-piece of the Crucifixion do honour to the talents of the same artist, who executed them forty-two years ago. The painting of the ceiling though more gorgeous is not so good. Heckingen stands on an eminence, and besides the fine church above mentioned contains a superb but unfinished palace of the Prince's. The view of the town, together with that of the castle of Hohen-zollern, which we regained from the opposite height, as we proceeded on our road to Tubingen, was by far the grandest and most interesting we had seen since entering the King of Würtemberg's dominions.

A few miles further, we passed on our right the large

village of Messingen, standing in a wide and well tilled valley, finely backed by the bold mountain-range which still continued to terminate, though more distantly, our prospects eastward. In every other direction, the eye roved over an open, fruitful, and nearly level country.

"More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
"And less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
"Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed
"Far as the eye discerns, withouten end.

Concerning this part of Germany, Tacitus says "Satis ferax, frugiferarum arborum impatiens, pecorum fecunda, sed plerumque improcera."*—The observation was no doubt correctly applicable to its state eighteen centuries ago and probably long after that time: but it holds good now only with respect to the great productiveness of the land in corn and cattle. At present, the soil improved by culture, and the temperature of the climate rendered less cold and moist by the conversion of marsh and forest into arable and pasture, are, as we have seen, extremely favourable to fruit trees: and not only are the flocks and herds numerous, but the animals themselves are of a very large size, both sheep and oxen.

At Ofterdingen, a tolerably neat (Lutheran) village, we found many of the inhabitants busily employed in their fields of flax and hemp. There is in this district a very considerable growth of both those clothing plants; and the various processes to which they are subjected furnish occupation for numerous hands. Some were pulling the crop and tying it into sheaves—some were

* De Moribus German. V.

steeping it in the standing pools with which the whole tract abounds—others were engaged in spreading in rows on the grass that portion of it which had already undergone the needful degree of putrefaction—others again were carrying it from the bleach to their distant cottages, where the fibre is spun and manufactured by their families.—The women, who seem to have more than a due share of this laborious work, wear the short petticoats of the *Lucernoises*, but are by no means so good looking; nor is the general effect of their costume, though in many respects assimilating, to be compared for becoming attractiveness, with that of the *Suissesses*.

The German stages are very long; but the post-horses are good and perform their work well. A pair of young and handsome ones, which took us the first station from Hechingen, had cost the post-master, a few days before, about 12*l.* sterling each.

The roads upon the whole are excellent: yet (far from resembling the French and Italian *tirés au cordeau*), they wind along the hills and dales in the irriguous variety of direction which characterises those of England. It was to the sinuosity of their course that, in traversing the fine valley of Steinach, we were indebted for a pleasing surprise on our first view of Tubingen. This ancient town, surrounded by lofty coteaux on which the grape once more appears in abundant culture, its stately castle, its venerable churches, the noble bridge over the Neckar by which we enter the place, and the range of fertile and foliaged meadows watered by that river, burst on our sight at once, in a highly picturesque union of rural groups and commanding objects. Nor was the scene without

those accidents of mingled light and shade so precious in the painter's eye—those momentary gleams of sunny brightness which, whilst they add fresh splendour to the richest combinations, impart inexpressible charms even to the meanest specks in a landscape, and with magic touch convert

"The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

We visited the Chapter Church, a fine gothic building. At the east end, in which doubtless was formerly the Lady Chapel, is a remarkable assemblage of Mausoleums and sepulchral effigies. The tomb of Lewis Duke of Würtemberg, bearing the date of 1593, is a superb though somewhat mutilated piece of sculpture. This was the man who established here the Collegium Illustre in 1588, for the sons of Princes and Counts only. The recumbent statue of the Duke is placed on an alabaster sarcophagus richly charged with scriptural subjects in bass relief. By the side of it on a separate tomb of the same size but under the same canopy is that of his Consort, Dorothæa Ursula, executed in an equally elaborate manner.—There are eleven other monuments, with figures on them, size of life, of Dukes and Duchesses of Würtemberg and Suabia. Among which, with the date 1496, is that of Prince Eberhardus the First, who founded the University at this place. Also, the tombs of a Duke of Brunswick, Bishop of Halberstad, who was a student of Tubingen and died there—of Duke Ulrich and his Duchess 1563—of the Princess Eva Christina, who died in 1625, said to have been poisoned on the day of her marriage: her statue exhibits with a minuteness that is really curious, the

full ducal court-dress of that time. The chapel in which these princely relics are deposited, contains several ancient sculptures of the Apostles, and in its windows there is some good stained glass.—This Lutheran Temple does not exhibit the naked appearance which is so strictly preserved in the Calvinistic places of worship. Around its interior, galleries are ranged, the pannels of which are painted with a succession of scripture-pieces, but they are of no executorial merit whatever. There are many monuments both in the body of the church and on the outside walls, several of which have the crucifix on them. These points excepted, it bears a strong resemblance to the large parochial or collegiate churches in our own country.

Our steps were next directed to the mount, on the west side of the town, called Hohen-Tubingen, on which the castle is built. This is an imposing specimen of the old German military architecture, joining together, in the feudal pomp of ornamented strength and ponderous magnificence, the respective characters of palace and fortress. Sculptured gateways, embattled bridges, colossal statues, massive towers, arcaded quadrangles, rock-hewn terraces, shew the costly plan of once presiding power: the air of desertedness, the instances of mutilation, and the signs of decay equally demonstrate that the sceptre hath long ago departed. From this elevated spot, which completely commands the city, we had a very agreeable as well as extensive prospect of the wide green vale through which the Neckar flows, and the vine-clothed hills of the surrounding country. The curiosities of the castle are a collection of natural history in the observatory, cellars excavated out of the solid rock, and a remarkably deep well.

Returning into the town we observed a building of antique character, but on no very great scale, which bears the name of The University, and we would have entered it: but our conductor informed us that it was not among the objects shewn to strangers; and that the attentions of students to *Alma Mater* at Tubingen were paid under the respective roofs of the learned professors, who in their turn it seems, are rather apt to sacrifice duty to the love of emolument or at the shrine of popularity. An university without colleges is like a garrison town without barracks. Pupils at private lodgings and soldiers on billets will equally be induced to think themselves their own masters. The chief fault lies in the system here; in the inadequacy of endowments and the consequent laxity of academic discipline. Can it indeed be a matter of surprise that, under such circumstances, YOUTH, with all its impetuosity of ardent spirit, in all its "bloom of lustihood," should plunge into the vortex of criminal excess, when AGE, "settled age,"

> "Dress'd in a little brief authority,
> "Plays such fantastic tricks before High Heaven,
> "As makes the Angels weep.

In consequence of the continued unruliness of the *Burchenschaft* gentry at Tubingen, the King of Würtemberg has, it is said, come to the determination of stationing troops there; and of establishing a sort of Police, to watch over the conduct of the students, and to enforce upon them with severity some new regulations for the preservation of good order.

From the first hill on the Stuttgart road, the view of Tubingen and its vicinity is worthy of particular regard.

We were now within seventeen miles of the capital; and after proceeding some way through a series of orchards in the fullest bearing, we entered the Forest of Schauenberg, where the oaks and elms grow to an unusual size. In some parts the huge and towering trees stand so thickly planted, that, as we passed beneath their overarching canopies of shade, the reign of awful stillness and majestic gloom, they served forcibly to illustrate for us the descriptive passage in Claudian, where he speaks of the *vasta silentia* of Hercynian wilds: that immense tract of forest, (covering the *Decumates Agri*, now Suabia) to which the Historians and Naturalists, as well as the Poets of Ancient Rome have made such frequent allusion, and of which we had for the last two days been traversing the site.—The weather had again become fine. Our road sometimes ascended to a point of elevation, from which we could survey the wide circumference of mingled woodland and pasturage: at other times it led down into the obscurity of a Val-ombrosa. The evening sun, darting his amber radiance through apertures in the lofty fences of these green retreats, lighted up the beauties of Sylvan Nature, and strengthened the powerful impress of a checquered scene, by the suddenness and variety of the most romantic transitions.

Detterhausen and Waldenbuch, both large and populous villages, are situated on the main road through this great forest; whence very considerable fellings of timber are yearly sent down the Neckar and the Rhine to Holland.—After a dark nocturnal ride over hill and dale, we reached the city of Stuttgart, and alighted at the Hotel, which has the honour to be named *Zum König von England*, opposite the old Ducal Palace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STUTTGART—The New Palace—Libraries—Excursion to Weyll—Royal Villa, Dairy, &c.—Frederick William, King of Würtemberg—Constitutional and Representative Government——Equal Rights granted to those who give Equal Securities—Public Education—Protestants and Roman Catholics brought up at the same Schools—Consequences of the System.

THE three days which I passed in the capital of Würtemberg and its environs proved necessarily too short a time to allow of my seeing all that is there worthy of a stranger's notice, especially in its various and extensive collections, which next to the King's Palace constitute the greatest curiosities of the place. Speaking with reference to the old town, Stuttgart appeared in my eyes to possess but very slender claims to the high rank which gazetteers and guides have given it among the cities of Germany. The Hotel-de-Ville, whose heavy front, charged with semi-barbarous relievos, it would be a libel on the architecture so misnamed to call Gothic, is situated in a market-place, where the houses, by their irregularity of form and number of stories overhanging the basement floor, bring to one's remembrance the closeness, though not exactly the dirtiness, of *La Cité*, at Paris, or of the central parts of Rouen. The Court-end, on the contrary, has of late years undergone, and is still undergoing

a process of improvement, in the formation of spacious new streets and in the erection of handsome and commodious edifices, that cannot fail to render it very agreeable as a residence. Yet, in observing the little stir that there was by day, and the quiet that reigned by night, we could hardly imagine ourselves in the metropolis of a kingdom, and close to the seat of Royalty itself. This remark however, so far at least as relates to the courtly distinction of Stuttgart, carries with it perhaps a compliment to the personal character of the Sovereign, who thus causes his presence to be beneficially felt, rather than ostentatiously announced.

18th.—Accompanied by our friends Mr. S. and his lady we visited the New Palace, in which the King resides. The principal façade is a piece of good architecture, and has a spacious court or esplanade before it. The whole exterior is tolerably regular in its design, but more pleasing from its simplicity than commanding in its general effect. The gardens are laid out on an extensive scale, decorated with fountains and statues (some from the chissel of Dannecker) and the whole kept in admirable order. Adjoining to these is the Park, a work of late years, called *Die Anlagen*, embellished with kiosks and summer-houses, watered with canals, and offering a specimen of landscape gardening, not inferior to, and closely resembling, some of the best things of the kind in England. After causing them to be brought to their present state of beauty and perfection, his Majesty has had the liberality to open both gardens and grounds to the public: the former as a promenade and the latter as a carriage drive.

The interior of the Palace every where exhibits an

elegance and splendour of decoration, in which taste presiding over art does justice to the spirit of royal magnificence. We were first admitted into the apartments of the young Princesses, Maria and Sophia, daughters of the King by his first wife the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, Alexander's amiable and accomplished sister; and who as Duchess of Oldenburgh was a partaker with that Imperial guest in the popularity of the visit to England in 1814.* In one of these rooms is a bust of Duke Charles, who died in 1793, and an equestrian portrait of Duke Lewis, his predecessor. Looking at his short neck and plethoric countenance, you hardly require to be informed that he departed this life in a fit of apoplexy.—In the wing appropriated to the use of her Majesty the Queen Dowager are some good landscapes by Professor Harburg.—By a staircase of marble you ascend to the State Apartments. The Chamber of the Privy Council is to be remarked for its rich hangings of crimson satin, and its poor painting of the late King. In this also is a bronze bust of Philip Duke of Burgundy, a work of the 15th century.—Upstairs we were shewn a suite which Napoleon, Alexander, and our own Duke of Cambridge, occupied each in turn during the period of their respective visits to Stuttgart. All these rooms are tastefully and some of them sumptuously furnished. In one of them is a picture by Professor Hetsch; it is the separation of Astyanax from Andromache—a clever design but executed with great stiffness of manner. His Tullia driving her chariot over the dead body of her Father, is a good picture, in a freer stile.—In the Saloon,

* She died Jan. 9, 1819.

are two paintings of great merit by Professor Seele, viz, an Ecce Homo, and Joseph interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh's Butler and Baker.—The galleries of the Ball-room are supported by Egyptian Caryatides.—The Great Saloon, 180 feet long, 90 feet wide, and of proportionate height, with mirrors 16 feet by 6 feet, candelabras after the antique and a profussion of rich lustres, is altogether princely.—The Long Gallery is a noble room: it was used for the banquet (April 15, 1820) when the King married his present Consort, the Princess Paulina, daughter of his uncle Duke Alexander.—In another marble Hall, called the Rotunda, are busts in porphyry of the Czar Peter and Frederick the Great, and a Clock in a case of beautifully veined Malachite. In the next room are several drawings of the Queen Dowager's, and the embroidery on the chairs is likewise by her Majesty's hand. There are several fine battle pieces, connected with events of the revolutionary war, by Seele: also portraits of the present King, and of the late Queen.—In the apartments appropriated to the infant Prince and Princess (children of his Majesty by the present Queen) are some beautiful architectural and sculptural fragments from Rome; the Gladiator of Canova, a *chef d'œuvre* of the chisel; and that charming figure, the Cupid of Dannecker.

In the Card-room are two remarkably fine productions in Gobelin Tapestry, given to the late Sovereign of Würtemburg by the Imperial hand that raised him to the rank and dignity of King, in reward for the large quota of troops which he furnished to the Corsican's expeditions, and for marrying his daughter to "Brother Jerome." The subjects are Pætus and Aria; and Vespasian condemning Sabinus to death. Equal in point of effect to the

most finished efforts of the pencil are these astonishing productions of the loom.—An adjoining apartment contains several of Hetsch's pictures: among the rest, Daniel in the Lions' Den—The Odin of Ossian—Œdipus—and, the Departure of Regulus.—I had heard of German stiffness, but supposed that the character applied to their tactics rather than to their pencils. This artist is a man of talent; would that his handling were freer!

In the Audience Chamber and Assembly-room, are some fine pieces of Tapestry and of modern French Statuary, all presents of Napoleon's to the late King.—The Marble Hall, used on very grand occasions of state as a banquetting room, is of superb proportions and of Corinthian magnificence.—In an adjoining apartment is a picture of Moses and Aaron leading the Israelites out of Egypt, painted with considerable ability by Diedrick, in his 27th year; a native of Würtemberg, whom the King, in his generous patronage of the arts sent to study at Rome. What then shall we say, on seeing, in such a subject, executed under such auspices, the Deity made to appear in the form of an ancient man? Why only that it is an old conceit, which a young artist need not have gone so far as the Vatican to fetch, and which is dear bought at the price—of taste perverted and religion profaned!—The ornamental contents of this palace, not only in pictures, vases, and statues, but in horology, couches, tables, and every kind of furniture, with floors of inlaid wood and marble, are of the most varied and superb description.

On the parade in front of the Royal residence we saw three battalions of Infantry pass the reviewing General. These troops wore a grey uniform: and as individuals

greatly resembled the generality of our own countrymen in height and complexion. The appearance of the officers from the superiors to the subalterns, was soldier-like and gentlemanly. But never did I see any set of Colonels, Majors, and Adjutants more wretchedly mounted.

The Old Ducal Palace is a heavy castellated building, occupying a large area of ground, and flanked by lofty massive towers. The principal court of the interior is formed of two tiers of arcades, of which the architecture has all the irregularity of the Gothic without either its magnificent richness or its elegant lightness. From the date of 1594 over one of the portals, it may be inferred that this quadrangle, at least, was founded by Duke Eberhard the First.

Through the same friendly medium, which procured us admission to the interior of the Palace, we were introduced to Monsieur Le Bret, Head Librarian of the Public Library, and also of the King's own Library. That learned Professor, with his characteristic politeness and urbanity, shewed us the following typographical rarities: The Latin Bible, from the press of Gutenberg at Mentz, supposed date about the year 1455. The Latin Bible printed at Mentz by John Fust and Peter Schoiffer de Gernsheym 1462. The Latin Bible of 36 lines on a double-column page, believed to have been printed at Bamberg by Albert Pfister, soon after the invention: it wears indeed the appearance of a very early essay in the then "mysterious art." One of the first German Bibles, viz. that printed at Augsburg in 1477, with no printer's name to it. The very scarce edition of the Sclavonian Bible printed in Civitate Ostrobia 1581. The Polish Bible of 1563, *rarissima*, (as Vaillant would have said

of it in the phrase of a numismatic). Alluding to the copy of this edition in the possession of Earl Spencer, the Librarian stated (as I understood him) that his Lordship had given for it *deux cent livres sterling*. The first Italian Bible printed at Venice in 1471, by Nicolo de Malermi; this *very* scarce edition is illuminated like a manuscript. The Bible printed at Tubingen 1563.—In exhibiting to me Brian Walton's Polyglott Bible, M. Le Bret was particular in directing my attention to the epistle dedicatory to our Charles the Second. A good impression of Walton's portrait engraved by Lombart is prefixed to this copy of the 1657 edition.—But

"Softly tread 'tis hallow'd ground."

The respective qualities of these Theological treasures, with those of numerous Greek, Latin, and Italian Classics, almost equally early productions of the press, not forgetting the merits of a host of legendary MSS. have already been described and discussed in the Continental Tour of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, who has performed his task with the hand of a master, as well as with the heart of a lover, (*usque ad aras*, literally a worshipper) of black letter learning. Yea, in honour of the cause too he hath duly noted each particular of height and thickness, binding and condition; under the technical definitions of "fine, desirable or indifferent; neat or tobacco tinted, tall or cropt copy, perfect or wanting a leaf, crackling, shattered, clean, or dingy; in wooden or morocco exteriors." For, as we read in the same splendid repertory of literary information, of antiquarian remark, and of picturesque illustration, it was at the Royal city of

Stuttgart* that Mr. Dibdin "played his first trump card, in the bibliographical pack which he carried about him."

The King's stables are well worth notice: we had not seen any thing of the kind to surpass them since our visit to Chantilly. But amongst about two hundred horses from various countries, we saw very few indeed to compare with our English models of form, power, and action, either for draught or saddle, for the charge or for the chace.

In the afternoon we made a party with our friends in an excursion to Weyll, a Villa of the King's, about seven English miles from Stuttgart. The house which is newly built, stands in the midst of a well planted garden and pleasure grounds, and the whole reminds one of an English Gentleman's residence. The interior is the seat of comfort, elegance, and taste. His Majesty's partiality for horses is shewn by many spirited portraits of his favourite steeds from the pencil of Steinkopf; and still further by the stud of about forty breeding mares, which with foals by their sides were grazing in an adjacent pasture.

A short distance from the Royal Lodge are the King's Dairy and Neat-houses, where we were shewn, among other fine cattle, some which his Majesty, who warmly

* "The Public Library of Stuttgart contains, in the whole, about 130,000 volumes. Of these there are not fewer than 8200 volumes relating to the Sacred Text, exclusively of duplicates. This Library has been indeed long celebrated for its immense collection of *Bibles*. The late King of Würtemberg, but more particularly his father, was chiefly instrumental to this extraordinary biblical collection."—*Dibdin's Tour, vol. 2, p. 136.*—The same author estimates the Royal Library to hold at least 20,000 volumes. (*p.* 165). In the latter collection I saw the books above noticed.

patronises agriculture, had imported from England.* One of the cows, of the Devonshire breed is a perfect picture of well-fed symmetry. It had been exhibited several times at the annual agricultural festival, celebrated at Canstadt, not for the purpose of obtaining any of the prizes awarded on such occasions, but merely to shew publicly its superior shape and qualities. And the Würtemburg farmers, it seems, allowed that this animal far surpassed in beauty and compactness of form any of the kind they had ever before seen.—A Durham bull called "Norman Willy" is an immense creature, much admired by every body. In point of elegance, however, a Devon bull, which they have named Wellington, exceeds it. Two of the Hereford cows, very handsome, were a gift from the Duke of Bedford.† His Grace would doubtless be well pleased to see the good care and management under which his presents are here placed: indeed the plan and routine adopted with all the animals

* They consisted of the following breeds, viz. of the Durham or Sockburn short-horns, four cows in calf, the famous bull "Norman Willy," and one bull calf "Comus," all being of Mr. Hutchinson's stock, at Stockton-upon-Tees. - - - - 6

4 Cows and 1 Bull of the Hereford 4 ditto and 1 ditto of the Devon 4 ditto and 1 ditto of the Suffolk Polled 4 ditto and 1 ditto of the Alderney	-	20
	Total -	26

† Mr. SCHMIDT, of Stuttgart, who was the individual employed by the King of Würtemberg to select and purchase this stock, expressed himself to me in the highest terms of acknowledgment, praise, and satisfaction when speaking of the handsome reception which he experienced, and of the agricultural information which he reaped at WOBURN and HOLKHAM. This gentleman shewed me an elegant gold box, with the Royal Initials, set in brilliants, which his Majesty presented to him in testimony of his approbation of the manner in which Mr. S. had executed the commission assigned to him.

are conformable with the practice of the best English Agriculturists; and for judicious choice and allowance of food, as well as for the preservation of cleanliness in the stalls and yards, would do no discredit to the economy of an establishment formed under the eye of Mr. Coke himself.

FREDERICK WILLIAM is a munificent patron of the elegant and the useful arts. There are constantly several young students in painting and sculpture travelling in Italy at his expense. And the Agricultural Institution at Hohenheim, near Stuttgart, which is now esteemed the first in Germany, owes to this monarch its foundation and support. There are pupils at it from various parts of Europe, even so distant as the borders of Russia. A certain number of orphan children is annually received and maintained at the institution, where they are instructed in every thing relating to rural affairs, with a view to their being afterwards employed as superintendants of husbandry in the several districts of the kingdom. The King has a hundred and fifty horses expressly kept for the improvement of the breed: they are ordered out once a year, and the advantage which the farmers derive from the circuit of these animals is perfectly gratuitous. Considering the professed object of this costly plan, and the obvious need of amelioration in the native breed, there can hardly be a doubt entertained but that the Royal stud will ere long be supplied with more numerous importations from England.

His Majesty, now in his forty-fourth year, is of the middle size, well made, and has the open florid countenance of an Englishman. He drives his chaise and pair, attended by two servants on horseback behind, in a stile

of the least possible parade. His character is that of a sensible, well-informed, and good hearted man, of retired habits and few words. He displayed his national spirit and military talent, by many distinguished proofs of energy and courage, in the campaigns of 1814 and 1815 against the French, on each of which occasions he commanded a large *corps d'armée* of the allied forces.—With respect to his political conduct, the whole course of public transactions within the dominions of Würtemburg from the period of his accession, in 1816, bears testimony to its liberality and frankness.—The promptitude with which, on the death of his Father, he brought dissentions long subsisting between Prince and People to an amicable termination, by promising to the latter a Representative Constitution; and the firm, persevering, yet conciliatory manner in which he proceeded to redeem that solemn pledge, undiscouraged by the thankless and encroaching disposition of some factious citizens, uninfluenced by the exorbitant pretensions of the privileged orders, and equally unintimidated by the attempted interference of the greater powers of Germany—these form so many incontrovertible proofs of the King's bias to popular principles; they are his well established title to the honours paid him in 1819, by the magistrates and inhabitants of Stuttgart, not only as "the defender of the country," but as "the father of his people;" they offer too an example of fidelity and gratitude on his part, which though hitherto shewn by few, deserves to be copied by all those Continental Sovereigns, whose territories were for years subjected to the ignominious pressure of a foreign yoke, and who owe the present independence and splendour of their thrones to the devoted loyalty and patriotic efforts of their subjects.

The Parliament of Würtemberg, under the Constitution, is divided into the upper and lower House of Assembly. The former is composed of the Princes of the Blood Royal, of the Nobility of the first class, who take their seats by right of birth, and of other Nobility, whom, in the proportion of one-third of the whole body, the King has the prerogative of appointing. The lower house consists, first, of thirteen members chosen from the Nobility of the second class; secondly, of six dignitaries from the Protestant ecclesiastical establishment, one Roman Catholic Bishop, and two Deans; fifthly, of the Chancellor of the University; sixthly, of the members for cities and counties; in all ninety-three. The Ministers of State have no seat in either house; but are allowed, if they chuse, to take a share in the debates of the Commons house, without the privilege of voting. The representatives of the people are elected from among the wealthiest and best informed.— The inhabitants of every town, village, and district, make choice of the most respectable among themselves, in the proportion of one in seven, as electors to vote for members of parliament. These voters generally elect the individuals recommended by the magistrates. To be eligible to serve as a member, a man must be thirty years of age: he receives ten shillings a day during the session. The members are elected for six years, and meet every three years on the convocation of the King. At the end of the session, a committee of twelve, chosen from both houses, remains as a representation of the Legislative Assembly.— A motion is not debated in either house immediately on its being made, but is first printed and distributed among the members. Two commissioners are appointed to examine it in all its bearings and to report thereon. The one

points out what in his opinion are the advantages of the proposed measure, the other states the objections to which he considers it liable. This, I am told, is done to avoid premature, and to check intemperate, discussion. And, as many of the members are men of inferior education and very limited experience in public affairs, the matter is more easily explained to them by the report of the commission, and they are better enabled to form their sentiments and decisions upon it. Every government measure is brought forward by one of the Ministers, who reads the *projèt* and delivers it over to the two commissioners appointed to report. And when the subject comes on for discussion, the Minister must be present to explain and to answer questions. Every act to be valid ought to receive the sanction of both Houses and of the King. But on the last convocation, which was for the second time from the commencement of the parliamentary institution, the members of the upper house never assembled. The acts, however, as in that case provided by the constitution, after passing the Commons were sent to his Majesty direct for his assent, and considered to have passed the upper house. The King can reject a bill twice; but if presented to him a third time, the constitution requires him to give it his Royal assent.

It does not appear that any eloquent speaker has yet displayed himself in the Senate of Würtemberg. The whole establishment, indeed, being in its infancy, is to be regarded as necessarily imperfect. Like all other human institutions, it requires time and care and wisdom to bring it to maturity. In a comparatively small territory, like this and many others in Germany, where the feelings of patriotism had long been overwhelmed in

every man's breast by the sad conviction, that his native land possessed no weight in the scale of nations, nor his countrymen a voice in the management of their own public affairs, that, in a word, both governors and governed were in time of war compelled to obey the law of the strongest—in such a kingdom and state of society, the great difficulty lies not so much in contriving the plan of a constitutional machine, as in finding the materials proper for its construction, and in securing to it the means essential to its "working well." As the magistracy of every town and commune is in the appointment and pay of the Crown, you may easily imagine (said the resident friend to whom I am indebted for the above particulars), that most of the members are elected under the influence of Government. Such beings as independent country gentlemen, persons of fortune and education, are not, at least as a class, to be found here. Yet how imperfect soever the new representative system for the present is, it still produces a great deal of good. It prevents our rulers from taking those arbitrary measures which formerly were with us the bane of national welfare and of individual prosperity. The Constitution guarantees to every body the enjoyment of liberty in person and property: no one can now be arrested contrary to law; nor be left longer than twenty-four hours without being made acquainted with the nature of the charge which has occasioned his arrest: every one's conscience and speech are free; the liberty of the press is also fully recognized; the abuse of it alone being checked by law.

The untoward circumstance already noticed, of the greater part of the Peers refusing to attend as members of the legislature, has been attributed to the in-

fluence of Prince Metternich, at Vienna, who has the reputation of being a great anti-constitutionalist. It seems too that many of the first class of Nobility were, in the time of the German Empire, petty princes whose sovereignty and independence were subject only to the controul of the Diet: their estates lie in portions of territory which formerly belonged to Bavaria and to Austria, but which by Buonaparte, and after his downfall by the Allied Powers, had been annexed to Würtemberg. These were the men who, distinguished by the appellation of mediatised Princes, and, in consideration of their superiority to the general class of Nobility, having seats and votes assigned them under the constitution in the upper house, set the example of disrespect and disobedience, by refusing to attend when convoked by the King, or to acknowledge the authority of the Chambers. So much for Aristocratic hauteur.—Now for a trait of Democratic apathy:—At the last election, two towns took on themselves to designate the privilege of chusing their representatives by a word corresponding with that which an illustrious British Commander is said to have applied to one of the *got-up* meetings in an English county during the reign of Radicalism. They did more; they nominated the King himself to represent them in Parliament. At both places, I was assured, his Majesty had a great many votes, and lost it in one of them by two votes only!—This proceeding may indeed be termed—*a farce.*

The Catholics and Calvinistic Protestants enjoy the same rights and privileges in the State as the Lutherans: all are equally eligible to hold seats in both Houses of Parliament.—It is to be observed, however, that the Roman Catholic Clergy, from the highest to the lowest—

from the Bishops to the Parochial Curés, are named and appointed by the King himself—by the non-catholic Sovereign of Würtemberg. His Majesty, *pro formâ*, sends a list of such nominations to the Pope for his sanction, which is invariably given, as his Holiness well knows that it would be worse than useless to withhold it. The King, it is said, has even proposed that this should be abolished, and that his Catholic subjects, ecclesiastics as well as laymen, should acknowledge no other supremacy than the law of the land. The condition then, on which the Romanists are admitted to an equal participation of civil rights and of political power with the Protestants of Würtemberg, is that of their allowing not a mere negative (or as Mr. O'Connell terms it a "vetoistical") interference on the part of the King, but a DIRECT EXERCISE *of his royal authority, in the appointment of Catholic Prelates*—and not of Prelates only but of the whole body of their beneficed clergy. The reciprocatory principle of equal securities—equal rights, is the one to which the Catholic inhabitants of this and other Protestant States in Germany submit, without being taught to call it a violation of the discipline of their church. Of such a fact the claimants and advocates of *un*restricted and *un*conditional *emancipation* may make the best they can. But certainly the force of the example is all on the side of those who "humbly conceive, that in order to render it *safe* to admit "Roman Catholics to sit in the British Parliament, every "security, in the nature of things, consistent with con-"science, which they *can* give to our Protestant establish-"ment, to our Protestant King, and to our Protestant "country, they *should* give."*

* See Archdeacon Trench's evidence taken before the Lords Committee, May 6, 1825, p. 729.

With respect to education, Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists are obliged to conform to the same rules and regulations. All persons are compellable by law to send their children to the town or village school, at their own cost if they can afford it, and if not the parish pays the expense. In villages where the number of Catholics exceeds that of Lutherans, as is the case with many in the districts ceded from Bavaria, the schoolmaster is a Catholic, and teaches the children of both religions, reading, writing, and arithmetic, every day, Friday excepted, when he gives religious instruction to his Catholic pupils. The Lutheran children go the same day to the nearest Minister of their persuasion for the same purpose.

No one is admitted into Holy Orders in either church without having previously undergone the strictest examinations. The first takes place when the boys, at the age of 14, leave the public school of their town or village. Such youths (having testimonials from their schoolmasters) as wish to qualify themselves for the church, either Catholic or Lutheran, if considered by the examining clergyman to have competent abilities and to have acquired sufficient preliminary instruction, are then sent as *aspirants* to the University, where the Government maintains those whose parents have not the means of doing so. After three years study they pass through another and a severer ordeal. Whether Catholics or Lutherans, their degree of proficiency in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages is on this occasion put to a decisive test. Those who are found to possess the requisite qualifications of talent, learning, and elocutory powers, and have during the academical terms conducted themselves with propriety, are allowed to enter upon the Sacred Office. The others are sent home.

It is to this liberal system of bringing up the Catholic Clergy, in association and under the same scholastic and academical institutions with the Protestants, that the feelings of good will are mainly attributed, which have hitherto mutually prevailed among the members of the three denominations. By the opportunities afforded in the range of their classical pursuits, the Catholic students have been led to discriminate between the real principles of religion and the corruptions introduced into it by false teachers—between "the sacred mysteries of heaven" as revealed in the Scriptures,* and "the counterfeit presentment" made by those who (as our Milton emphatically expresses it)

> ——————— The Truth,
> With superstitions and traditions taint,
> Left only in those written records pure.

The consequence has been that when these young persons became Priests, and were appointed to officiate as such, many of them endeavoured to imbue the minds of their congregations with sentiments as free from bigotry and intolerance as those which had been instilled into their own. These meritorious efforts were attended with much success; nay, as it should seem with *too much* success.

* A remarkable instance of the influence of Scripture reading has recently been presented in the formal abjuration of Roman Catholicism made by Prince Constantine de Salm, at Stuttgart, after it had been refused acceptance by the Lutheran Church at Strasbourg, where he was resident. The wife of this Prince is a Protestant, and fearing to be accused as the cause of it, she did every thing in her power to deter him from adopting such a change of religion. He nevertheless persisted in his resolution, and publicly declared that *the reading of the Bible had alone enlightened his mind, and caused him to renounce the Romish creed and worship.*

For (as we were on very good authority informed) complaints against them for preaching anti-catholic doctrines were frequently brought to the ears of their spiritual chiefs. And it is well worthy of remark, that by a recent episcopal regulation, these young clergymen, who have shewn a spirit so much more enlightened than that of their church, are no longer to be employed, as the Lutheran ministers of the same early years are at a distance from their seniors, but will be kept in the neighbourhood and under the eye of their Bishops, until the symptoms of incipient "heresy" shall have completely disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STUTTGART.—*An agreeable rencontre—Lutheran Church service—A Christening—Tenets of the Lutherans—MM. Boisserée and Bertram's Collection of Pictures—Baths of Canstatt—Gardens of the Silberburg—M. Dannecker's Sculpture-room—Ludwigsberg—Castle—Residence of the Queen Dowager—Military School—Evening ride to Heilbronn—Banks of the Neckar—General remarks on Würtemberg.*

ON entering the *salle à manger* of our hotel this morning (Aug. 19th), I observed, sitting together at the breakfast table, two gentlemen, whom a very few moments' attentive regard enabled me to recognise as true Sons of "Merry England," and each eminently distinguished in his respective sphere of public life. Sir George Smart and Mr. Charles Kemble, as we learnt from them in the conversation that quickly ensued, had progressed "thus far into the bowels of the land" of Germany, in what may be termed a melo-dramatic union of friendly sentiments and professional pursuits; and were then on the point of separately continuing their course; the former for Munich and Vienna, the latter for Lausanne. After having enjoyed an hour's chat with my respected countrymen, listening with no less pleasure than advantage to Mr. K.'s hints of experience for a voyage down the Rhine, and

accepting a social pinch of snuff out of Sir George's Norwich gold box,* I took leave with the expression of good wishes for a pleasant journey to them, and with an aspiration no less sincere on my own behalf that such other unexpected incidents, as in my way homeward I was destined to meet with, might prove of an equally agreeable kind.

We attended morning service at the Lutheran Church, which is that of the Established Religion. The edifice is a fine specimen of the pointed architecture, in which the exterior sculptures still remain in rich variety and good preservation. The organ, though apparently perfect and in excellent order, is said to be but a portion of one which was the largest and best toned as well as most ancient in Germany. On the altar at the east end stands a small silver crucifix. No images of Saints or of the Virgin Mary are allowed: and no other paintings but such as relate to passages of Scripture History. These pictures, which generally display themselves on the pannels of galleries, or on the organ loft, give the Lutheran churches an appearance very different from the inside of a Calvinistic place of worship: it is indeed a species of ornament which, under proper restriction as to choice and treatment of subjects, seems calculated to awaken religious interest, without having the slightest tendency to encourage any idolatrous reverence, or otherwise to sanction the practices of superstition.

* Presented to Sir GEORGE SMART, as a testimony of grateful acknowledgment, for his eminent services as Conductor of the late Grand Musical Festival, for the benefit of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, by the Committee of Management, on the 23d of Nov. 1824; the day on which that able Professor was sworn in an Honorary Freeman of the city.

The service was simple in the extreme. It began with a hymn,* sung without any previous giving out of the first line, as in our own parochial churches. It was, as Mr. Dibdin happily expresses it, "good, hearty, rational psalm singing, without fiddles, or trombones, or serpents." The congregation joined their voices to those of five or six amateur choristers, accompanied by the organ; and "the columned aisle" resounded in deep and solemn harmony with the praise of God in the language of the People. At the end of the hymn, the minister, dressed in black canonicals resembling those of an English clergyman, came into the pulpit, and all stood up.—He commenced with a short exhortation, reminding his hearers of the sacred purpose for which they were assembled—namely, to hear the word of God, to implore his forgiveness, and to ask for his blessing through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. The reverend pastor then said, "let us in silence and with humility pray:" whereupon he and the people kneeling remained three or four minutes in general but inaudible supplication. This speechless pause, consecrated to internal devotion, had a very impressive effect. On rising, the minister read a chapter of the Gospel; and afterwards in a pious and dignified manner preached a sermon, in which he expounded a text from the portion of Scripture he had previously read. The church was numerously attended, considering it was not Sunday; and every body seemed to listen with earnest attention. The

* A hymn is composed for every Sunday in the year, and numbered: an index to the whole is printed and hung up in a frame at every entrance into the church: the one that is to be sung is marked with a peg, stuck in the hole opposite the number.

discourse being finished, the clergyman recited the Lord's Prayer, followed by the usual prayer for the King and the Royal Family; after which he gave his blessing to the people, and descended from the pulpit. Two or three verses of a psalm, sung by the whole congregation, concluded the service. The Lutheran church in Würtemberg is not under the government of Bishops: it acknowledges at all times its own Protestant Sovereign as its head, and is presided over by the Cult-ministerium and Consistorium.

On the previous morning, at the same church we had witnessed the ceremony of a Christening. The parents of the child were persons of no less importance in the town than our host and hostess of the King of England *Hotel.* The entire establishment had been in the liveliest agitation to prepare itself for the reception (as Sylvester Daggerwood would lay the emphasis) *of* several persons *of* distinction, who,

> "Resolv'd in due splendour to make their approach,
> "Drove up to the door in their own hackney coach."

No sort of attendance could we ourselves secure at that blessed moment either for love or money. *Keller** here, *Keller* there—*Keller* every where—but where we wanted him. Friends had accepted our invitation to dine with us. They were punctual: we were ready; but the dinner

* KELLER literally means cellar. It is also the name for the cellar-master, butler, cellarist, or drawer. In common parlance indeed the term is as indiscriminately used at a German Inn as that of *Waiter* at an English, or that of *Garçon* at a French one. But it more properly applies to the confidential servant, who makes out the bills, &c. and is an office of more respectability and responsibility than the waiter's situation in England.

was not. What is the meaning of all this? Sir, my master's child is to be christened to-day? Christened! and is that the reason why we are to be starved? No Sir, but we really are so very busy in cooking for the grand party that—That a small one, you mean, to say, must cook for itself. No, not so, but your further indulgence would oblige, for we are now going to church.—And sure enough, *there* were the carriages taking up and setting down a bevy of ladies and gentlemen all in their gala dresses. It was just across the way, and the weather was fine, but those who assist at an august ceremony, be they *noble* or be they *bourgeois*, must not walk; we however, who are mere lookers on, may use our feet as well as our eyes. Accordingly, making a virtue of necessity, we presented ourselves at the gate of the Temple and were admitted. In the body of the church was placed a table covered with a fair linen cloth on which was a small silver crucifix. The clergyman habited in a white surplice stood with his back to it: before him were the infant in the nurse's arms and the father of the child. On his left hand stood seven male sponsors; on his right, seven of the female sex. After performing the baptismal ceremony with rites similar to those of the Church of England, the minister took the infant in his arms, pronounced a benedictory prayer over it, and then handed it to the Godfather nearest to him, who delivered it to the second, by whom it was in turn deposited in the arms of the third: as soon as the seventh Godfather received the child he crossed over with it to the ladies' side, and gave it to one of the Godmothers, through whose youthful and blooming array, the innocent charge was in like manner passed *seriatim*,

the seventh maiden continuing to hold and regard it with looks of cordial satisfaction during the remainder of the service, which did not finish till after an exhortation of some length had been read by the worthy Pastor on the duties and engagements of sponsors.

From what has been noticed in the preceding pages relative to the Lutheran Protestants, it will be seen that their ecclesiastical forms, at least in the kingdom of Würtemberg, bear no resemblance either in the use of images, that of our Saviour on the cross excepted, or in sacerdotal vestments, to the rites of the Romish Church. With respect to doctrinal points, we were favoured by a very sensible clergyman with a few particulars of information which shall in this place be subjoined:—

The Clergy of the Lutheran Church of Würtemberg are bound to observe the decisions of the Symbolic Books (containing the articles of Faith) so far as not at pleasure to adopt alterations of ceremonies or to propagate contradictory opinions. But they are no longer required as formerly to regard those symbols of creeds in the light of a positive and unchangeable rule of faith. That remnant of papal intolerance was some time ago stripped from off their system of church government by the Lutherans, who acknowledge that to have supported pretensions to infallibility in any church was inconsistent with the true spirit and fundamental principle of Protestantism, which places its truest glory in the liberty of rejecting all tenets that are not grounded upon, or plainly reconcileable to the Scriptures.—They reject Predestination, maintaining that God's love and compassion embrace all mankind; that salvation is attainable by every one, who humbly and devoutly accepts the offer of Divine

Grace through the merits and mediation of the Redeemer, and who evinces the sincerity of his belief by a holy and religious life. The doctrine of the Lutherans concerning the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is, that in partaking it they receive along with the wafer the body, and along with the wine the blood of Christ, though *not discernible.** The Clergyman in administering it uses no crucifix. The communion of the Lutherans is performed openly and generally. Absolution is also given generally, but conditionally. The minister reads to his assembled flock a form of confession on their behalf, in which they are made to declare their repentance and to promise amendment of life, to which they give their affirmation by the word "yea," and absolution is then pronounced.—The form of exorcism in the Sacrament of Baptism has long ago ceased to be among the ceremonies practised in the Lutheran Church.

* Luther and his followers (says Dr. Mosheim) though they had rejected the monstrous doctrine of the Church of Rome with respect to the transubstantiation, or change of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, were nevertheless of opinion, that the partakers of the Lord's Supper received along with the bread and wine, the real body and blood of Christ. This in their judgment (observes Mosheim, *himself* a Lutheran Divine) was a mystery which they did not pretend to explain.—Dr. Maclaine in a note on this passage remarks that "Luther was not so modest as Dr. Mosheim here represents him," that he *did* pretend to explain his doctrine of the real presence absurd and contradictory as it was. As in a red hot iron, said Luther, two distinct substances viz. iron and fire are united so is the body of Christ joined with the bread and wine. "I mention this miserable comparison, (adds Dr. Maclaine) to shew into what absurdities the towering pride of system will often betray men of deep sense and true genius."—And to shew into what gross mistakes the too ardent pursuit of a favourite political object will sometimes lead the most accomplished of Statesmen, we may cite the recent example of an eloquent Minister, who surely never touched on a subject more *foreign* to his department, than when he ventured to include a belief in Luther's doctrine of *Consubstantiation*, among the tenets of the Church of England!

I passed several hours with great delight and satisfaction in the Rooms of MM. Boisseree and Bertram, whose Pictures, entirely belonging to the ancient German and Flemish Schools, are entitled to particular notice, not less for the beauty of the works and the variety of the subjects, than on account of the light which they serve to throw on a hitherto obscure, if not totally hidden, portion of the History of the Fine Arts. This collection of more than two hundred pieces is chronologically arranged in three separate divisions. The first comprises the paintings of the Cologne School. Among these, St. Bartholomew and St. Simon the Apostles; St. Matthias and St. Bernard; St. Catherine, St. Hubert, and St. Quirin; all by Meister Wilhelm, are interesting, as specimens of the secular, ecclesiastical, and military dresses of the 13th and 14th centuries.* Veronica holding the Saint Suaire (with the imprint of Christ's face on it); Coronation of the Virgin; Annunciation; and Christ in the Garden of Olives, by pupils of the same master, are so many proofs of talent and skill in design, colouring, and management of chiaro-scuro, exceeding any thing that one has been taught to look for at so early an era in the productions of the German pencil.

The second part is composed of paintings of the 15th century.—Here John Van Eyck surprises us not only by the freshness and brilliance of his colouring, the neatness and high finish of his figures, but also by the beauty of his landscapes, and his thorough understanding of

* *The School of Cologne*, which was during the period abovementioned the most celebrated one in Germany, has been rescued from the state of oblivion into which it had fallen, by the enterprising researches and fortunate acquisitions made within the last twenty-five years by Messrs. Boisserée and Bertram.

perspective.—In the Presentation, by this famous master, who like most of the early German and Flemish painters is totally inattentive to *costume*, the Temple of Jerusalem appears under the form of a Christian church-interior, in which the circular architecture resembling some of the oldest Norman churches is drawn with admirable correctness. The Virgin Mary is in the dress of a nun; Joseph with a lighted taper in his hand, and Simeon with the Infant Jesus in his arms, are both in friar's habits. The countenances of all the figures have the peculiar expression of portrait; the carnations are extremely delicate and well preserved; the draperies, of rich and diversified colours, and, though too angular in their folds, less heavy and encumbered than is usually to be observed in works of this period. His Holy Family, in which the Virgin is offering the breast to the Infant Messiah; and his St. Luke painting the portrait of the Virgin, claim laudatory notice. There is also an Annunciation, by this Artist, the design of which, though defective in the proportions of both the figures, and fantastical in that of the Angel, is yet touched with such a pencil, as wins and retains one's admiration.—In the same division is St. Christopher, a gem of John Hemling's, who flourished in 1460, and till about 1487.*—The Saviour seated (in conformity to the monstrous fable of monkery) on the shoulders of that colossal Saint—that Holy Giant of the Romish legend, is one of the most delightful images of infantine beauty and animation that I ever beheld in a picture. It is hardly possible for a painting to be more minutely finished than this. The back

* Of this superior Artist no mention is made in Pilkington.

ground exhibits a delicious effect of sun-set on the waters and rocky shores of a great river, in which the "man-mountain" of tradition is represented wading only mid-leg deep, and for which the bold and varied scenery of the Rhine has evidently furnished materials to the artist. The Nativity, by the same, is an unsophisticated stable-scene. The painter's good sense has forbidden all impertinent obtrusion of unauthorised and misplaced finery, architectural or otherwise; the light is derived solely from a "brief candle" which St. Joseph holds in one hand, whilst with the other placed behind it he strives to throw forth its beams, which fall vividly on the figures of the Virgin and Child, at the same time but feebly dispelling the darkness that surrounds a charming pattern of female loveliness and a no less charming model of new-born innocence.—I contemplated with high gratification another work of this John Hemling's. It is a figure of our Saviour: presenting a countenance replete with traits of impassioned majesty, he holds in his left hand a tall staff cruciform at the top, and elevates his right arm from the elbow extending the two forefingers of that hand as in the act of blessing: the fore-shortening of the arm has not a good effect, neither is the drapery well cast round the lower extremities: yet the bust is perfect, and as a whole the performance is wonderfully fine and strikingly impressive.—The Affiancing of the Virgin to Joseph (Les Fiançailles de la Vierge) by Israël van Meckenem* is an

* No account of Israël van Mechelm or Meckenem (not even his name) is to be found in *Pilkington*. By *Strutt* he is noticed, but only as an engraver, and in that capacity pronounced to be inferior to Martin Schoen. How eminent he was in the superior art of painting this collection decidedly shews.

astonishing production, whether regarded as a composition, or for its pictorial execution. The venerable countenance and commanding form of the High Priest, who joins the hands of the bethrothed pair; the delicate figure, the "modest 'haviour and humility" of the Virgin, pure, fair, and lovely with her flowing hair of golden brightness; the profound respect—the deep impression of veneration which mark the fine manly visage of Joseph, as palm is applied to palm with the holy touch of chastity on one side and of pious awe on the other—these are among the excellencies which shine conspicuous in the central group; and for appropriate character and "sweet attractive grace," I regard it not unworthy of being submitted to a close comparison with the same trio of figures in Raphael's better known production.* The assistants at the ceremony, male and female, arranged respectively on each side the principal personages are, in this instance, huddled together, and crowded too closely on those to whose proceedings they should be more distantly accessory. But though the principle of pyramidal grouping has not been attended to, yet the talent of the artist is marvellously displayed in correctness of drawing, in the most finished pencilling, and in a sweet clear tone of colour. The figures of the men are particularly curious, as illustrative of the dress and customs, not of Palestine *before* the birth of Christ, but of Germany fourteen or fifteen centuries *afterwards;* and they form no less interesting objects for study, in the force and variety of their physiognomical expression. Beyond the altar where the matrimonial solemnization is made to take place, the

* In the Gallery of the *Brera* at Milan.

painter has introduced a shrine, in the middle of which, not improperly, is placed a Hebrew inscription. But the statues of Moses, Aaron, and Elias, which surmount and flank the altar piece, most flagrantly violate the prohibition so strictly enforced by the Law of the Old Covenant against "making to one-self any graven image" to connect with the purposes of divine worship, and betray the Romish ignorance in which the mind of the artist was enveloped with respect to an important point of Scripture History, concerning the distinctive usages of the Jewish religion.—There is a Virgin and Child, under a Gothic canopy of florid open-work, with a well executed back ground of domestic architecture, by Hugo van der Goes, who, to manifest his genius, skill, and neatness, in the imitation of nature, has introduced an angelic figure presenting flowers, culled from surrounding foliage, to the Infant Jesus.—Two portraits of female Saints, by Michael Coxis, bear witness by their grace, elegance, and sweetness, to the utility of his Italian studies in enabling him to overcome the stiffness, without losing the industry of his native school.—Some subjects by Michael Wohlgemuth, Martin Schoen, and others, increase the rarities of this middle branch of the collection.

The third and last compartment offers testimony to the splendour of art in the sixteenth century. Foremost among its numerous contents are to be noticed the St. Joseph and St. Joachim, the St. Simon and St. Lazarus, from the pencil of the truly great Albert Durer; in support of whose claim to the appellation of an almost universal genius, M. Boisserée shewed me in his own room some beautiful carvings in wood, marked with the initial letters and the date of 1515, and also on the stair-

case of the gallery, an impression on paper, of extraordinary size and goodness, from a wooden block, engraved by the hands of the same bright ornament of Germany; in which within the different parts of a Triumphal Arch, dedicated to the Emperor Maximilian, in 1515, various passages of the life and actions of that Prince, and of other members of the House of Hapsburgh are represented, by an infinity of figures, in processions, spectacles, and battles.—As the back-ground to a Saint Michael, the Archangel, painted in an elaborately stiff and dry, though correct and polished manner, John Mabhouse has given the view of a castle perched on a rock, which, but for my having just before seen some of the hill-fortresses of Suabia, I should have deemed no other than a flighty offspring of the artist's imagination.—By his travelled and more highly gifted pupil, John Schoorel, there is The Death of the Virgin: this picture, in point of condition, seems as if it were fresh from the easel; and whilst it displays extraordinary merit as a composition, appears an equally brilliant specimen of his correctness as a draughtsman, shewing at the same time his knowledge of the passions, and his skill in colouring. Saint Christine, by the same artist, is so delicate in its carnations and so rich in its draperies as to be an object of great attraction, in spite of the somewhat affected air of the head and constrained attitude of the figure: supposing the costume to be that of a Lady of Quality, in the sixteenth century, it is whimsical enough. The back-ground to this portrait (if portrait, which it looks like, it may be called) is enriched with a view of sea and coast, presenting rocks and mountains, castles, towers, and ruins in grand and romantic assemblage,

delineated with the exactness and tinted with the fidelity of one, whose opportunities were great for sketching the scenery of various countries, and whose invariable practice seems to have been, that of taking Nature for the model of his designs.

In the school of Schoorel we have Martin Hemskerck's fine warrior-figure of St. Maurice.—Then comes Bartholomew de Bruyn de Cologne, who lived in 1535, and was, it is said, a scholar of Hemskerck's, Christ descended from the Cross—the dead body of our Lord lying on the ground at the foot of the cross, with the shoulders supported by St. John; the Virgin, St. Ann, and Mary Magdalen, kneeling beside and bending over it; and Joseph of Arimathea with the centurion of the crucifixion standing behind and looking at the former group, are the chief constituents of a picture, which for scientific ordonnance, and for correctness and taste of design, resembles the Roman rather than the German school. Except, perhaps, as regards the management of light and shade, I cannot speak of this picture but in terms of unqualified praise; it is in my opinion a wonder for the age (bearing in mind at the same time the country) in which it was painted.—The Adoration of the Three Magi, by John Schwarz, of Groeningen, who lived in 1525, is chiefly remarkable for the gorgeous colouring displayed in the dresses, arms, insignia, and costly offerings of the Wise Men. The figures exhibit much strength of character; but are deficient in the grace of expression and attitude: for the costume of Palestine and the East, the painter has substituted that of his own time and nation, and his draperies are disposed in the stiff and studied form, which the historians of painters and engravers call

Gothic. The artist's readiness to commit anachronisms is the means of treating us with a back-ground of architectural objects, including a round-ended church, the details of which are as accurately and delicately executed as if they had been done by the masterly hand of a Cotman or of a Mackenzie.—I noticed besides a fine portrait of a Cardinal (whose name I forget), Chancellor to Chas. V. by Holbein; the Flight into Egypt, by Joachim Patenier, a spirited and meritorious performance of that eminent old master; and St. Agnes, by John Melem, a painter of Cologne, of the date of 1530.—In making the present cursory allusion to the *chef-d'œuvres* of this curious, and in some respects unique collection, I gladly embrace the occasion to acknowledge how much my own pleasure in seeing it was enhanced by the polite attention of its respectable proprietors, whose deep and extensive converse with the history and antiquities of the Graphic Art, joined to an acquaintance scarcely less intimate with legendary lore, rendered their conversational explications most entertaining and instructive to me.*

* The value of this collection, and the public spirited motives which induced Messrs. Boisserée and Bertram to devote their time and capital to the object of its formation, are so highly appreciated by the King of Würtemberg, that his Majesty has been pleased to assign apartments in a large and commodious edifice, to the use of these gentlemen and for the reception and arrangement of their pictures. Stimulated by the encouragement of Royal favour, and responsive to the general desire of eminent artists and distinguished connoisseurs, Messrs. B. undertook to have copies made from a chosen series of this collection, with a view to their publication in the form of prints. The difficulties, however, which opposed themselves to the satisfactory execution of such a plan, were manifestly great. It was not within the scope of simple outline to give an adequate idea of works, whose merit consisted quite as much in pictorial effect and finish, as in the qualities of characteristic truth and expressive naïveté. To render therefore, the utmost possible justice to

We dined at the fashionable Baths of Canstatt (or *Camp*-stadt), whose name indicates the military antiquity of its station. Numerous are the Roman remains found in and near that town, and indeed in every direction within the territory of Würtemberg. The edifice and gardens appropriated to the accommodation and refreshment of those who repair for health-sake to its plentiful mineral spring; and of the yet more numerous parties of pleasure from Stuttgart, are on a very large and comprehensive scale. The house itself contains 109 apartments. The charge for a good sized sitting room and bed chamber, furnished, is about three shillings and sixpence; and the whole expence per day, including the bath and a place at an excellent *table d'hote*, does not exceed seven shillings. These waters, resorted to both for drinking and for bathing, are considered very salutary in cases of constipation of bowels or the rheumatism. The expense of an English family to reside in this neighbourhood, occupying a house and garden, keeping a carriage and three or four servants, and living in good stile, would be about £300 a-year.—A native inhabitant it would not cost much more than £200.

Between Canstatt and the capital there are scarcely four miles of intervening space; yet within that short

such productions of the pencil, shaded drawings executed in a most accurate and finished stile, were submitted to the process of combined Lithography, which is effected by means of several plates or blocks applied successively to the same impression. The talents of Mr. STRIXNER, well known to the lovers of the fine arts on the continent, by his beautiful lithographs of the Munich Gallery, were dedicated to this grand work; and the result has hitherto been splendidly successful. The published numbers, in the possession of the writer of these pages, enable him to speak of the perfection to which this excellent artist has contributed to bring an invention, which does so much honour to Germany.

distance, on a newly laid out and very exposed spot of rising ground, the King's Architects are building *another* Palace.

On our return from Canstatt, the road to which lies partly through the well frequented promenade of the upper and lower Parks, and partly along the banks of the Neckar, we proceeded to the public gardens of the Silberburg, whence the city is advantageously beheld in its pleasant site, surrounded by gardens, groves, orchards, and vineyards,

> "Where ripening fruits on loaded branches shine,
> "And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine."

As viewed from this point, Stuttgart appears encompassed on the west, north, and south by lofty hills: to the east a valley opens, and affords a prospect of nine or ten miles in extent. The neighbouring country is extremely fertile and well cultivated; but neither in the verdant charms of rural freshness nor in the bold varieties of picturesque beauty did it appear very greatly to abound

20th.—This morning I accompanied my friends to the house of M. Dannecker; but his absence from home disappointed me in my hope to have seen and conversed with that celebrated statuary. I was allowed, however, to take a free range through his work-shop, or, as the Gallic framers of genteeler terms would call it, *son atelier*. Among various finished and unfinished productions, was a marble statue, eight feet high, representing the Most Sacred of Personages. And, as with sensations altogether novel and peculiar I contemplated it in front and in profile, I could not help speculating on the probable feelings inspired, during the effort of designing and the

task of executing such a work, in the mind of a man who to the amplest gifts of genius and to a perfect mastery of the plastic art, unites, as all who know him aver, the qualities of an amiable, mild, and unpresuming character. Paintings of our Saviour I had beheld not a few, and those too of the best: but, except as on the cross expiring, my eyes had never before been cast on the statue of Christ—of Christ, standing, clothed from the neck to the feet in drapery of the simplest form and least complicated folds, and in an attitude suited to be the supposed accompaniment of his own emphatic words of benediction *Pax Vobiscum*—"Peace—that Peace which the world cannot give—be with you." The idea is conceived with exquisite purity, and with wondrous power of talent has the artist given the well "proportioned thought its act." In this sculptured configuration of the Redeemer, we see the majestic blended with the benign—gentleness mingled with sublimity; we mark the attributes of exalted beauty; we recognise the form of comeliness divine;

> "And through the frown that veils his awful face,
> "Read the fair lines of love and heavenly grace."

If then impressions produced by the sight of such an image, as it shone forth amidst the confusion of a sculptor's *studio*, could be so powerful on one "with mental freedom crown'd," and not wholly unused to "the gloss of art," with what incomparably greater force must its influence extend, when "play'd by guileful priests" on imaginations heated with religious enthusiasm; beneath the sky-illumined dome, or in the dimly lighted sanctuary, of its destined place of reception—some church, where *miracles* are performed *permissu superiorum!*

In another apartment of Mr. Dannecker's house we were shewn a sweet little figure of Psyche, and a beautiful relievo group of Tragedy and History: both these are choice specimens of his stile, which is for no quality more to be admired than for its graceful simplicity. His colossal head of Schiller,* placed in the same room, is a truly conspicuous model of excellence in the portrait department of sculpture. It is a bust, of which, a spectator, without knowing more than the fact of the long and close intimacy which subsisted between the poet and the statuary, would be prompted to say—"that dignified, unaffected air, that strongly marked and broadly developed physiognomy, those speaking traits of intellectual expression—must have had their prototypes of characteristic identity in the person and countenance of the artist's great contemporary and earliest friend." Dannecker was born at Stuttgart, and Schiller within a few miles of it. They received their education together in the academy of this place, at the expense of the then reigning Duke; by whom the former was afterwards sent to study for some time at Paris. From the French metropolis he went in 1784 to Rome, where he sojourned till 1790; and then returned to his native country, which he has embellished with many works of the highest order. The Ariadne (of which mention will be made under the head of Francfort), is regarded as his master-piece. Thorwaldsen and Dannecker are now considered to be indisputably the first in their profession of art on the Continent.

About eight English miles from Stuttgart is the large

* Mr. Dibdin has done great justice to the artist's merit and equal credit to his own taste by his descriptive and critical remarks on DANNECKER'S bust of SCHILLER.—See *Bibliographical, &c. Tour v. 2, p. 174.*

handsome town of Ludwigsberg, built within the last fifty years, by Duke Lewis Frederick. In passing along the fine broad road, which forms its communication with the metropolis of Würtemberg, and which presents a great extent of open corn country bounded by forest, we did not fail to notice the double line of fruit trees, planted in uninterrupted succession and loaded with an abundance that rendered artificial support to them indispensable.—The appearance of the male peasantry, with their large formal *chapeaux retroussés*, returning from labour, twenty together in a waggon of wicker work, was droll enough. The huge piles of grass and vegetables, each a sufficient burthen for an ass's back, which slavish custom dooms the poor women to carry upon their heads for many a weary mile, bore a strong contrast to the comparatively easy task imposed on the full-sized and well conditioned horses used in agriculture. All the harvest had been got in, except the oats; and the land was under preparation for being sown again.

At Ludwigsberg we stopped to visit the Castle, to which a fine park is attached. The gardens are pleasant; some of the situations, romantic, and a few of the architectural embellishments, picturesquely grouped. And though it may admit of doubt whether "swings, up-and-downs, and round-abouts," be sufficiently dignified recreations for princely patronage; yet the encouragement thus given to such sports and pastimes, bespoke the kind-heartedness of the presiding genius, and the joyous spirit with which they were pursued even by "children six feet high," plainly shewed the popularity of such an indulgence.

The Palace, the more ancient but least considerable

part of which was built by Duke Eberhard, is "a laboured quarry above ground:" it is reared in the heaviest stile of the Electoral Pharaohs, who seem to have mistaken amplitude of plan for grandeur of design, size for magnificence, costliness for elegance, and caprice for taste. Yet, (as Pope has said in reference to similar misapplications of wealth and labour in our own country)

> Something there is more needful than expense,
> And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
> Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
> And tho' no science fairly worth the sev'n.

On entering the interior, you are first ushered into a long gallery, lined with portraits of the Dukes and Duchesses of Suabia and Würtemberg, in chronological order, beginning with feudal warriors "lockt up in steel," proceeding to the perruqued and cuirrassed potentates of the 17th and 18th centuries, and finishing with the more commodiously attired greatness of the present day. In the oval saloon are well painted portraits of George the Third and Charlotte. It does an Englishman's heart good to see these royal mementos of his country, reminding him as they do, that he is in one of the apartments of CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA MATILDA, eldest daughter of his late King and Queen, and sister of his present revered Sovereign. The furniture of this saloon bears testimony to the skill in embroidery and velvet painting possessed by the Royal Dowager of Würtemberg.

This illustrious Lady, who fixed her chief residence here from the commencement of her widowhood, was gone to Stuttgart on a visit to the King; with whom she is on those terms of affectionate cordiality which it is

on every account desirable and gratifying to know subsist between the reigning Prince and his Royal Step-mother. Every one speaks of her affability and goodness; of her charitable attention to the poor, and her kind consideration for the interests of this town. Her Majesty's health is said to be very indifferent: a lethargic habit increases with her years, and with her consequent disinclination to bodily exercise: she is however pretty constant in her practice of taking the air in her pony phaeton, through the different drives of the Park.

The dining-room of the Dowager Queen contains some highly creditable specimens of the Porcelain manufactory of Ludwigsberg. On its walls I observed a painting by Seele, representing the *Grande Chasse* given in the neighbourhood by the late King in honour of Napoleon and Alexander's visit to his Court, after the Peace of Tilsit. The crowned personages, each with rifle carbine in hand, are placed together on a protected platform, in the second distance and centre of the picture. The tall Emperor of Russia on the right, Würtemberg's late portly Monarch on the left, and little Buonaparte between them. Through the intervals you see various animals, stags, wolves, bears, foxes, hares, &c. driven by the *battu* of jagers and horsemen, and rushing into the middle of the arena to be there most imperially and royally slaughtered. Whatever might have been the *design* of such a performance, the effect is that of aggrandising the personal consequence of the "Legitimates," at the expense of the "*petit Caporal*," as Fouché calls the Soldier Monarch of the Revolution. The camp and the cabinet were Buonaparte's proper element; when in a drawing-room or at a shooting match by the side of the German

and the Russian, then, conqueror as he was, he only made himself look ridiculously insignificant, by the close comparison of his own diminutive size with their full proportioned figures.

The Picture Gallery contains many subjects; but very few master-pieces. The Fishers by Vernet is the most beautiful painting in the whole collection. There is a fine specimen or two of Rembrandt's. The bold and forcible stile of handling, the lustre and truth of colouring, which peculiarly distinguish the productions of that mighty magic-worker in chiaro-scuro, shine with wondrous freshness and splendour in the uninteresting subject of an Old Woman reading.—The Plague, by Poussin, is one of the *belles horreurs* of art.—Metzu's spiritedly natural stile, and delicate high finish, are pleasingly displayed in the portrait of an Elderly Lady; in the execution of which the folds and texture of the drapery are represented with extraordinary fidelity; and the flesh is imitated to the life itself.—David with Goliath's head, by Guercino-da-Cento, is an attractive effort of that artist's free pencil, his harmonious tone of colouring, and striking mode of opposing strong and bright lights to deep and massive shadows.—Rubens' Achilles discovered by Ulysses; a Lady coming out of the bath, by Holbein; and some fine Wouvermans, claim also to be disengaged from the οι πολλοι of this gallery.

The other parts of the castle through which our conductor led us, were the chapel of Installation, the ceiling finely painted by Duval, the walls decorated with the different chivalric orders of Würtemberg; and the Knights' Saloon, of heavy architecture, loaded with still heavier sculpture. From the great Balcony of the north-

western façade, we had a view on one hand of the fortress of Asperg where the poor poet Schubbart was confined ten years for writing some satirical verses on Duke Lewis Frederick's selling his subjects to fight the battles of the English in North America. On the other side we saw Marbach the birth place of Schiller.—The castle of Asperg situated on an eminence is a picturesque object. It was used as a state prison down to the period of 1816; when one of the first acts of the present Sovereign, on coming to the throne, was to liberate all persons confined there charged with political offences.

Ludwigsberg may not improperly be termed the Military School of the country. The barracks which are handsome and commodious buildings, contain three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, all complete. And here also several hundreds of the annual levies for recruiting the ranks of the regular army receive the rudiments of instruction at the drill, and are prepared to take part in the grand field manœuvres. These conscripts assemble in May: they are out at four o'clock in the morning; and the superior officers, up to the Colonel, are obliged to be on the ground all the time, in rotation, to see that the subalterns do their duty. When the drilling hours are passed, the soldiers go to school, where they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The non-commissioned officers are their preceptors. These, in their turn, go to the Lieutenants for the regular acquirement of knowledge in the several duties of their station. The Lieutenants daily receive from the Captains, Colonels, and Generals, their code of instruction in the higher branches of the art of war: so that officers as well as men are occupied during a considerable portion of each

day in giving and receiving instruction. Every Sunday, they attend church: in short the institution is so well formed and conducted that the men, instead of becoming worse as was the case formerly, improve in health, manners, and morals. After six months' training the conscript returns to his family; and in the course of his six years' service is called out once or twice on reviews.

A subaltern officer, previous to his being received as such, undergoes an examination before a board of military commissioners, in which he is questioned as to his knowledge of the religion of which he professes to be; his degree of proficiency in the German, French, and Latin languages; in history, geography, arithmetic, geometry, and drawing. Officers after their admission are instructed generally in ethics, logic, mathematics, physiology, and particularly on all points relating to the profession of arms. The best discipline is preserved; and the officers associate with each other on the most friendly footing: they live at private lodgings, and take their meals at the inns.—There is no swearing: no intoxication: every thing is conducted in the most gentlemanly manner.—Such were the terms of praise in which they were spoken of to us by a gentleman who had lately come to reside at the place; and who added that at the *table d'hote* of the Wald-horn where he dined, his daily companions and friends were two Generals, three Lieut.-Colonels, one Major, and five Captains, all Nobles, and every one of whom had made the campaign to Moscow: men of intelligence, without any gasconade or silly pride about them.

That the Wald-horn (Hunting-horn) Inn, facing the castle at Ludwigsberg, is a house of good entertainment, we had an opportunity of knowing, at a *prodigious* ex-

pense. A dinner, *en particulier*, for *four* persons (two friends and ourselves), consisting of trout, soup, bouilli, beef steaks, ox cheek, veal cutlets, venison, duck, chicken, beet root, potatoes, two kinds of sallad, ommelette, pudding, in all eighteen dishes, with five plates of fruit for dessert, and three bottles of good Neckar wine, red and white, cost us—*seven shillings and eight-pence!* It was as excellent a dinner as ever was served up. At the *tables d'hote* in this part of Germany, the first delicacies, such as game, venison, and fish, every day when in season, are included in three courses of good cookery, together with dessert and a bottle of wine to each guest, for *two shillings* a head!*

Our evening ride from Ludwigsberg to Heilbronn, along the banks of the Neckar, on good roads, and through a fruitful country, was rendered in the highest degree pleasant by the extreme fineness of the weather. Towns and villages presented themselves in quick succession; and we hardly saw a square yard of ground uncultivated. The village of Bietigheim, with the ornamented gable-ends of its houses turned towards the street, reminded us

* *Prices of Provisions in* 1825.

The loaf of Bread of 6lbs. cost	12	Kreutzer or	4d.
1 lb. of Beef, Veal, or Pork	6	———	2d.
1 lb. of Mutton - -	5	———	1½d.
1 bottle of Neckar Wine, good	15	———	5d.
1 lb. of Venison -	15	———	5d.
A Hare - - - -	—	———	8d.

Prices in 1826.—Meat 2d. per lb.—Venison of all descriptions 3d. per lb, —Butter 4d. per lb.—12 Eggs for three halfpence.—100 large Plums for a penny.—Old Oats 4s. the quarter.—Barley 8s.—Rye 8s.—Wheat 12s. per quarter!—What duties on imported grain can protect the interests of British Agriculture against the consequences of a free trade with such cheap corn growers as these?

of Flanders. The town of Bessingheim and its conspicuously turreted castle are situated on the side and top of a range of hills, that produce a celebrated grape of a reddish colour; the plants of which were originally brought from the Valteline. We observed a number of labourers still employed in repairing the damages occasioned during the preceding spring by the overflowing of the Neckar, the floods of which (as appeared by a recording mark) rose considerably above the parapet of the bridge, and laid the first story of the post-house near it under water. The Neckar at this point seems a small river to do so much damage; but flowing through a narrow valley between steep hills, its current receives a thousand petty torrents at each heavy fall of rain, and the inundations are consequently very sudden and formidable.—From Bessingheim to Lauffen you see above, below, and on each side of the road—vines, vines, vines. People who grow corn and feed cattle are much better off as to toil and average remuneration than those who cultivate this fruit. That "leanest land supplies the richest wine," is a truth of which we had repeatedly been convinced in the course of our journey; but we were nowhere more strongly impressed with it than in travelling through this district, where *vignobles* covering the rocky heights are planted on numerous hanging terraces, faced with rough-hewn stone, to which the vine-dressers are obliged at the end of almost every season, to carry up by hand large quantities of fresh soil to fill the place of that which is sure to be washed completely away by the rains.—There is a fine prospect to be seen in approaching the ancient town of Lauffen, from an eminence which commands the course of the Neckar, as it winds through an extensive

plain. It was thence that, with a pleasure tranquil as the scene, we looked down on the watery glade, and faintly discerned its crowning groups of village spires and ancient towers,

"While, thro' the west where sank the crimson day,
"Meek twilight slowly sail'd and wav'd her banners grey.

On remarking to a respectable resident in Würtemberg that I had noticed appearances of great indigence and hardship in the situation of the inhabitants, in those districts of the kingdom through which we had passed, he observed that the popular grievance was not that of absolute poverty, for they were almost all fed and clad from the produce of their *own* land; but rather that of scarcity of money, occasioned in the first instance by the war, of which this little kingdom was long the theatre and its pecuniary resources the consequent victim; and in the next place by several entire failures in the crops, particularly the wine, in 1817. A third cause to which he ascribed this impoverishing deficiency of the circulating medium was the want of home manufactures for a number of articles, now introduced from foreign countries, which thus draw the money from Würtemberg for cotton goods, fine cloths, cutlery and hardware, silk, Staffordshire ware, and various other things. Another source of embarrassment to the country is the excessively low prices of agricultural produce, and the heavy taxation which government is obliged to lay on almost every commodity, in order to defray the expences of a Court, which though not extravagant as compared with others, are found to be yet too great for a small kingdom.* The civil and military

* It is a remark of Addison's, alluding to the superior condition of the

offices are very numerous, and not only are the pay of the army and the salaries of the *employés* taken out of the revenues of the state; but the stipends of the clergy both Protestant and Catholic are also in future to be derived from the same funds, in lieu of tithes. The salaries of the government officers were raised in 1817, a year of very great scarcity, when every article of food was ten times dearer than it is now; but the reductions that have been subsequently made are said to be very inconsiderable. Under a combination of circumstances similar to those above alluded to, the debts of the country people had accumulated to such a degree, as till lately prevented them from raising more money than would barely serve to pay the interest.

It is however justly due to the Government to add, that its character stands high for the spirit of strict justice and equity in which the laws are administered; particularly those which relate to the safety of property belonging to widows, orphans, and minors. An executor or trustee is obliged to render an account of his management of funds or estates belonging to another, every six months, to the magistrate of the place: nor is he allowed to keep in his possession any money received by him in trust, but must within forty-eight hours afterwards carry it to the magistrate, who is bound immediately to invest it on good security. If a person reside abroad, and his

people in the Alpine commonwealths, compared with that of the inhabitants of small territories under a monarchical government, that "a Prince's Court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue."—*Italy*, *p.* 345.

residence is not known, any property that may devolve to him during his absence, is put out to interest, till he is 70 years of age. If at that period no tidings have been heard respecting him, an advertisement is inserted in the public papers, and, should it not be claimed by the party himself, the money or property is divided among his nearest relations.

The inhabitants of Protestant communities are considered to be more industrious than those of Catholic states; and as the former are the most numerous in Würtemberg, it would for that reason be richer than Bavaria, if both countries depended for their means of subsistence on the same kind of produce. But in Würtemberg the staple commodity generally speaking is the wine, and of this, owing to frost and hail, very little has rewarded the labours of the cultivators for ten or fifteen years past:* so that at present the Bavarian grain-grower has the advantage over the Würtemberg vine planter. On the other hand, the corn farmer in Würtemberg, through his indefatigable industry, is in superior circumstances to persons of that occupation in Bavaria: although in the latter country the land is not so subdivided as it is in the former. Thus in Würtemberg almost every inhabitant, in towns as well as in villages, possesses a little land of his own, upon which he and his family live: but it too frequently happens that this proves of no advantage to the holder, whose means do not

* The vintage of 1825 was a good one; and that of 1826 still better. A letter from Ludwigsberg, dated Aug. 28, says "there will be hardly casks enow to house the wine, which is expected to prove as good in quality as it is abundant in quantity. They talk of being able to purchase a hogshead for a guinea.

permit him to maintain stock sufficient to manure and make the most of his soil. The better description of farmers kill a pig in autumn, and salt the meat for the winter; this is a treat reserved exclusively to grace their Sunday table; it is seldom eaten of oftener, and that sparingly. The reason given for their habitations being so dirty, though large and commodious, is that every one male and female, is obliged to labour in the vineyard or the field from morning to night, and consequently little or no time can be devoted to the preservation of domestic neatness.—They are for the most part very religious, and attend church regularly twice every Sabbath day. They firmly entertain the belief, that if a person acts wickedly and wrongs another, he or his descendants will certainly suffer punishment for it even in this world. When a friend of mine made inquiries among them concerning such and such individuals as he had formerly known, the invariable purport of their reply was either, that the man prospered because he was good, honest, and charitable, or that he came to ruin because he or his father or his grandfather was a bad character. They are very kind and generous one to another, sending food to their very poor and aged neighbours. Each parish maintains its own paupers; but as there are few who apply for relief, the rates are very low.

The extent of the kingdom of Würtemberg, from north to south, is two degrees, or 30 German miles; its width, from east to west, 21 German miles. The population amounts to about 1,500,000 souls; 4070 inhabitants on an average to a German square mile, which makes Würtemberg one of the most populous parts of Germany, and even of Europe. There are moreover several districts

which are in a manner crowded. This is particularly the case with the middle and lower valley of the Neckar, and along the Alp: there, it is calculated, that from 15,000 to 20,000 persons live on a square mile. In such crowded places spade agriculture has become general. The country produces grain of every description, also wine, fruit, and cattle in abundance: it exports a good deal of each, and likewise of common linen. It contains 132 towns, 3600 villages, and about 5000 farm-houses. There are 445,000 Catholics, 2366 Calvinistic Protestants, and 9000 Jews; the rest are Lutherans. There are in all 840 livings and 912 Clergymen: 1400 Protestant public schools, with the same number of school-masters and 562 provisors—787 Roman Catholic public schools, with 740 school-masters and 224 provisors—all paid by the Government.

CHAPTER XXV.

HEILBBONN—*German Inns—Roads—Valley of the Neckar*—HEIDELBERG—*the Town—the Castle—the Great Tun—the Gardens—University Students—The Palatinate*—MANNHEIM—*Palace—Gardens—Museum—Jesuits' Church—View from the Observatory—The Bergstrasse—Weinheim—Heppenheim—Bensheim—Mount Melibocus*—DARMSTADT—*the Ducal Castle—Picture Gallery—Evening ride to* FRANCFORT—*German Theatre—Church of Saint Bartholomew—Town Hall—Public Library—Cabinet of Natural History—Picture Gallery—Promenades & Gardens—The Ariadne of Dannecker—Monument of the Hessians—General observations.*

HEILBRONN, formerly a free city, but now annexed to the kingdom of Würtemberg, is a town of much commercial importance for this country. The church has a fine tower, and its architecture, of the 14th century, deserves to be disengaged from the ugly masses of building which have from time to time been allowed to clog and disfigure it. The town-house presents a curious façade, and its clock, a still more curious piece of sculpture, wherein the cock, the rams, the angel with a trumpet, and other things are brought together in a very inexplicable combination. We visited the famous spring, with its seven bronze spouts, whence the place takes its name of Healing or Holy-well. In the market-place a native merchant has just erected a handsome house of white stone. With this and a few other exceptions, the edifices, both public and private, are remarkably ancient in their appearance. They have

for the most part painted and carved fronts, upon which, however, no *new* coats of colouring have been bestowed. In a word, Heilbronn is strongly marked with the peculiar features of a true German town. Even the inn where we stopped was in the noble though heavy old stile. We were ushered into a large saloon, partly wainscotted with oak almost black with age, with handsome glazed folding doors to the bed-rooms on each side, fitted up in the same way; a broad cornice extending into the ceiling, which was gilt and painted... The saloon was much such an apartment as we should expect for a dining-parlour in our old English houses. A fault, however, there is in these German inns, which any countryman of mine will be apt to deem a thumping one, yet it is a fault common to all on the Continent. When he arrives in a dark, cold, damp evening, and finds not a place in the house, except the kitchen, capable of imparting the genial warmth of a fire; when ushered into the spacious eating-room, he observes a large stove, covered with Dutch tiles, standing unheated in the middle of it; and shuddering and shivering, he shuts himself up in his bed-room till the table d'hôte is ready; 'tis then that he sighs for the *warmer* reception afforded at an English inn.

The view of Heilbronn from the Heidelberg road is extremely pleasing: a long range of lofty hills bounds the prospect in this direction behind it; over which we saw the sun rise. Our journey onwards lay across a vast plain, entirely of arable land, from which the crops were all cleared, and the soil was sown again. They grow great quantities of Mangel Wurzel as winter feed for the cattle and sheep, which are both of a fine breed. This root grows here to a very large size, and completely supersedes

the Turnip. There is also some Beet-root, but it is chiefly destined for the table. The road is excellent: posts are put up at the entrance of every place, on which are affixed the name of the principal town of the district, and that of the village where the post is placed. For example, OBERHEIM—HEILBRONN, meaning Oberheim, in the district of Heilbronn. This appears to be the general custom in Würtemberg and other parts of southern Germany, and would in my opinion be worthy of adoption in England, for the information of travellers. We were furnished with good horses, and a respectable "set out" of harness. The postillion, with his yellow and black, or light blue suit of Government livery, and his brazen *cor de chasse* slung at his back, prefers driving to riding, and succeeds to his wish on that point. Seated on the portmanteaus before our noses, he no sooner sets off than forth comes the pipe: he fills the bowl with tobacco, knocks a light into it with flint and steel, and, more free than welcome, pours full in our faces the fumes of the "pernicious weed," as my worthy friend agrees with Cowper in calling it. With all this enjoyment of creature-comforts, our driver exemplifies his national slowness and pertinacious habits by blowing his horn seldom, yet too late rather than not blow it at all.

After successively passing through Kirchesheim, a Catholic, Furfeld, a Protestant, and Kirschen, a Catholic and Lutheran village, we found ourselves in a country of greatly improving appearance; and on our left saw the castle of Weiler, seated on the rocky summit of one of those isolated mounts, which constitute peculiar features in this quarter of Germany: it belongs to the Grand Duke of Baden, whose dominions we had now entered again.

We now went "on the nail" at a good pace. The road is made of a sort of granite (resembling the Bristol stone), broken into small pieces. Observing large cubic piles of this prepared material accumulated on each side at regular distances, I said to my worthy *compagnon dė voyage*, you see that they have begun to adopt Mac Adam's plan of road making. "Begun to adopt *his* plan, indeed!" replied my friend, "why I remember this practice prevailing in my native Würtemberg when I was a boy, forty years ago. Mac Adam is a plagiarist from the German."

Proceeding a little beyond Sinsheim, we entered a most delightful part of the valley of the Neckar. The fine road winding along it at the foot of verdant eminences is lined with a profusion of fruit trees. Neckar-gemünd, a handsome little town, stands in a situation of varied loveliness. The channel of the river is broad but full of rocks and shallows, which obviously render its navigation difficult and even dangerous. Here and at Heilbronn last Spring, the waters rose seventeen feet above the usual level. The barges from Mannheim are towed up by horses.

The hills which often rise abruptly from the side of the stream are prodigally clothed with timber. The numerous cottages backed by these steeps and embosomed in plantations, continually form pictures of peculiar interest. Too much indeed can scarcely be said of this beautiful valley. Populous villages and scattered habitations enrich both banks of the Neckar, as it bends its mazy course through the narrow openings of a majestic chain; where pasturages below and woods above, occasionally divided from each other by almost perpendicular walls of cliff overhung with the shrubs that cling to them, present the sweetest colouring of intermingled rock and

foliage: whilst loftier summits, with mouldering stronghold, or "with toppling convent crown'd," increase the grandeur of the distant prospect.—Pursuing our way through such scenery as this, we drew near to Heidelberg, the immediate approach to which is remarkably fine. The water, the bridge, the town, its stately domes and pinnacles, its handsome gate of entrance, the heights, the castle—form a truly grand *ensemble*.

Heidelberg is an extremely clean town, regularly built, and adorned with several fine squares and handsome churches. Its situation in the picturesque valley of the Neckar surpasses most that we had seen; and a cursory glance at its houses and their inhabitants was sufficient to convince us that it was the residence of numerous families of respectability. Crossing over by a handsome bridge to the right bank of the river, we ascended a little way up a range of hills facing the south and covered as usual with vines. On the opposite side stands the town, extending more than a mile along the water's edge, and reaching some way up another range of hills which rises very considerably above it. Some little way higher is a pretty village half concealed by woods; and to the east of the town on a noble site (which commands the river to its junction with the Rhine and the country beyond it to Mont Tonnerre) stand the ruins of the castle, the richest and most considerable in Germany: still higher extend the charming gardens of the chateau, and from thence to their summits the mountains are clothed with noble forests of immense extent.

The castellated Palace, whose foundations were laid in the thirteenth century, and whose super-structure rose to completion under successive Electors of the

Palatinate, exhibits in its vast remains an attractive field of occupation for the draughtsman and of research for the antiquary.* The stile of what may be designated the domestic part, as contra-distinguished from the more military portion, appears chiefly to be that of the sixteenth century, and forms in its design and embellish-

* The following historical notices, though they fail to give an idea of the Castle in its splendour, may serve to mark its progress and to explain the causes of its decay:—The first recorded allusion to the chateau of Heidelberg is in the treaty of Pavia, dated in 1319; and to judge from the stile of architecture in the most ancient parts of the building its commencement was probably the work of the latter part of the 13th century. Some vestiges yet remain of an earlier date, but the history of their origin is lost in the fables of remoter obscurity. The first Count Palatine of whom the chronicles make mention was Conrad, who died in 1195. A century afterwards, the ancient chateau was reduced to ashes, and the present one commenced. The reigning Counts, particularly Robert III extended its walls and added to its magnificence: but the credit of erecting the Salle-des-Chevaliers, was reserved for Otho Henry, in 1559. It was about this epocha that religious discord, with bigotry and persecution and all their accompanying train of horrors, began to deluge almost every town in Germany with blood. Frederick V, the great embellisher of Heidelberg, left it to ascend in 1619 the throne of Bohemia. Afterwards came the thirty years war, in which the town and its chateau were subjected to every extreme of outrage and suffering—that war in which Louis XIV stained the glory of his reign, and in which Turenne tarnished the brightness of his laurels by the cruelties committed in the Palatinate, where its Elector beheld two cities and twenty-five towns in flames, and where lust and rapine walked hand in hand with fire and sword. Yet it was at the news of these sanguinary proceedings in 1674, that a *Te Deum* was chaunted at Paris, and a medal struck which bore upon its exergue the motto *Rex dixit et factum est.* The ramparts and walls of the chateau were many of them levelled with the ground, and as common means were not sufficient to work their destruction mines were used. The beautiful building of Otho Henry suffered cruelly. The Elector Charles Philip spared no expense in the work of restoration, but it had hardly commenced in 1717, when piqued by the conduct of the Protestant Reformers, in the town, who opposed his measures in favour of the Catholics, he left the chateau and fixed his residence at Mannheim. It was the intention of the succeed-

ments a striking contrast to the feudal simplicity of the flanking towers, which, however, are all either from their form of construction or their state of ruin, exceedingly picturesque.

In our visit to these superb memorials of fallen grandeur, we took the toilsome foot-path which ascends to them from the town. The first entry within the castle gates is not a little interesting. We stopped awhile within its cool recess to rest ourselves, and to survey a low but capacious vaulted apartment of a construction sufficiently solid to endure for ages, supported upon short massy round columns worked into the walls which are of immense thickness, and pierced with round headed, Saxon-like windows, to admit only a scanty portion of day light: more would be too much. And many a party, who like ourselves had climbed this steep under the fervid influence of a summer sky, has doubtless stopped, as we did, to admire the strength and solidity of the apartment, or at least to enjoy its dim light and refreshing shade. The path continues to ascend along this passage, which from its situation and strength was doubtless a sort of vestibule to the castle: and it must have been extremely difficult for the besieger to have forced his way through, however small the numbers that defended it. To think of the bloody scenes of mortal strife, which this spot must have witnessed during the many assaults that the castle underwent, is enough to make you

ing Elector Charles Theodore to restore Heidelberg to its former magnificence. All was ready to commence the work, when the castle was struck by lightning and its ruin consummated; although such valuable remains and *chef d'œuvres* of art as it was possible to remove were transported to Mannheim. And in 1788 these august ruins were entirely abandoned to their fate.

shudder as you traverse its lengthened windings. A sudden turn to the left brings you through a narrow portal; and you have before you the beautiful octagonal tower, and on the right that part of the castle which bears the most recent dates, those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Another turn to the left, and you find yourself in the court yard of the Palace, and perfectly at a loss, on which side to fix your regards; for it is here that reliques of genius and skill surround you, such as would do honour to any age and nation.

The architecture is not Gothic; nor is it Grecian or Roman; but a sort of Rafaelle ornament mixes itself with the characteristics of the classic orders, producing a result irregular yet tasteful; capricious and romantic, yet rich, elegant, and imposing. The plan, as is the case with many other princely structures of the same date, seems to have been left unfinished. Even in its lustre it probably betrayed some blots; but it is no less evident that beauties predominated; and the *Salle des Chevaliers*, built by Otho Henry, must infallibly rivet the attention of the most indifferent beholder. This building, besides the ground floor, consists of three stories: the pilasters of the lower one are of the Tuscan; those of the middle, Ionic; and of the highest, Corinthian. Such at least are the models upon which the architect has formed his design, making however some variation in all according to his fancy. But each is consistent with the order to which it refers; each is imagined with a truly delicate taste, and executed with the most astonishing lightness. The windows of the lower range are every one surmounted by a pediment containing groups of winged boys, beautifully designed; and in the middle is a medallion in high relief, giving the profile of

a Roman Emperor. Between each two pilasters a pair of windows is comprised; and between the two windows, in a niche highly ornamented, is placed a statue. The same arrangement extends over the whole façade: the friezes, mouldings, and cornices, which intervene betwixt each tier of windows, are charged with devices of an airiness and polish fitter to be worked in gold and silver than in stone. What remains of the interior is not less worthy attention. The arabesques, the trophies, the allegorical groups over the doors and other parts, though cruelly injured, shew what they must once have been, and offer studies for the artist in the attitude of the figures. The architect was an Italian: his name, worthy as it is of immortality, not known. The façade of the Chapel is also very fine; and the statues of the Electors Palatine are from the chisel of no common statuary: but the design as a whole is rather heavy. The interior contains nothing particularly striking.—In the manifestations of fertile genius, in the refinements of ornamental stile, in the perfection of architectural and sculptural workmanship, these buildings (productions of the taste which in Italy succeeded to the Gothic) offer numerous features of strong resemblance to that noble family seat of the Montmorencies, the Chateau d'Ecouen, in France; and to those nearly contemporaneous structures, the Chateau d'Anet and the Chateau de Gaillon, some of the embellished parts of which, "restored" by M. Le Noir, I remember to have seen in the Museum of French Monuments, at Paris.* The Rupert's

* The late Mr. Whittington, in pointing out an erroneous representation of architectural character made by the above named French Antiquary in forming the Hall of the fifteenth century, alludes to that "gorgeous display of pilasters covered with arabesques, and all those ornaments which attended

building on the right has an interior worth notice. The principal apartment, a vaulted one, is supported by a high column in the middle: the arches are pointed, on the principle of the equilateral triangle; and the date of the building is 1400, or thereabouts. Not far from it is situated the castle well, over which is a canopy supported by four plain granite columns, said to have been brought from the palace of Charlemagne at Ingelheim. The appearance of the other buildings is marred by their having been converted into habitations.

The carvings, both emblematical and historical, displayed on the noble fronts in this quadrangle, bespeak, in spite of mutilation and havock, a state of art far excelling the proud parade of a later era, which we had just seen at Ludwigsberg. Time has contributed much to the destruction of this ill-fated castle; and avarice and stupidity have accelerated its fall. A great deal has however been done of late to preserve whatever of its magnificence remains: and never, perhaps, in the days of its highest splendour, when its spacious courts and lofty halls responded to the voice of mirth and music, and to the tread of brave knights and lovely dames, did it exhibit scenes of greater beauty, or associations of more powerful interest than at this moment.—The sound of revelry indeed no longer wakens the echoes of the place. The gilded ceilings are gone; nor would they if they yet existed reflect the light of torch and taper upon the gay

the first attempt at Classic Architecture. Italy herself (adds the same judicious writer) did not begin to emerge from Gothicism till the middle of the 15th century, and the arabesques of Raffael at the Vatican were the origin of this taste, adopted and continued in France in the 16th century, during the reigns of Louis XII. and Francis I."—*Eccles. Antiq.* p. 209.

and gorgeous scene beneath. But place yourself now within some of the deserted apartments of Otho's Hall of Chivalry: and though it were vain to listen for the measured step or challenging tone, from the mouldering rampart or the ruined bastion; yet, instead thereof, when you hear the rustling of the breeze through thick shades that have sprung up among the fallen monuments of glory —when you contrast man's frail works with the exuberant weed that triumphs over their decay, yours is no bosom to sympathise with mine, if it swell not with augmented feelings of awful reverence towards that Being, who, in power infinite—in love unchangeable,

> "The living fountains in Himself contains
> "Of beauteous and sublime."

The next object of our exploratory visit was the *souterrain* of the castle, for the purpose of seeing a prodigy of cooperage, which has spread the fame of Heidelberg further and more widely than all its worthier subjects of contemplation and curiosity: I allude to the *Grosse Fass*, or Great Tun. It was built in the year 1751, by the Count Palatine Charles Theodore, Elector, to repair the loss of its predecessor; which according to an old engraving was adorned with the figure of Bacchus, and all sorts of allegories. The present one has no other distinction than the electoral coronet and initials: it is 33 feet long, 24 feet broad, 72 feet in circumference, and capable of containing 230 tuns and three barrels, or 283,200 bottles of wine. It exclusively occupies an arched cellar of admirable stone masonry. You walk round this Brobdinagian cask, "built (as Dr. Burnet observes of the former one) with a strength more like the ribs of

a ship than the staves of a Tun;" you mount by a flight of twenty-two stairs to the top of it, and leaning over the ballustrade satisfactorily convince yourself of its great height and enormous dimensions. Descending you remark how the exterior form of the barrel is disguised and lost in a casing of ring-like hoops that rest on scroll supports; and finally are told that this vast treasury of the jolly God is—*empty*. Proceeding through another range of cellars built on an equally grand scale of vaulting, a row of wine casks, of much less bulk but of more utility, invites you to rap your knuckles against their heads, and most of them answer that they are deeply laden with liquor—wine, golden wine, if the conductor's word is to be taken; which on such a point, and so near the fruitful banks of Neckar, may be done without any great stretch of credulity.

Leaving the court on the side opposite to that on which we entered, we passed a plain square tower, of which the portcullis yet remains, and crossing over what was once a drawbridge we had the gardens before us. These possess every advantage of locality that can be imagined: being in the immediate vicinity of the superb ruin, commanding all the most striking points, backed by the lofty ridges of the Geisenberg and Keiserstein, which clothed with aged forests send down a hundred little rills to murmur and sparkle in their descent to the Neckar, whose current dashing against its rocky bed pursues a rapid course below.—The great merit of these gardens is that which they derive from their simplicity. The perishable decorations of Art have, with one or two exceptions, disappeared; a grotto that remains has lost its formality and become beautiful in its dilapidation. Nature had

long been left to herself and had wrought a wilderness of charms, when these deserted gardens were again thought of; and little was required to be done, but to use the spade and pruning knife. The paths winding sometimes through high over-arching trees; sometimes under close embowering thickets, afford a delicious shelter from the meridian sun. The deep fosse which surrounds a part of the fortress is planted with willow, birch, and acacia trees, and these with every variety of humbler shrubs, aided by the sombre ruins of the castle on the one hand, and the lofty wall of the ditch on the other, form a dark and gloomy shade "amid the blaze of noon." On every side you hear the refreshing sound of the mountain springs gushing out from above, and trickling down into reservoirs made for their reception, or winding among the foliage in narrow threads, only here and there perceptible through the moist and luxuriant carpet of herbage and wild flowers which cover the bottom of the fosse. From this situation the view is particularly striking of the *Tour fendue*, as it is called: one of those blown up in the war which took place respecting the Orleans succession. The tower was a round one: the walls were of prodigious thickness: there were two chambers in it, above and below: each vaulted, and each vault supported upon a single pillar. The explosion clove the whole stone work from turret to foundation, and the enormous mass which was detached sank into the deep trench below: there it remains covered with thick-growing shrubs and grass; whilst the interior is laid open, presenting a cliff-like precipice and a frightful chasm. The appearance however of this split and half fallen tower, at once attractive and formidable, attests the justness of the Poet's remark:—

The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivyed arch and pillar lone
Pleads haughtily for glories gone.

BYRON.

The view from the balcony or paved terrace of the castle is superb. Look at the large town and its handsome churches lying as it were at your feet; the beautiful hills opposite to that on which the castle stands, cultured from their base half way up with vines, the rest covered with forests; the valley, through which the Neckar flows, opening into a plain of great fertility and extent—regard these and a host of other objects that here offer themselves to the sight, and you will not hesitate to allow that they form an assemblage such as is rarely to be found; so perfectly is the grand united with the agreeable.

There is a stone gateway or triumphal arch, perfectly chaste in its design and of a pretty appearance, called the Porta Elizabetha; it is nearly all that remains of the architectural and sculptural ornaments with which a particular part of the grounds was once profusely decorated. This interesting structure, which is surrounded and even canopied over with beautiful trees, whilst "gentle evergreens" embrace the columns of the portal, bears the following inscription:—FREDERICVS. V. ELIZABETHÆ. CONJVGI. CARISS. A. D. M.DCXV.

On a hint so simple yet so touching, fancy retraces the past to that period of Heidelberg's prosperity, when one of its most distinguished possessors, who loved the place and held his Court within its walls, till called to act a higher but not a happier part, was wont to pace the corridors or

seek the recesses of the gardens, in converse with his Elizabeth. History has assigned to the Elector Frederick the character of an accomplished Prince. This relic of his taste bears a record, which shews him to have been an amiable man; the memory of whose conjugal affection still "blooms o'er the grave" of his fondest pursuits, still "blossoms in the dust" of his proudest embellishments.

Our further progress along the heights brought us at every turn to yet more delightful points of view. The sun's mellowing effulgence enriched the ruddy hue of the war rent and thunderstricken fortress, at the same time that it communicated to the sylvan and horticultural beauties which flourish amidst, around, above, below, the venerable pile, splendours that forcibly remind us, how Nature's charms survive the fall of human pride, and can wreath fresh graces around the wreck of Art.

The vast extent of the edifice, the loftiness of its towers, the massy construction of its walls, still proclaim it to be among the most stupendous of human labours; and surely for solemnity of aspect, for loveliness of picturesque configuration it is hardly to be surpassed. With the recollections of northern Italy and of central Switzerland vividly about me, I was still delighted beyond expression. Delicious is the verdure, refreshing the shelter of the forest grounds; and enchanting are the prospects which they afford at each stage of the various paths that carry you to the summit of the hills. All that is beheld from the chateau is seen to still greater advantage from these more elevated positions, whilst that prominent and noble object adds infinitely to the effect of the landscape; in the distance of which the Neckar glitters through a

level of almost immeasurable breath and extent. The general view of the town and valley of Heidelberg from above the upper terrace, is one that yields to few in magnificence, to none in beauty. But reach the mountain top, and the *coup d'œil* becomes wonderfully enlarged! all the windings of the Rhine are visible for an immense way on one side, and on the other the sight is lost in the mountains of the Bergstrasse and the mazes of the Odenwald.—There is no one indeed who has walked in a fine summer's eye on the flowery terraces and in the hanging woods of Heidelberg castle, but must in some degree have felt the strength of that impression, which the sweetest, fairest, most interesting combination of objects, natural and artificial, spread out on the amplest scale and displayed in the most imposing forms, is so eminently calculated to produce on the eye and on the heart.—Nor was this to us a solitary enjoyment. Sunday had poured forth her troops of holiday promenaders; and the population of Heidelberg appeared literally to swarm, like bees from a hive, through every part and in all directions—some congregating sociably near the little inn established in the very midst of the ruins; others more numerously scattered in joyous active parties over the wild luxuriance of the surrounding domain.

The fact that Heidelberg is an University we should not have divined from the appearance of its junior members; among whom the prevailing dress consists of long loose coats, often a mere blue smock frock covering their other clothes, military foraging caps, and the neck laid bare. Not a few wear mustachios, their long hair parted on the forehead and reaching below the shoulder with broad falling collars adorned with lace, and short Spanish like

frocks with points and tassels: some such juvenile humourists we saw walking about the gardens with a pipe in one hand and a rose in the other.*

At Sinsheim, where we breakfasted, a party of young men entered our inn, and favoured us with a spice of their quality by making the room resound with noisy songs and most obstreperous mirth. From what we had already heard of the conduct of German students, we guessed that "a truant disposition" had brought these worthies on a Sunday morning excursion from the precincts of Heidelberg: and so on inquiry it proved. There were some fresh coloured and fair complexioned lads in the

* My lamented friend C. W. writing from this place in the Spring of 1822, says—"It is impossible to conceive any thing more interesting to a Cambridge man than a week's residence amongst the members of a German Academy. After such a sojourn I come to the conclusion that an University is an University every where, and that there is not half the difference between Gownsmen at Cambridge and Students at Heidelberg which one might reasonably expect. Of the rules, the government, and the reading of the University I can say nothing, except that the lectures seem to come pretty thickly one upon the other. All I can speak of are the appearance and manners of the men. They wear it is true no fixed costume, but adopt whatever dress they chuse, often the most fantastical. Smoking is a recreation common to all. They are doubtless divided like ourselves into three classes, the gay, the reading men, and those who partake moderately of both. In external appearance however the classes are but two; the third adopting pretty nearly the dress and manners of the second. It is exactly the same with us. Still I fancy that I can discover a little difference, in the more leisurely step, and in the pipe the inseparable companion of these middle men. The most distinguishing part of the dress of "the gay men and fellow-commoners" is the present fashion of straw hats with very broad verges, and I have seen a few beside who wear the sort of coat which is alone tolerated as dress in England. These are the lads who frequent at all hours the billiard-room, and who "sport gay" upon the banks of the Neckar, on long tailed horses and in German waggons and caleches. In fact the saddler's shops put me as much in mind of Cambridge as any thing I have seen."

band. But the maxim of "handsome *they* that handsome *do*," would certainly have been no favourable standard of appreciation for *their* merits.—If these youths are to be allowed the fantasy of dressing their persons after the fashion of old time; if in the peaceful bosom of their country they must still keep up those feelings of excitement encouraged sufficiently by their rulers during the Anti-Gallican war, why be it so. But let them not be so fond of proving "their nice fence" upon each others' bodies—let them not deem the dark and dangerous mysteries of secret clubs congenial to or consistent with juvenile candour and openness; nor in looking upon the deed of an assassin, mistake it for the act of a patriot. Let *Vivat Teutonia* be still their watch-word, but let them also, taking "the Cause of Learning" for their countersign, submit to college rules, and by adopting an improvement in their social system, do their utmost to justify the opinion of their favourite Ovid:

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit *mores*, nec sinit esse *feros*.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we proceeded towards Mannheim, about a mile on the road to which place the scenery offers the perfectly arranged constituents of as fine a landscape as can well be composed. Neuhenheim and another village form the left of this striking picture; in the centre there is the gorge of the mountains through which the Neckar issues; Heidelberg and its castellated grandeurs on the right: a most interesting prospect, especially when invested, as was the case at the moment we looked back upon it, with the blushes of an evening sky.

We travelled through a rich soil on a continued level along the Neckar, on each side of which as far as the eye can reach the country appears in excellent and universal cultivation. The quantity of tobacco grown in this valley is very great. In some parts you see scarcely any thing else on many hundreds of acres, apparently healthy plants, of which the blossoms have a pretty appearance. Tobacco is unquestionably a fit article for culture in Germany, considering the prevalence of smoking there, every male almost without exception, from the boy of ten years to the decrepid man of eighty, having a pipe in his mouth. The other produce, besides grass, consists of vines, corn, flax, hemp, potatoes, maize, and mangel wurzel.—From Edingen we had a charming view across the river, of Schauenberg, a ruined chateau, situated on a point of the mountainous chain which bears that name, with the fine village of Dossenheim at its foot, and still further off to the right, of Schriesheim, behind which rises a pyramidical hill of very attractive appearance, having on its top the ancient castle of Strahlenberg. The villages are numerous, well-built, cleanly, and populous. Neckarhausen on the left, and Ladenburg on the right bank of the Neckar, seemed in our approach to them to form one and the same town, and exhibited a handsome appearance with their churches, gateways, and embattled edifices, backed by the beautiful range of the Bergstrasse, which, crowned with several ruins, and skirted with villages, stretches far away to the eastward, whilst in the contrary direction it appeared to unite itself to the heights of Heidelberg, from which indeed the valley of the Neckar alone divides it. At the entrance of Sechenheim is a new piece of carving, size of life, on a lofty pedestal,

under which, in large letters, are inscribed the words—"Virgo Maria, Dei Genetrix." It was the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms. We observed many wherries going up and down the Neckar, which here becomes a large river.

Arrived at Mannheim, after one of the sweetest rides we had taken since the commencement of our journey, we directed our steps to the dike which borders the Rhine, and were enchanted with the brilliant effect of sun-set on the broad waters of that magnificent stream, as they glide rapidly through a bridge of twenty-eight boats. The bold chain of the Vosges and Mont Tonnerre, in the distance, had just received behind them the glories of the western ray; and the contrast of their deep empurpled hues with the pink and golden tinctures of the clouds, was a spectacle to gaze upon with delight.

22d.—Mannheim was formerly subject to the Electors Palatine, and at the latter end of the 17th century Prince Charles Philip, regarding it as the most important place in his dominions, made a handsome town of it, built a strong citadel, and surrounded it with regular works.—Situated indeed, as it is, on the point where the Neckar flows into the Rhine, these great rivers defend it on two sides, and render it naturally a strong military position. Mannheim was frequently taken and re-taken during the revolutionary war, by the French and Austrians. The former, in 1806, demolished the fortifications; and the site of them now displays some thriving gardens, shrubberies, and groves, through which the river and country occasionally open with much grandeur upon the sight. The public buildings here are on a large scale, but for the most part of a very heavy cast. The palace looks like an

immense *caserne*. One part of it remains in the state of ruin to which it was reduced by the bombardment of 1795, when the opera-house and cabinet of natural history fell a prey to the flames. In walking through the principal court, we met under the charge of their governess two of the young Princesses, daughters of the late Duke of Baden, (who died in 1818) by Princess Stephanie, of the Buonaparte family. Louis William, the present Grand Duke, is the great uncle of these children: he is a Lutheran Protestant.

The Museum of the Chateau exhibits in its "gallery of Antiques," *no* antiquities at all; but some good casts *after* the Belvidere Apollo, Venus de Medicis, Adonis, Germanicus, &c.—The Picture Gallery contains in several rooms a great many works. Among those which appeared most entitled to notice were—a Magdalen, by Guido Reni; the Deliverance of the Israelites, by N. Poussin; a Sleeping Cupid, by Albano; the Card Players, and the Knife Grinder, by D. Teniers; also a finely painted picture of the Prodigal Son, by the same artist; a Sebastian of Teniers' shews that he was right in not often attempting the grand stile; a Crucifixion, by Tintoret; a fine head of a Lady reading, by Rubens; Hunting the Fox, an excellent little piece, by Pforr; a charming group of Flowers and Still Life, by John Philip Van Thielen; Venus wounded, painted in the school of Raffaelle, after one of his compositions; the Crowning with Thorns, and the Woman taken in Adultery (a sketch) by Rembrandt. There are also several landscapes by G. Poussin, Waterloo, Wynants, Wouvermans, and Ruysdael; a highly finished conversation subject, by Terburg; the Death of the Virgin, by Lu. Granach, one of the early German mas-

ters; a portrait or two by Holbein; and the Deluge, a singular picture, painted by Buschy, in 1737. In the print-room is a fine collection of engravings, English as well as foreign. Woollet's works hold a conspicuous place there.

We visited the remarkably fine Church of the Jesuits, finished in 1755. It is of Grecian architecture. The pillars of the tabernacle on the high altar are of agate.—The nave is very lofty, and the ceiling and upper part of the walls between the windows adorned with fresco paintings of scriptural and legendary subjects. There is a good picture, of which the subject is the Consolations of Religion afforded to a dying Man, painted by Krahe.

At the Astronomical Observatory, I was amply repaid for ascending its staircase of 111 feet, by the complete panoramic view beheld from the top of it. To the northward, looking immediately over the point where the Princely Neckar becomes tributary to the Imperial and Royal Rhine, you command the chain of the Bergstrasse, and beyond it that of the Odenwald, (forest of Odin) and Melibocus, a conical mount of very agreeable aspect, in the territory of Darmstadt.—To the north-west, casting your eyes across the Rhine, where you may see the Bavarian soldiers relieve guard, (for Bavaria strange to say has a slice of the Lower Palatinate) a good telescope enables you to distinguish the city of Worms, that place where in support of the Reformation's glorious cause, Luther made his memorable speech before the Emperor Charles the Fifth and the members of the Diet. I could plainly see the venerable Cathedral with towers at the four corners, and wished that a place of such historical interest had lain in our appointed route. To the south, you may discern the once

Imperial city of Spires, and even as far as Karlsruhe; to the east, Heidelberg; to the west, Mont Tonnerre. But look which way you will, it is the Rhine, with its wide and rapid current and its serpentine course, that makes the most conspicuous and brilliant component of this noble prospect.

Charles Philip, the same Prince Elector that fortified Mannheim, also set the example of allowing liberty of conscience, and first suffered the Jews to come and settle there.—The Arsenal is a fine building of his, and presents the best façade of any in the town. The market-place is spacious, and has a fountain in the centre decorated with a good piece of sculpture. Mannheim is nearly circular in form, and as far as regularity of construction goes deserves its character of being a handsome place. The streets are all wide and clean; the houses generally stuccoed, large though not lofty. But one soon gets tired of avenues intersecting each other at right angles, and presenting an unvaried succession of family likenesses.

> "*Street* nods at *street*, each alley hath its brother,
> "And half the *city* but reflects the other."

The population is said to amount to 18,000. But this estimate most probably refers to the number of inhabitants which the town formerly contained, when it was the residence of an Elector. Many large houses are now on sale, it is said, for one third of what they cost building.

When the Russians in 1814, arrived here on their march into France, they found the passage of the river defended by a strong fort on the opposite side within point blank shot. They set to work, threw the snow into

the river, and constructed a redoubt to answer the fort. All the boats they could collect were brought into the Neckar, and the troops embarking were in true Russian stile ferried over the Rhine, as straight as possible, in face of the enemy's guns, landed, and carried the battery at the point of the bayonet. This affair cost them 1,500 men. Had they effected a landing higher up, they might have compelled the garrison to surrender, with perhaps one third of the loss.

The fire-wood for the use of the town is brought down the Neckar, and piled in great quantities on the bank. It is purchased for about 2*l.* sterling the cord; and before it can pass the Toll-house, four billets are thrown down for Town dues; and six more for the use of the poor, from each cord. So that fuel is the most expensive necessary of life, a cord of wood being by no means equivalent to a chaldron of coals.

In our walk through the town, we passed the house where in 1819, poor Kotzebue was stabbed to the heart by the Jena Student, Sandt. Never was a deed of blood more deliberately planned nor more calmly executed—never did horrid fanaticism display itself in closer union with unshaken resolution—never was a bad cause more uniformly supported with the courage and firmness which would have done honour to a good one. As I stood for a moment, revolving the particulars of this appalling circumstance, on the spot where the assassin, after fulfilling the sanguinary object of his journey, and coming out into the street, plunged a poniard into his own breast, I thought of the expressive lines* which a highly

* See "Sandt the Murderer," by the Rev. G. Croly, author of Cataline; Paris in 1815, &c. &c.

gifted countryman of mine has written, on the execution of that wretched criminal:—

Morn broke a twilight dim and slow,
By Manheim's gates were signs of woe—
A scaffold hung with black, a chair,
A sable bench—a sabre bare.
* * * * * *
High Heaven! what burning thoughts must roll
Through man, beside that fearful goal?
He sees a traitor's step intrude
Upon an old man's solitude;
He sees the dagger in his heart—
The writhe, ere soul and body part—
The gasp, the dying gush of gore:—
The murderer dares to think no more,
Curses the moment's frantic zeal,
And hurries to the headsman's steel.

I thought of these and other appropriate passages in the same short but forcibly descriptive poem: nor could I afterwards refrain from calling to mind those sullen frowns which clouded the visages of German Students whom we had met on our road. Too many amongst them indeed appeared to have exchanged the cheerfulness and suavity of manners so natural and becoming in youth for the habitual moroseness of those who, at a far more advanced period of life, abandon the hope of happiness, and recognise no friend in the world, nor "the world's law." It is said that the Grand Duke of Baden, ascribing the disorders which have taken place at the University of Heidelberg to the members of the Bursenschaft, or Student's club, is on the point of enforcing measures similar to those adopted by the King of Würtemberg at Tubingen, for

extirpating the ramifications of that and the Tugenbund association from his territories.

The road to Darmstadt crosses the Neckar by a bridge of boats. At this point we observed vestiges of the late inundations: labourers continued to be employed in forming an earthen mound as a new embankment to protect the town against the effects of a similar occurrence. For the first nine or ten miles the way lies across a perfect flat, a large breadth of which is covered with tobacco.—The sandiness of the soil, it appears, is not unfavourable to the growth of this article as to quantity, though it may occasion a difference as to quality. We were told that the produce on this side of Mannheim, being of an inferior kind, is used only for smoking, whilst that in the richer valley of Heidelberg is manufactured into snuff. This is also a considerable corn district, and here and there we saw plantings of hops. The female peasants were working in the fields and walking on the roads without stockings or shoes, and quite a sufficient share of hard labour seems to be assigned to them.

We now entered upon the Bergstrasse or mountain road, (Strata Montana) and passed the very ancient town of Weinheim, situated at the foot of a lofty range of hills, clothed with vineyards, herbage, and woods, that offer the most beautiful as well as romantic scenery.*—The castle of Windek, with its lofty tower, majestic tho' in ruin, stands near the place on a commanding eminence.

* Not far from Weinheim is Birkenau, whence a road conducts to Fürth, in the Odenwald, and to the Castle of Rodenstein, in the middle of a Forest. It is in this castle that the Lindenschmidt, or Wild Huntsman, according to the legends of popular superstition, resides. But he leaves it whenever a war is about to break out, for the castle of Schnellertz opposite, harrassing the air with his uproarious army of spirits.

Thence turning off to the left, in the direction of Heppenheim, we proceeded through a remarkably pleasant and fertile district. We coasted the bottom of the mountain, which is covered with vines, from nearly the very top, and they descend close to the side of the road. On our left a fruitful plain of vast extent presented a picturesque display of orchard, pasture, and arable intermingled.—We particularly noticed the very large size of the numerous walnut trees, and the abundance of a purple plum, called *Zwetchen*, remarkable for its rich flavour, and peculiar to the south of Germany. The view over this immense level, forming part of the great valley of the Rhine, was confined by no objects less distant than the Vosges and Mont Tonnerre, and in some parts only by "the circle bounding earth and skies." Beyond the village of Lower Lautenbach, still winding along grape-cultured hills, you cross the frontier of Baden, and entering the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, the first town that presents itself is Heppenheim. The castle of Starkenberg, at the back of this place, on one of the loftiest as well as most verdant summits of the Odenwald, is a venerable ruin; but has little to boast of in point of ornamental architecture.

The eulogy bestowed on these remains by M. Schreiber, as "decidedly the finest monument of Teutonic chivalry to be seen throughout the Bergstrasse," may be just; but the object itself will not bear a comparison with the castle of Heidelberg.—Bensheim, which the same generally correct writer describes as "a cheerful little town, of considerable commerce," is as dirty and as dull a place as we had ever seen or wished to see. Its houses are for the most part in as ruinous a state as its fortifications; which,

consisting of towers and curtain walls of great height and thickness, surrounded by a ditch of proportionate depth, have an indisputably *antique* though not "an *unique* appearance."

After passing through Zwingerberg, we have a near view of Melibocus, from the summit of which, at an elevation of perhaps 2500 feet, the prospect must be most extensive. The mountain itself is a very picturesque object: half way up you see the ruins of a castle embossomed in the forest trees with which the whole of this chain abounds; and on the highest point stands a tower, (built some thirty years back) which attracts notice by its conspicuous whiteness a very long way off.

This is the furthest extremity of the Bergstrasse, of which there is scarcely a hill without some ruined abbey or castle. The road from that point to Darmstadt crosses a sandy plain: and nothing but sombre fir-woods break its tedious monotony. So perfect and so wide a level, we had not seen since we left Lombardy.

Darmstadt has been augmented and beautified with so many new streets and handsome buildings, that my Companion hardly knew the place again, after a thirty years absence.—It is rather a pity that the town should have been erected in such a spot, an almost barren one, being indeed a part of the country supposed to have been overflowed by the waters of the Rhine before it subsided into its present channel.—The gardens are pretty: and the Grand Duke, who is a great connoisseur in music, has erected a very handsome theatre, with a remarkably fine façade of the Corinthian order; and his orchestra is reputed to be the best in Germany.

We visited the Ducal Castle, the interior of which

looks more like a prison than a palace, and ascended by five flights of stairs to the Picture Gallery. In the saloon of entrance are some well executed cork and plaster models, representing the villa of Mæcenas, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and other Roman Monuments.—There are several rooms filled with paintings of the different schools. In that of the French, is a Magdalen by Le Brun. Among the Flemish and Dutch, are Rubens' Silenus, and the Virgin and Child by Vandyck. There is Rembrant's second wife, by that astonishing artist, who by his bold breadth of pencilling, his richly glowing colours, and grand masses of light and shade, has given to this simple portrait a superb effect.—A landscape of Berchem's, in which a man is dragging a ram to water, forms a truly admirable specimen of that charming painter: it is harmoniously replete with the brilliancy and beauty of judiciously chosen and correctly imitated nature. Ostade and Paul Potter contribute each a gem or two. Here we find Schalcken's picture of our William the Third, in which, conformably to the way of painting he most loved, that man of the softest pencil and the roughest manners, has made a night-*subject* of a great monarch. It is probably the first and the last King's portrait that was ever taken by candlelight:* the tones of mellow

* "While Schalcken resided in London he had the honour to be appointed to paint the portrait of King William III. which he chose to represent by candle light: and having presented to the King a taper, that he might hold it in a proper position, the taper accidentally melted in such a manner, as to drop on the fingers of that Monarch. The King endured it with great composedness, being unwilling to disconcert the artist; though Schalcken, with extreme unpoliteness, continued his work, without once endeavouring to relieve the King from that disagreeable situation."

Pilkington.

brightness are finely contrasted in it with opposing masses of shade.—In the Italian School, a Sleeping Venus, and the Head of a Capuchin Friar, by Titian; the Martyrdom of St. Justin, by Paul Veronese; the head of a Franciscan Monk, by Guercino; St. Thomas's incredulity, by M. A. Caravaggio; Carlo Dolci's Saint Aurea, to whom fruit is presented by an Angel; Raphael's St. John Baptist in the Wilderness; a head by Correggio; a highly finished group of a Woman and Child reading, by Carlo Cignani; a delectable landscape, (in a circular frame) by the almost matchless Claude Lorraine; and a Holy Family, by the classic and graceful pencil of Perino del Vaga; were the works which most struck me for their respective qualities of excellence.

The Cabinet of Natural History is in a very creditable state, as to number, preservation, and arrangement of subjects; it contains nothing however particularly remarkable, except a collection of fossil remains, consisting chiefly of the gigantic jaw-bones of some antediluvian animals.

Driving through the old town of Darmstadt, which is badly paved even to the very gates of the Palace, we soon found ourselves again on a dreary level of indifferent soil, producing dwarfish crops, principally of oats; with a long line of pine forests on our right, and the undulating chain of the distant Vosges bounding the left hand view. Between Langen and Francfort, the country continues flat, but resumes its fertility. A great deal of *Brank*, or Buck Wheat, is grown in this district, but the drought had rendered it very short. The plough used in these parts has two wheels, not unlike our Norfolk one, except

that it has no head; the work is done by one man, and with two horses abreast.

It is very much the practice here to cut off the tops of poplars, and the consequence is that thus shortened they form a pretty tree of roundly spreading foliage.—The poorer sort of country people are very civil and respectful to strangers. We asked some of them a question or two as to the prices of agricultural labour. The thresher it appears receives about eight-pence a day; and lighter work is paid for at the rate of six-pence.—There is no begging; except on the part of certain tramping artisans, whom ancient custom tolerates in soliciting assistance from the passing traveller, and their claims just or unjust are universally allowed.—Applications of this description made a very different impression on my friend and on myself: in his mind they coincided with German prepossessions; in mine they had to conflict with English prejudices. When so repeatedly asked, as we were, for pecuniary relief by parties of able-bodied and decently dressed young men, I could not for the life of me help revolting at what looked like a system of professional mendicity: and in bestowing my contributions it must be confessed that I yielded more to the force of example than to the influence of sympathy. Mr. H. on the contrary regarded these petitioners with favourable eyes and charitable feelings. "We always (said he) give these poor fellows a little whenever they ask us. They have been learning a trade in some city or town, and are now in search of employment: this is their mode of raising the wind to commence business for themselves."—Why, it seems to me (said I) to be a species of vagabondizing sanctioned by prescription.—"No such thing," rejoined my

worthy friend' "no such thing; it is the custom of the country."

A turnpike paid at Heppenheim cleared us through the territory of Darmstadt for 15d. Yet the whole line of road is excellent.—The stones for its repair are broken into smaller pieces than even those submitted to the Mac-adamising process in England.—In this part of Germany, the middle of the road is appropriated to the use of carriages; one side is kept for persons on horse-back, the other for those on foot. Accordingly on going out of every town and village, you see on your left hand, a board with the words "*Für Reiters;*" on the right, another inscribed "*Für fuss-gangers;*" and the foot-path is kept inviolate. The rule of the road is no paradox here, nor indeed on any part of the continent that we have travelled over; whether meeting or overtaking horse or carriage you invariably in passing go to the right.—Mr. H. noticed the great improvements which had taken place, within the last twenty-five years, in the state of buildings, roads, and public carriages. Two diligences which we met between Bensheim and Darmstadt were very superior to those of France, and, though heavier in construction, nearly as well appointed as an English stage-coach. The stage-waggon establishment too is, with regard to vehicles, horses, harness, and drivers, as good as any I ever saw in my own country.—Their mode of packing the loads with straw is curiously neat.

At the village of Neu Isenburg we passed into a small but free and independent territory. An ancient watch-tower, called La tour de Wartthurm, forms the vista to a long avenue, the stately trees and well-kept causeway of

which prepared us for the view of a great city, and we were not disappointed in our expectations. At eight o'clock in the evening we entered the fauxbourg of Sachsenhausen, and after crossing the bridge over the Maine, found ourselves in the long-drawn streets, amidst the lofty houses, and amongst the dense and stirring population of Frankfort. As we pursued a devious course to the inn of the Weiden-busche (Willow Bush), the Moon cast her quivering beams on the broad surface of the river, covered with vessels and boats, and revealed a strong commercial feature of the place; whilst Gothic tower, and pinnacled gable-end, and carved balcony, appeared in the pale mysterious light, additionally ancient, venerable, quaint, and grotesque—still more unlike things of this present age. But the same mild ray also shone upon edifices of modern date, and through wide openings that so essentially perform the functions (to use the late Mr. Windham's emphatic expression) of "Lungs to a Metropolis."

It was under these "skiey influences" that I imbibed my first impression of Frankfort on the Maine. And within fifteen minutes after my arrival, by one of those sudden decisions which seldom fail to take place when curiosity applies the spur and inclination gives the rein, I was seated in the pit of the Opera-house, listening to the music of Der Freischütz, and to the language of the country of WEBER. The piece owed but little, comparatively speaking, to scenery or machinery. Stage effect appeared to be a secondary consideration. The orchestral and the vocal departments were filled in a stile of superior ability and of varied power, indispensable to the taste of a people by whom the science of harmony is so generally cultivated, and so well understood. The

chorusses were admirably performed, particularly that to the hunting song. The house, which was crowded, was the gloomiest I ever entered; not having before seen a German theatre, of which my friend informed me, that this was a tolerably fair sample. Among other peculiarities is a clock, which by means of a transparent dial, shews the hour from the top of the proscenium. And when the hand pointed to ten, the performances concluded and the curtain dropped.

Returning across the way to the public room of our inn, we found it filled with company from the opera,

"And lo! *twelve dishes* smok'd upon the board,"

to which ladies as well as gentlemen did the amplest justice. Talk of English folks consuming so much animal food—commend me to the handsome reception which hot suppers meet with at a German table-d'hote, for proof positive of the good appetites and strong digestive functions habitually displayed and exercised there by guests of both sexes.

23d.—The Church of St. Bartholomew owes the interest which it imparts to the mind of a stranger almost exclusively to the venerable character of its exterior associating itself with the history of the Carlovingian race of Frankish Kings, and to the circumstance of the Imperial Germanic coronations having until the period of the French Revolution been solemnized within its walls. This cathedral, founded it is said by Pepin le Bref, in 756, and embellished by his grandson Charlemagne, in 874, is still appropriated to the Catholic service. Its tower is of as late a date as the fourteenth century: the lantern with which it is surmounted was evidently intended

to have been carried higher: it has an unfinished appearance. The inside of the church, especially the choir, is in a very dirty and slovenly state.—Albert Durer's picture of the Virgin and Dead Christ enriches the high altar of the Lady Chapel; and a Crucifixion, by the same famous painter, is conspicuously placed in the nave. Some martyrdoms of the Patron Saint give you the horrors as you walk along the aisles. There is in one of the transepts a curious piece of very ancient sculpture. It represents the Death of the Virgin, whose couch is surrounded by the twelve Apostles: two figures of Angels on each side hang over the Holy Personage, as in the act of closing her eyes. In the design and execution of this high-relief much talent and skill are displayed, combined with evidences of chastened conception and good sense such as are seldom to be found in the more modern decorations of a Romish place of worship.—The tomb of Holzhauren, the first Burgomaster of the city, inscribed with the date M.CCC; and the monument of the Naturalist Gunther were the only two that appeared particularly entitled to notice.

The streets in the neighbourhood of St. Bartholomew are narrow as well as crooked, and the houses very old. Among them we were shewn the Saalhof, said to have been a seat of royalty in the eighth century; but no architectural remains of any thing like so early an epoch are apparent in the present building, which is the property and residence of a merchant.—The Römer or Town-hall is in the heaviest stile of Gothic architecture. But both that and the Braunfelshof (or Exchange) were clogged not only with the edifices which at all times too closely surround it, but also with temporary booths and shops erected in

consequence of the approaching fair; the necessary preparations for which were assigned as an excuse for our non-admission into the interior of the Hotel de Ville. We consequently did not see the *Bulla Aurea*, "the original Golden Bull" of Charles IV; nor the portraits of German Emperors painted in fresco.

The palace of Tour and Taxis exhibits a stile nearly contemporaneous with the Cathedral itself.—The church of St. Nicholas, in the place of the Hotel de Ville, (used by the Lutherans) is of great antiquity.—The new Lutheran Church, built of red-stone, would have been a magnificent structure, had the design been carried only to the point of mere exterior completion.

The edifice erected on the noble quay of the Maine, since the restoration of the city to its independence, offers a façade every way worthy of the advantageous site which was chosen for it, and which for the prospect it commands, equally deserves its appellation of *schönes aussicht* or Belle-Vue. On the entablature of its Corinthian portico is the following appropriate inscription:—STUDIIS LIBERTATI REDDITA CIVITAS. This building, begun in 1823, and now nearly finished, is, in its interior arrangements, well adapted to its three-fold purpose of a Repository for the works of Literature, for the illustrations of Natural Philosophy, and for the productions of the Fine Arts. The vestibule is lofty, spacious, and elegant. A handsome staircase (of marble if I rightly remember) leads to the principal rooms, into which the valuable collection of printed books and MSS. hitherto kept in the Town-house had just been removed, and the Librarians were busily employed in placing them on the shelves. One of the Gentlemen, however, was obliging enough to

leave his occupation for a few minutes, to shew me that celebrated rarity, the first edition of the Latin Bible, printed, *in civitate Moguntina per Johannem Fust et Petrum Schoiffher de Gernsheym*, 1462—A copy on parchment, in excellent condition, of uncurtailed proportions, and, though so early a production of typography, a perfect mirror for pressmen, so sharp is the impression, and so even the colour.

The Cabinet of Natural History is rich in Ornithology: it also contains a splendid collection of butterflies *et id genus omne*; besides a numerous classification of other insects; and among the marine subjects some rare and singular specimens of the lobster and crab kind. The portraits of M M. Rupel and Huer are placed in this cabinet. Those enterprising young naturalists were then on their travels to procure fresh acquisitions of value to the collection.

The Picture Room, in the Hotel of the Court of England, contains several excellent works of the Old Masters, and also some highly creditable productions of the modern German pencil.—Among the former, are Rembrandt's Saul listening to the harp of David; Card Players by Teniers; Rubens' First Wife, and other speaking proofs of Frank Hals' extraordinary talent as a portrait painter; displaying a free, bold, lively, and expressive pencilling; and a clear tone of faithfully natural colouring. There is the picture of a Horse and Man, by Jan Steen, full of vigour and animation; a Storm at Sea, by Aldret van Everdingen, a fine representation of violently agitated water, and of atmospheric phenomena. A delightful landscape of Elsheimer's—the exquisitely neat, the sweetly natural, the tasteful, spirited, and altogether admirable Elsheimer. A Landscape with cattle

feeding, by Paul Potter; a lovely, spirited production after Nature. Several church interiors, by (Old) Peter Neefs, models of perspective truth and of finished execution; on one I looked not a moment without recognising in its striking exactitude of resemblance the general character and ornamental details of Antwerp Cathedral. A boldly designed and strongly coloured picture of Lot and his Daughters, by Gerard Honthorst. A superb composition of Claude Lorraine's, which has a high tower and rocky shore in the fore-ground, ships at anchor in the second distance, and a grand effect of sun-set on the sea. Magdalen and other figures, are a choice testimony of Polidoro da Caravaggio's genius, judgment, and skill in drawing, grouping, and colouring. A small sized but very striking portrait of "Doctor Martin Luther," and some other fine heads by Holbein; Boys and Grapes form a subject for the imitative accuracy, the expressive force, and fidelity of local colouring, which distinguish the compositions of the Spaniard Velasquez. There are some choice samples of the early German school, among which is a finely conceived and highly finished Ascension of Albert Durer's, with an Assumption of the Virgin, not less admirable, by the same great master; also of the early Venetian school, in the Entombing of Christ, by Giovanni Bellini, who lived between 1422 and 1512; it is a painting of uncommon merit for that century of art. Belonging to a later era of the same school, a noble production offers itself in the subject of Christ and St. Thomas, by the brilliant yet harmonious pencil of the correct and judicious Luca Giordano. Among the works of living artists, Henry Rieter's Cascade of the Giesbach, bearing the date of 1817, is beautifully finished and most satisfactorily correct.—This Gallery of

Pictures and the Cabinet of Natural History will soon be deposited in the new public building on the Quay of the Maine.

The appearance of Frankfort is extremely prepossessing. Its finest street is the one called Zeil; and the mansions of the opulent merchants, which line that spacious avenue and other principal streets and squares have the air rather of palaces than of private houses. There is this pleasing singularity about the place, that though since the period of 1809 it has ceased to be a fortified town, it has no long-drawn and dirty suburbs to be passed through before you reach the country. "The double wall," which, in Burnet's time went round the city, having been demolished and "the double ditch" filled up, more than two hundred and fifty of the best houses have been built on the site, with their fronts on one side towards the street, and on the other looking into a series of private gardens which encompass the town. Beyond this inner circle, which nature and art have done their best to beautify, is another broad belt running also round the place. It is laid out in the landscape stile of gardening, resembling the grounds of an English country gentleman's residence. This serves for the public promenade; and one arranged with greater taste and elegance, or in a manner more conducive to the health and convenience of a large population, it has not fallen to my lot to see. Here and there an ancient gateway, such for instance as that called La Porte D'Eschenheim, has very properly been suffered to stand; and these few remains of civic defences, lifting their battlemented turrets above the young yet luxuriant foliage of the shrub-planted walks, greatly enhance the picturesque appearance of the scene. The eye roves delighted

over the environs, whose richness and fertility amply compensate for their flatness in some parts; whilst in another direction the mountains of the Feldberg and Altkönig, branches of the Taunus chain, rise to the height of two thousand feet above the level of the river, and give commanding boldness to the prospect.

One of the most beautiful gardens to be seen in the whole promenade of these agreeably metamorphosed *Boulevards* (to use a Parisian term) is that belonging to M. Bethman, the rich banker, who has built in the midst of it a cassino of classic form, which besides a good collection of casts from the antique contains the Ariadne of Dannecker. In this *chef d'œuvre* of the Würtemberg sculptor, the fair daughter of Minos is represented, naked as the Naxian shore on which the mean and ungrateful Theseus abandoned her. But does she wear the same disconsolate aspect, with hair dishevelled and tearful eyes, as at that moment of cruel desertion?

> "Ah, no! not she, her fleeting love,
> "From mortal turn'd divine,

displays itself in all the gaiety and joy inspired by confidence in "a truer husband." She sits in a reclining posture on the back of a tiger or leopard*—the left leg drawn up under the right—the right hand extended along the left foot—the left arm resting negligently on the

* The Rev. Mr. Dibdin, in describing the plaster cast of this famous work, as he saw it in the sculptor's study at Stuttgart, calls the animal "a passant Leopard;"—"Dannecker (he adds) told me that the most difficult parts of the group, as to detail, were the interior of the leopard's feet, and the foot and retired drapery of the female figure. It was executed for the sum of about one thousand pounds sterling."

head of the grim animal, that seems sportively proud of its lovely burthen. "Beauty and the Beast" are each of the size of life. Ariadne's left hand holds drapery, which floats from her light as air. The attitude, complicated as it may descriptively appear, is wholly free from constraint—it seems perfectly natural and easy in the statue itself, on which the art of concealing the labour of art has been admirably exercised. The head has an air of enthusiastic elevation; and the beautiful countenance beams with the hilarity which may be imagined to have illumed the features of the Cretan Nymph, when the young God of Wine conveyed her in nuptial triumph to his sunny hills,

"And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus play'd."

It is of the first order of fine female forms, and altogether a splendid and delightful work. The plinth of the group is placed on a pivot, upon which the exhibitor moves it round to shew so finished a piece of sculpture in all directions: and it would be quite as well if the luxury of commercial connoisseurship "had this extent—no more;" but by means of a change in the window-sashes of the apartment the light of day is made to fall on the charming figure through the medium of stained glass, which gives to dull cold marble a voluptuous hue "beyond e'en Nature warm!"

In the course of our walk round the town, coming opposite the gate of Friedberg, which forms the western entrance, we saw the monument erected by Frederick, the present King of Prussia, to the memory of the Prince of Hesse Philipsthal, and three hundred of his companions

in arms, who bravely but unavailingly fell in an engagement with the French at Bockenheim, about two leagues from Frankfort, during the remarkable campaign of 1792, when that city was delivered up to General Custine. With a mass of artificial rock for its base, a stone pedestal, charged with explanatory inscriptions, supports a simple but appropriate group of military emblems, the most conspicuous of which are a helmet and a lion's skin, made out of the cannon taken from the French at Mentz.

The cemetery of the city occupies a very extensive piece of ground: part of it seems to have belonged to some religious house, the monuments being many of them very ancient. If it has none of the picturesque attractions, it is happily without any of the *sentimentality* of that of *Père la Chaise* at Paris.

The view from the bridge over the Maine, is remarkably fine. The river covered with vessels of all sizes from 150 tons burden downwards to fishing boats; the stately city on one side; and the suburb of Sachsenhausen, in which the ancient palace of the Teutonic order is still conspicuous, on the other bank; the country covered with corn fields and vineyards and enlivened by handsome pleasure houses; are prominent and pleasing features of Frankfort and its environs. You see improvements going on every where, and are not less struck with the number of new buildings in the principal streets, than with the bustle and traffic in them all.—The population is estimated at 50,000, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics, and about 7000 Jews. Persons of the last named religion used formerly to be huddled up within the walls of what is called the *Juden Strass.* That quarter, having been partly burnt down by the French in 1796, has been con-

siderably enlarged, and the degrading distinction properly done away. It was not indeed to be supposed that in a city where a Rothschild bears the title of Baron, and where the Aristocracy of Wealth is all-powerful, the condition of the Jewish inhabitants would be otherwise than ameliorated and flourishing.

The garrison on the peace establishment consists of six hundred regulars; there are also eight battalions of the burgher guard, which form part of the armed federal force of Germany. I saw a division of this militia with their artillery reviewed by the magistrates. They are mostly very fine young men, handsomely clothed, well armed and equipped, and in a good state of discipline. The rifle companies are the *élite* of the whole; the private men of that corps had a gentlemanly appearance, and they are officered by the leading merchants of the place.

The table d'hôte of the Weidenbusch is in a very large and lofty saloon, decorated with well executed designs, emblematically allusive to commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. Thirteen elegant lustres are suspended from the ceiling of the apartment. We sat down with a party of sixty ladies and gentlemen. The dinner was excellent, yet moderately charged. People were flocking in for the Fair, at which time the master of this inn (a very civil man) sets tables every day in his great room for 250 persons; and the seats seldom fail of being all occupied.

This place is celebrated for good coach-making. We were shewn a handsome four-wheeled vehicle, of the calèche form, just launched for travelling: the price, 35*l.* sterling; such an one as would cost 70*l.* in England.

Frankfort is unquestionably a fine city, and wears a great appearance of business and activity in the streets. But the German stile does not prevail in its general architecture, in the degree which marks the buildings of Heilbronn and Heidelberg. Being a sort of rendezvous for the rich merchants of every nation under the sun, it consequently partakes a little of each, and has lost much of its originality. Some of the central parts are old enough to interest the antiquary; but most of the principal houses seem fresh built within the last thirty years, and exhibit a melange of French and Italian magnificence, German solidity, and English comfort.

CHAPTER XXVI

*Höchst—Hockheim—*MENTZ*—Bridge of Boats—The Cathedral—Church of St. Ignatius—The Palace—Picture Gallery—Roman Monuments—Invention of Printing; Guttenberg, Fust, and Schöffer—The Quay—Rhine Boats, Floating Water Mills, Baths—River Scenery—German Table-d'hôte.*

AT early dawn we were on our way to Mentz, as the English call it, Mainz as the Germans have it, Mayence as the French term it. It was market morning; and the shoeless female peasantry, their heads loaded with huge baskets of vegetables and other provisions, were approaching the gates of Frankfort as we drove out of them. As on the eastern so on the western side, an ancient watch-tower marks the territorial boundary of the Free City; and passing it we entered the Duchy of Nassau. On our left hand flowed the troubled waters of the Maine, a long line of forest bounding the view beyond it: on our right, extending in crescent-form, towards the front of a perfectly level road, rose the bold mountain-chain of Taunus.

About seven miles from Frankfort is Höchst, agreeably conspicuous on its elevated site near the banks of the Nidda. With the exception of a very large palace or *caserne*, the whole of this little town has been rebuilt within the last twenty-five years. The next stage is Haddersheim; and even in that insignificant village, standing as it does on the highway to a temple of Commerce, the hand of improvement has been busy in the erection of

edifices surrounded with cast-iron pallisades, and in such-like beautifyings of property restored once more to long-lost security and value: it is thus that, according to the old *rondo*, "War begets Poverty; Poverty, Peace; and Peace makes Riches flow."

Our course continued across an immense plain, where the greatest armies could carry on—indeed where time out of mind they *have* carried on—their operations, without being in the least degree incommoded by the want of room; and where the tactics of modern warfare give to the General who is strongest in cavalry and artillery a decided advantage over an opponent fully equal to him in all other respects.

The soil is so light, that even the one-horse plough comes into use; yet is it kindly both to corn and to fruit trees, as the strong-stubbles of the former, and the branches of the latter, "bending with blushing treasures," sufficiently prove. The farm-houses and other buildings connected with rural economy remind one not a little of England. Oxen and horses seem equally employed in agriculture. Towns and villages are numerous, but almost lost in so wide an expanse. The harvest appeared to have been entirely got in: a few people were employed in cutting the heads of poppies and conveying them away in sacks. Nothing remained on the ground but potatoes, grown in small strips; and the plough was every where else at its philanthropic work again.

At the neat and pretty village of Hochheim, from a small vine-covered eminence, about six miles short of Mentz, our view was surprisingly, I had almost said, sublimely extensive. Around us lay a prodigious level of open-field lands with scarcely a tree, except on the

sides of roads. Far to the westward we beheld the beautiful range of high country which became subject to France in 1797, but was restored to Germany in 1814: on our right at some distance appeared the most elevated parts of Mount Taunus; and turning a backward look we descried the city of Darmstadt (a white line at the further extremity of the vast plain), and in the further distance the Bergstrasse, along the foot of which our preceding journey had carried us. A day or two's progress in these parts brings you through various States, which your map however good will hardly point out. From the Duchy of Baden we had crossed into that of Darmstadt, which we left after completing the course of a few leagues, and entered the territory of Frankfort; thence we crossed Nassau, and again entered the territory of Darmstadt to which Mentz belongs. We now found ourselves again amidst orchards and vineyards; whilst the symbols of Catholicity met our eyes at every turn. From Hochheim,* where we did not fail to stop and taste its celebrated wine, the approach to Mentz is extremely impressive. We saw the Maine pouring its tributary waves into the broad and magnificent channel of the Rhine; on the opposite shore of which shone the stately domes and ruined towers of the princely city; and the equally conspicuous barracks and formidable ramparts of its citadel.

* "It is (says Reichard) from this place that the English have given to the wine of the Rhine the name of *Hock*."—Schreiber observes "that the best wines are made from the produce of a sheltered hill, and in the space of eight acres. Every acre contains 4100 plants, each valued at a ducat. In a good season this hill gives 12 large butts of wine, one of which is frequently sold for 1500 florins or more."

Having entered the small fortified town of Cassel, we soon found ourselves on the right bank of the Rhine, immediately facing Mentz. The architectural *coup d'œil* at this point is particularly striking: so many commanding edifices are seldom to be seen within, comparatively speaking, so small a compass. A bridge of fifty-six pontoons is at this point thrown across the river, which is seven hundred and fifty paces broad, and exceedingly rapid. These large flat-bottomed boats are moored together with strong chains, forming the segment of a circle, with the convex side opposed to the stream. To these the planks which compose the platform of the bridge are fastened. Besides this simple contrivance, which on the principle of the arch in masonry resists the pressure directed against it, there is another part of its construction which contributes to render the bridge secure against the force of the waters. Let the torrent swell as high or rush along as violently as it will, the chains that fasten the boats can be loosened at pleasure, and the whole fabric will rise with the rising tide, and float safely upon its surface. Just as we were on the point of crossing over, a large vessel required to pass; and we deemed it no unpleasant delay to watch the process. The keeper of the bridge descended into one of the pontoons which was fitted up with a powerful windlass: he slackened the mooring chain, and away floated the boat some few yards down the current, carrying upon it its portion of the flooring of the bridge. The vessel passed through the gap: the windlass was again set to work; and the bridge was a bridge again in less than seven minutes. The smaller craft pass by simply lowering their masts.

24th.—Mentz is a fine old city,* strongly fortified on the western and southern sides, but the walls on the eastern face by the river seem decayed and feeble. In our walk we passed gateway, drawbridge, and fosse, to the outside of the ramparts, appropriated to public promenades and private gardens. The streets are for the most part narrow and dark; but the houses have an appearance of solidity and comfort about them. There are a few good streets and some handsome squares and markets.—The *Thiermarkt*, or Green-place, is well planted with limes and surrounded with good looking edifices. The *Grosse Bleiche* is a handsome thoroughfare. Of the buildings in these German cities the best idea is to be gained from the old prints, which every body has seen without perhaps paying much attention to them. Many of the larger and more respectable houses, as well as the churches, are built of a red stone brought from quarries in the neighbourhood, but which, as Dr. Burnet says, "doth not look beautiful." The place contains several objects of interest to the lover of Gothic lore; it is remarkably rich in Roman remains; and on the whole can hardly fail to suit the taste of a person who happens to have anything decidedly F. S. A.ical in his composition.

The Cathedral is one of those edifices the exterior appearance of which does not improve upon a nearer approach. Distance tends to soften the flaring pink hue of its stone, and to attenuate the disfigurements with which time and war have united to blemish it; whilst a closer view of its cupola only shews more clearly the ponderosity of genius that marks its design; and in seeking to enter

* The population is estimated at between 25,000 to 26,000 souls, besides a garrison of 6000 men.

the sacred walls one is disappointed by the prevalence of dilapidation, and disgusted with the nuisances of secular encroachment. The structure itself is on a grand and lofty scale. Reputedly a work of the twelfth century, it exhibits the round arch as well as the pointed stile. The portal of the north transept offers some specimens of very good carving. This cathedral contains the greatest number of monuments, both ancient and modern, that I remember to have seen in any church on the Continent. The choir, which has the peculiarity of being placed towards the west end, and which the revolutionary French troops used as a kitchen, contains some fine sepulchral statues of the early dignitaries of the See: among the rest the tomb of Winifred or St. Boniface,* the first Archbishop, and a contemporary of Charlemagne. The tablet to the memory of Fastrada,† third wife of that Emperor, merely tells you that her remains were not in the first instance deposited in this church, but were brought hither when their original place of burial fell a prey to flames. Among the monuments of a later age is that of John George Count of Schönborn, Bishop of Worms, on which is a colossal figure of Time admirably executed.—In the cenotaph erected to Field Marshal the Prince de Lamberg, who defended the city

* Boniface was an Englishman, and in a letter which he wrote to Cuthbert Archbishop of Canterbury, A. D. 745, exhorts him—"to prevent such great numbers of English nuns from going on pilgrimages to Rome; because (says he) so many of them lose their virtue before they return, that there is hardly a city or town in Lombardy, France, or Gaul, in which there are not some English women who live by prostitution to the great reproach of your Church." *Henry's Hist. Great Brit. vol.* 4, 8*vo edt. p.* 303.

† "Fastrade etait fille de Rodolphe, comte de Franconie; elle fut mariée à Worms l'an 783, et mourut à Francfort l'an 794."—*Lenoir.*

against the forces of Louis XIV. the most ludicrous effect is produced by the figure of this General lifting up the lid of his own coffin, and exhibiting himself in the full flowing wig and warrior-garb of that day.—The effigy of Bishop Albert of Brandenbourg, dated 1545, is worthy of notice.—The mausoleum of a branch of the Nassau family is splendidly sculptured in alabaster, the beauty of which some *ignoramus* has partly obscured with a coating of white paint. A crucifixion which forms the central embellishment is of distinguished merit, both for conception and workmanship. This Prince of Nassau having abjured Popery, the armorial bearings are reversed!—The cathedral suffered severely during the siege by the French in 1792: the towers and windows of the east end remain in a ruined state; but within the last two years that part of the roof which was destroyed by the shells has been repaired, and the work of interior restoration is also going on.

The mouldering cloister contains the tomb of Henricus Frauenlob, one of the most celebrated of the German Minnesänger. A resident citizen of Mentz during its Augustan age, the thirteenth century, this Bard *à bonne fortune* wrote some verses in praise of women: and his death was so taken to heart by the *bas-bleus* of those days, that they insisted upon bearing his remains to the grave. Accordingly we find this act of female gratitude and sympathy represented on the monument. His effigy has been sculptured in low relief, of which however the laureated head alone remains. But on another stone, beneath that which retains the unwedded poet's almost obliterated image, is his coffin borne by eight dames of Mentz, whom the verger makes you count in due form. This,

the most curious remnant within the cathedral precincts, bears the early date of 1318. Near the cloister are some very ancient sculptures representing our Saviour's Crucifixion, Burial, and Ascension; ably designed and executed.

The west front of St. Ignatius is an extremely fine ordonnace of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, with some excellent statuary work in the intercolumniations. In spite of the dull red stone of which it is built, the injury sustained from the bombs, and the narrow street in which it stands, this church arrests the stranger's attention, though seemingly unindebted to the care of the inhabitants. The interior deserves to be kept in a more cleanly condition, for it is of particularly elegant architecture, decorated with rich marble pillars, and a fine organ. The ceiling was painted in 1774 by Enders, with subjects relating to the Life and Martyrdom of the Primitive Christian Bishop, to whom the temple is dedicated: in the central compartment Saint Ignatius is represented in the arena of the amphitheatre at Antioch, torn to pieces by lions.

The Palace, now used as an Arsenal and Custom-house, at the north-west extremity of the place, is a very interesting relic of the ancient grandeur of Mentz. It is of quadrangular form, but unfinished. The front facing the Rhine consists of three stories, of excellent masonry, embellished with columns and pilasters of the three Grecian Orders, and with arabesques similar to those of the Salle-des-Chevaliers at Heidelberg castle, with which it appears to be contemporaneous.—An English Artist, with the tact and discrimination for which our topographical draughtsmen are pre-eminently distinguished, had selected

this façade and the one at right angles with it, and was completing an excellent outline of the subject in black lead at the moment we approached the spot. It is by far the best of the few good pieces of civil architecture in Mentz.

The Kaiser (Emperor) Inn on the Heumarkt (Haymarket) is another fine building. Of inferior dimensions and less picturesque in its ornamental details than the structure which has just been mentioned, it exhibits the utmost regularity of plan, and, with its sculptured effigy of an Imperial Sovereign, it would not be unworthy of appropriation as an Hotel de Ville. The ceilings of the interior portal, and of the principal apartments, are executed in the same elaborate stile of embossed decoration. Altogether, though not on so large a scale, it is much handsomer and more consequential than the Town-house at Frankfort. The edifice was built a hundred and sixty years ago, by a Noble Saxon Family named Roco, who becoming Protestants were compelled to quit Mentz; and they retired into Saxony, where their descendants still reside.

On being conducted to the building, which contains the several Public Collections of curiosities, I learnt to my great regret that the Library was shut, and M. Lehne out of town. I had reckoned on the complaisance for which the worthy Professor is famed, being extended to the the earnest solicitation even of a stranger like myself, not only for permission to see some of the valuable works printed in this celebrated city during the infancy of the art, but what would not less highly have interested me, a collection of Roman vases, the fruit of the Learned Librarian's zeal as an antiquary, and his own property.

In this building, what is *called* a Gallery consists of

a suite of paltry ill-lighted rooms and narrow passages, on and against the walls of which are placed the pictures presented by Buonaparte to the city: a small but superior collection, worthy of a better place of exhibition. There is Guercino's St. Francis, and Domenichino's St. Apollonia. The latter is admirably composed and painted. The face of the martyr'd virgin, elevated towards heaven, is finely characteristic of meekness, fortitude, and resignation: the artist has thrown a strong yellow light upon the lovely countenance, which it illumines so vividly that you would momentarily suppose the sun's evening rays to have fallen on the picture. This is an exquisite production of that pencil which for simplicity of design, for graceful truth of expression, and for harmonious tone of colouring justly ranks in the first line of even Italian excellence. I shall never forget Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," which in Napoleon's time formed part of the Louvre Gallery. A Carmelite kneeling before the Virgin Mary, who is giving him her benediction: and the Assumption of the Virgin, are both by Annibal Caracci. A Christ bearing the Cross, by Rubens' master, Otho Venius. Christ before the Doctors by J. Jordaens, which might readily be mistaken for a Papal Synod; the faces are all probably portraits, but caricatured. It is a production of uncommon force. Besides these, there are the Virgin and Child, by Lorenzo di Credi; St. Joseph and Infant Jesus, by Bertholet Flameel; St. Bruno at his devotions, with a landscape of the Grande Chartreuse as the background, by P. De Champagne; Rubens' Menagerie, in which picture are introduced the portraits of his second wife and his daughter: the animals of the menagerie are painted by Snyders. From these specimens of

more modern and accomplished schools, we are carried back to the earliest dawnings of the art, in a host of sacred subjects, betraying flagrant errors in perspective, but as rich as colours and gilding can make them. There is a descent from the Cross, a small picture by Holbein, and a great curiosity. Joseph of Arimathea, who is supporting the body, is habited in a very gorgeous but singular costume, with a pair of boots undoubtedly Dutch. The head-dress and garments of the women are mostly drawn from the same local models. In alluding to the Adam and Eve of Albert Dürer, (figures nearly size of life, naked and not ashamed)—restored and retouched by M. Muller, of Darmstadt, director of this part of the Museum, I must say, that such a picture with such words as these upon it—*Albertus Durer, Almang, faciebat post Virginis partum* 1507, would have afforded me infinitely greater satisfaction to have seen left *un*restored and *un*touched by any modern pencil whatsoever.

In the next apartment are deposited the Roman and other ancient monuments found in the environs of Mentz: so numerous or so interesting a collection of the kind I had not seen in the course of my tour.—We are told that Marcus Agrippa, one of the generals of Augustus, established a camp at this spot to oppose the Germans who designed to cross the river from the country about Wiesbaden (Fontes Mattiaci). Nero Claudius Drusus, surnamed Germanicus, brother to the Emperor Tiberius, in place of the camp, constructed the fort which he called Magontiacum: and of which there are still some remains. —It is also recorded that in the year 70 of the Christian æra, one of the legions which under the Emperor Titus had been present at the destruction of Jerusalem came to

do garrison duty at this station. Corresponding to these facts, we here find altars, urns, and legionary stones, votive and sepulchral tablets; some charged with inscriptions, others covered with very tolerably executed bas reliefs, and a third class are both inscribed and sculptured. One of the last mentioned kind, which shews by the characters engraved on it, that the Claudian or Drusus's wing of Bavarian Horse (Equitum Ala Noricorum Claudiana) was cantoned near the fort Magontiacum, represents a Roman General, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and riding over a fallen enemy, whom he is piercing with a lance; a foot soldier, armed with a spear, attends his commander, who wears a short sword on his right side. Underneath the relievo is the following sepulchral inscription:—CROMANIVS. EQ. AL. NORIC. CLAVD. CAPITO. CELEIA. AN. XL. STP. XIX. H: S: E. H. EX. T. F. C. There are upwards of sixty of these military memorials, among which I remarked those of Cohors I. Asturum*—Cohors I. Ituræorum†—Cohors I. Lucensium Hispaniorum‡—Legio I. Adjutrix—Legio II. Augusta—Legio XII. Primigenia. Pia. Fidelis—Legio XIIII. Gemina Martia Victrix *et Castri Magontiaci Fundatrix*—Legio XIII. Gemina Augusta.—The inscriptions on these are all in perfect preservation. One of the votive tablets is in memory of a Prince of Palmyra, who died at Mentz. His effigy is equestrian and in Syrian costume, with bow and quiver of arrows. The stone of the Sixth Thracian Cohort bears a relievo group of soldiers. This was found in the village of Salsbach (the same where Turenne received his death-wound), about half a league from Mentz.

* From Oviedo, in Spain. † From Palestine. ‡ From Alicant, in Spain.

There is a stone sarcophagus used for the body of some personage of consular dignity: and also two large amphoræ (or wine jars), as perfect as when first delivered out of the potter's hands. They are about three feet long, with small ears, narrow neck, more or less tapering bodies, and sharp pointed toes, to stick into the ground.

Mentz became a victim to the struggles between the Germans and the Romans, and in the end was entirely destroyed by the Alemans. It remained buried in its ruins till the time of Charlemagne, who among other things which he did for its restoration, constructed a bridge of wood 500 paces in length, across the Rhine, resting on pillars of stone which are still visible. Mr. Whittington, in his "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France," (p. 36), states that "when this great work was destroyed by fire, Charlemagne determined to rebuild it with stone, but was prevented by his death."—It appears by a beautiful model preserved here of one arch of a bridge, that Buonaparte intended to have realised the project formed ten centuries before, by his favourite Imperial Exemplar. This bridge was to have had fourteen arches; the opening of each arch was to have been 125 mètres* wide, by 36 mètres high; the foundations, which were to have been constructed of granite, would have been (under water) 85 mètres broad by 22 mètres in height. The ordinary depth of the river is 16 mètres. I must not omit to mention another particular relative to the projected work, highly characteristic of the peculiar genius which contemplated its execution: it was, as the model shews, to have had a secret gallery under water for the passage of troops. Had

* The *Mètre* is equal to 3 feet, 0 inches, 11,096 lines, of the old French measure.

the work been accomplished, it would have been the noblest bridge in the world.—In this museum, besides some monuments of the Merovingian Kings, they preserve several capitals of Corinthian columns; evidently from their finished workmanship the spoil of classic Italy: they are stated to have been taken from the ruins of Charlemagne's magnificent palace at Ingelheim, near this place: a village which even claims the honour of his birth (about the year 742).

Of a collection so rich in works of the pictorial and typographic art, and containing such treasures of antiquity, Mentz may well be proud: why then is she not enabled to exhibit it to more becoming advantage?—The Grand Duke of Hesse, if it so pleases His Serene Highness, has a perfect right to amuse himself in keeping the time for his own operatic orchestra; but he would do well to recollect that this city was never intended in the nature of things to play *second fiddle* to Darmstadt.—Mentz, before the Revolution the residence of an Electoral Prince, was during Buonaparte's reign the capital of the *ci-devant* department of Mont Tonnerre; and had then as much commerce as any town in the French empire, being the general emporium for the merchandize of the Rhine from Strasburg to Amsterdam. Even now there is a good deal of mercantile bustle on its quay, against which vessels of 100 to 200 tons burden can conveniently moor.—It is indeed a place of too much importance both in size, wealth, and population, to belong to so petty a State as that of its present Sovereign; and the inhabitants bitterly lament the decrees that severed them from France, through its connection with which the town was rapidly becoming one of great wealth and consideration. The pro-

verb that "one man's meat is another man's poison," extended in its application from individuals to nations, is verified in the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, as they affect the respective inhabitants of the left and of the right bank of the Rhine. Frankfort for example we see flourishing, and Mentz decaying, since the period of 1814.

It was in the 13th century that the power and splendour of Mentz attained their highest elevation in commerce, arts, and arms. In the 15th century it acquired fresh renown by the invention of Printing, the honour of which Strasburg and Haarlem in vain dispute with it.* John Gensfleisch, afterwards called Guttenberg, made at Strasburg his first attempt with moveable letters cut in wood; but he did not succeed till he came to Mentz, where he resumed his efforts in 1445; and a few years afterwards, entering into partnership with an opulent citizen named John Fust, invented cut metal characters. Subsequently to the period last mentioned the city lost all its riches and consequence, in the series of hostilities that ensued between Didier of Isenburg and Adolphus Count of Nassau, who took it in 1462; the year in which Fust and his son in law, Schöeffer of Gernsheim, who perfected the art of founding metal types, completed the work of their famous Latin Bible. The printers were among the num-

* Mr. T. C. HANSARD, the last English writer on this contested point, in his elaborate and instructive work entitled *Typographia*, says (p. 59) "From the best attention, that I have been able to bestow in canvassing authors and compilers, who have concentrated all the important arguments and opinions heretofore adduced to advocate the respective sides of this controversy, I think the conclusion may be satisfactorily drawn: that to GUTTENBERG is due the high appellation of *Father of Printing*: to SCHOEFFER that of *Father of Letter Founding*: and to FUST that of *The Generous Patron*, by whose means the wondrous discovery, "The Nurse and Preserver of the Arts and Sciences," was brought so rapidly to perfection."

ber of those who materially suffered in their property by the event of the war: their workmen emigrated, and the typographic art was thus spread throughout Europe.

The house called *Zum Guttenberg*, where Gensfleisch lived, and whence he took the surname of Guttenberg, has been pulled down, and the Schröder Caffé now stands on its foundations. No inscription of contemporary date has been preserved on the spot: not even the Latin one put up to his honour by Ivo of Witigen in 1507, quoted by Luckombe. All that remained therefore for me to do, in satisfaction of the interest with which I visited the site of Guttenberg's dwelling, was to copy the terms of a recently executed but not very happily expressed tribute of remembrance, placed on the wall of the present building. It is as follows:—

Dem Erfinder der Buch-drucker Kunst,
Der Wohlthaeter der Menschheit,
Johann Gensfleisch,
Zum Guttenberg,
Weihet dieser Denkstein
Auf der Stelle seines Hauses,
Das ihn der unsterbliche Namen gab,
Die darin Vereinte Gesellschaft
Seiner dankbaren Mittbürger
Am IV October MDCCCXXIV.

To the Inventor of the Art of Printing,
The Benefactor of Mankind,
John Gensfleisch
Of the Guttenberg,
This stone of Memorial,
On the site of his House,
Which has given him an immortal name,
Is dedicated by the Society
Of his grateful Fellow-citizens therein uniting
On the 4th October, 1824.

Fust and Schöffer's Printing-office still exists. The entrance to it is through the court of the Three Kings' Hotel. A Gothic flattened-arch door way is the only exterior remnant of its antiquity: over this portal are the arms of Fust, together with the subjoined testimony of Moguntian respect and gratitude, with which, it seems, had our visit taken place only a little month earlier, we should not have seen it illustrated:—

Hof zum Humbrecht Druckhaus des Johannes Fust und Peter Schöffer von Gernsheim, worin im jahr 1457, Das Erste Vollkommene Druckwerk Erschien, Nachher Druckhaus des Johann und Ivo Schöffer bis 1553.

Joseph Diefenbach weihet diesen Denkstein den Vollendern und Verbreitern der Buch-drucker Kunst, A. M. 14 Aug. 1825.

The Court of the Humbrecht Printing-house of John Fust, and Peter Schöffer of Gernsheim, whence, in the year 1457, issued the first Complete Printed Work; after which it became the printing-house of John and Ivo Schöffer till 1553.

Joseph Diefenbach consecrates this stone to the memory of those, who perfected, and spread the knowledge of, the Art of Book-printing. On the 14th of August, 1825.

A walk along the quay gave us an opportunity of remarking the size and structure of the vessels called Rhine boats, loading and unloading their merchandize upon it. They appear to be for the most part of about a hundred tons burthen; several of them however are of nearly double that stowage. In addition to the broad stem and stern of a Dutchman, they are very wide at the bottom that they may draw less water. They have a main and mizen mast; but their sails look disproportionably small. Each has one or more roomy cabin towards the steerage,

with sashed windows and white curtains arranged in festoons. These vessels which are kept with great neatness, chiefly bear the names of Mentz, Coblentz, Cologne, and Frankfort. Some enormous cranes erected on the quay were at work, heaving from vessels huge masses of the same red granitic stone already noticed. The machinery is set in motion by two large cylindrical wheels, of about 15 or 20 feet in diameter: and which, two, three, or more men work on the tread-wheel principle: with this sole difference that instead of keeping on the outside they get into it, and step away like squirrels in a cage. This is the usual expedient with powerful machinery on the continent. We saw it employed on the New Gate at Berne.

Below the bridge of boats, and moored together in a line parallel with it, we counted seventeen floating water mills on the river. They are constructed on rafts with a wheel of paddles on each side: these are kept in constant action by the strong and rapid current. The buildings are shaped like houses, and in each live the miller, his family, and assistants.—On the other side of the bridge, two large vessels are moored close to the quay. They are divided into chambers, each of which is fitted up as a bath-room, for warm and cold bathing. The *Bains Vigier* on the Seine are handsome and commodious enough; but these seem superior to the Parisian. One apartment here would make at least two of the others: and there is a handsome saloon at the head of the vessel, open to the river, as an accommodation to those who themselves may be waiting to take their turns, or expecting their friends to emerge. In a word they are—Baths on the Rhine.

The view of the Rhine and its environs from the bridge at Mentz is eminently fine. After rolling its bright green

wave through a boundless plain, the river, swelled with the confluential waters of the Maine, here prepares in magnificent breadth to enter the Rheingau. In this mountainous amphitheatre, the sudden bend which it makes a mile or two below the town is lost; so that its waters appear like those of an extensive lake, its shores on the right and left planted with poplars and willows, and the former side rising gently from the water's edge to a considerable height, cultured with vines to the summit which is clothed with wood. Two or three villages with their pretty steeples situated near the river, and two islets, greatly improve the view. If the form which the whole scene assumes has nothing in it of the sublime, yet even the fastidious eye will hardly fail to recognise its claim to be classed with the most beautifully picturesque.

The table d'hote at our inn was pretty full: the company consisted of two officers of the Darmstadt troops who garrison the place, several lodgers of both sexes in the house, and some few birds of passage like ourselves.—The landlord sat in the centre of one side of the table; a large napkin spread to prevent him as carver from sullying the unspotted whiteness of the table cloth: the bell rope hung before him pendant from the ceiling over the middle dish. We commenced upon excellent soup and boiled meat; then came an *entrée* of lamb, venison, and fish; followed in conclusion by roast ducks and chickens, with puddings, and patès of fruit. The bread was of the best quality of wheaten flour. Apples, pears, nuts, and grapes formed the dessert. The potations consisted of excellent beer of a dark colour and a good body, but very bitter; white Rhenish wine resembling Sauterne, but stronger, which with water forms a refreshing be-

verage. The Seltzer waters were also introduced: these are strongly mineral, and are drunk either alone or mixed with the wine. Cleanliness, comfort, and abundance graced the board; and it were needless to add that they sufficiently recommended a meal so suitable in other respects to English taste. This is an average sample of the fare which we have met with in Germany, and, with some slight local variations I may add, in German Switzerland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE—*The Rheingau—Johannisberg—Rüdesheim—Bingen—The Bingerloch—Castles of Bautsberg, Rheinstein, Falkenburg, Heimburg, and Fürstenburg—Bacharach and Castle of Stahleck—Caub and Castle of Gutenfels—Oberwesel and Castle of Schönberg—Echo of Lurley—Whirlpool of the Bank—St. Goar and Castle of Rheinfels—Bornhofen and Castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein—Boppart—Braubach and Castle of Marksburg—Picturesque Beauties of the Rhine*—COBLENTZ.

THIS morning (Aug. 25th), I took leave, with regret, of my old and justly esteemed Friend, the excellent and hitherto constant companion of my journey. Beside the waters of the Rhine we bade each other heartily farewell, in the mutual hope of another happy meeting at no very distant period in ENGLAND, the land of his friendships and his preferences.

At six o'clock I embarked on board one of the large passage vessels which ply between Mentz and Coblentz.—The weather was clear and bright; but the wind was scarcely sufficient to make it worth while to hoist the sail. The boat was propelled by one man at the larboard quarter and another at the starboard bow, each with a long oar, or sweep as our English fishermen call them. These aided by the current carried us down as fast as I could wish.—Having passed the two pretty islands of Peters-Aue and Ingelheimer-Aue, we came opposite Biberich, the palace of the Prince of Nassau-Usingen.

This chateau, situated on the margin of the river, shews a grand façade. The central rotunda, crowned with a peristyle of statues, is a superb object to which the beautiful gardens and extensive park furnish an appropriate background.—The mountains of the Rheingau now appeared with increased interest. Many bold and varied necks of land came into view; and what, as seen from the bridge at Mentz, might be compared to the sketch, was improved into the exquisitely finished picture. Just below the pleasant hamlets of Mombach and Schierstein the Rhine takes a bend to the westward. Ellfeld and Nieder-Walluf, both situated on the right bank, appear with great beauty, the hills rising behind them in gentle slopes. Villas and country houses present themselves in delightful situations: their white walls and blue slated roofs contrast charmingly with the various green tints of the landscape. Village succeeds village* within the space of every mile, and these with the islands in the river and the mountains in the distance combine in offering some of the choicest subjects that a painter could possibly desire to study.—The river-isles are most of them covered with vegetation, and a little village now and then peeps out from amidst the foliage.—The position of Erbach is particularly agreeable, close to the water's edge with vineyards above, and on each side, cultivated in the neatest stile. The declivities of the nearest hills coming down to the shore, are thickly planted with fruit trees, and in the distance behind them tower a majestic line of mountains, whose tops covered with woods oppose their masses of shade

* Many of these villages contain from three to four hundred families; and there are thirty-six of them in the space of fifteen miles long and six miles broad, which is the width of this beautiful amphitheatre.—*Campbell.*

in a fine relief to the prevailing glare of the lower eminences.

After passing Hattenheim and Oestrich, we came in full view of Johannisberg, (Mount St. John) a semi-circular hill of red coloured soil, which with a large Chateau on its summit, belongs to Prince Metternich. The vineyards of this domain produce annually sixty casks of wine, each containing the quantity of 1200 bottles. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that his Highness should retain the vines in all their monotony of unrefreshing verdure, rather than convert it into park and pleasure grounds.—At the foot of this mount of Bacchus and on the margin of the waters are the villages of Mittelheim, Langen-Winkel, and the little town of Geissenheim, which (like Erbach) has a very handsome church.—We next passed on our right Rüdesheim, at the end of which village I observed a square mass of ruins, very like Roman masonry: near it is the Castle of Brömserberg a work of the middle age.—Rüdesheim is a rich and populous village, and justly celebrated for its wine, but the best is not to be had on the spot, being for exportation not for home consumption. It is a full bodied and extremely powerful beverage; without any of those harsh, acid, and aqueous qualities which mix themselves more or less with the generality of Rhenish. Rudesheimer of the first order is grown on a neck of land, which in the form of an almost perpendicular rock, drinks the first beam of morning and enjoys the last ray of sun-set. The plant was originally brought from France; and the best grape is still called the *Orleanois*.

Hitherto the country on the left bank appeared less verdant, bold, and interesting than that on the right

shore. But this difference now ceases: and as we approached Bingen the local character appeared equally mountainous, and the scenery in general equally diversified on both sides of

" The wide and winding Rhine,
" Whose breast of waters broadly swells
" Between the banks which bear the vine,
" And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
" And fields which promise corn and wine.

It is from Mentz to Bingen that the river is distinguished by the name of the Rheingau, and still more by the extreme fertility of its right bank. The wines made from the grapes of this favoured tract are the best of their several kinds, and there is scarcely a species of Rhenish which it does not produce.* The hills which face the south have their sides completely covered with vine plants, and their tops generally clothed with forests or with corn.

The most considerable of the numerous villages are planted for the advantage of a quay on the very brink of the river, which from its noble breadth and the islands it forms in its course, as well as from the locking of the distant mountains, resembles continually a fine lake rather than a river. The neighbourhood of Bingen indeed wears features that remind one of the Lake of Lucerne.—At this place our boat's company landed; but instead of immediately adjourning with the rest to the *table d'hote*,

* Mr. Schreiber in noticing the districts in which the best Rhenish wines are grown, states that those of Laubenheim, Bischeim, and Asmannshausen are esteemed the most agreeable; those of Hochheim, Johannisberg, and Geissenheim, the most aromatic; and those of Nierstein, Markbrunn, and Rudesheim, the strongest and warmest.

I passed through the town, and crossed the Nahe, (an inconsiderable tributary) by a bridge, the middle stone of which marks the territorial boundary of Darmstadt and of Prussia. I was now upon the fine road that winds at the foot of the Ruppertsberg, one of Buonaparte's good works. Inferior in labour and expensiveness only to those constructed over the Alps, it runs from Bingen to Coblentz, at the base of the mountains and by the margin of the river. The situation is so wonderfully well adapted for it, that one is surprised that it should not have been made before. Time would not allow of my pursuing this interesting path; and tracing back my steps I arrived just in time to snatch a hasty meal, and resume my place on board the passage-vessel.

In the view of Bingen from the river, a lofty hill to the east of the town exhibits a conspicuous object in the chapel of St. Roch. The old castle of Klopp stands on a steep vine-covered eminence and looks proudly over the town. The hills behind and on each side, far too steep to be cultivated in the common way, are cut into very narrow terraces like stairs, supported by stone walls or earthen mounds, and on these, rising one above another almost to the summit, the vines are planted. Such terraces frequently share the fate of the Neckar vineyards, viz. that of being washed away by the rain. The manure, a costly article, has to be carried up to the top—most of it on the backs of the peasantry: and the peculiarity of culture tends to expose rather than conceal the aridness of the soil, which, at this season of the year at least, detracts from the beauty of the prospect.

On leaving Bingen we quickly passed an island on which stands the famous Mäusethurm, immortalised by the

rats, that for want of better food made, or intended to have made, a breakfast of Bishop Hatto. It is a square tower, with two tier of small windows on each side, a ruin of no interest but as furnishing a story for the Wonderful Magazine. Having this monk-raised terror to covetousness on our left, and a beautiful ruin called Ehrenfels planted on a rock half-way up the precipice to the right, our vessel moved on with increased rapidity; and before I had time to ask what the sudden heaving meant, we were in the midst of the waters of the Bingerloch. This is a gulph, at the bottom of which the river, taking a sudden turn, finds a narrow passage between the mountains which enclose it; and the navigable part of it is rendered still narrower by a ledge of dangerous rocks, which occupy nearly the whole bed of the stream. The immense volume of the Rhine, here rushing violently forward, becomes gradually more and more compressed, till at length it is confined within a channel on the right bank, of only twenty-six paces in width.

To form some idea of the celebrated Loch, those who have not seen it must imagine a river broader than the Thames at Westminster bridge, and many times more rapid, after a course of some hundreds of miles thus suddenly contracted: part of its waters find a way over the shoal of rocks running from the island of the Mouse tower; but by far the greater proportion is repelled from it with increased violence, foaming, whirling, and eddying through this little strait. In fact the passage of the Bingerloch is seldom if ever attempted by small boats except in very calm weather. A skiff which happened to precede our stout-built wherry, would obviously have been in danger with any thing like a gale of wind

to meet the current; but by favour of the serenest sky, it rode over the billows gallantly, and in equal safety with our own.*—It is here that the most striking part of the Rhine commences. The hills, exceedingly steep, are on the right covered with vines and forest-crowned. Those on the left bank are chiefly clothed with wood, except where, as is the case on either side, the naked rock breaks through the soil in huge and rugged masses. And these were the spots which the feudal Lords of the country chose for their inaccessible retreats: placing them sometimes towards the summit, but oftener half way up the acclivity, in order to command the river. From the Bingerloch, four or five isolated masses of ruins are in sight, adding greatly, as may be conceived, to the majestic character of the scenery.

Below Bingen the bed of the river still continues narrowed, and the impetuous stream encounters considerable opposition from rocky shoals. We were carried at a swift rate past Asmannshausen, opposite to which the stream rushes furiously against a high ledge of rocks in the mid-channel, and loudly roars around them. The above mentioned hamlet, noted for its excellent red wine, is not less worthy of being mentioned for its agreeable situation, embosomed as it appears in foliage of every kind, and almost encircled by sweetly rounded hills.

* It is very evident, says *Schreiber*, that the rocks near Bingen formerly opposed a sort of dyke to the waters of the Rhine, and gave rise to the formation of an extensive lake between Spire, Mannheim, and Mentz. It was not till after many ages that the river effected a free passage, the rocks being then broken by the violence of the current, or by some great convulsion of nature. Charlemagne enlarged the bed of the Rhine, but there was yet scarcely sufficient room for moderate sized boats to pass. The Elector Sigismund, of Mentz, rendered the passage less dangerous and made it navigable for large boats.

The left bank had now begun to take precedency in point of interesting objects. Bautzberg castle is seated on the top of one of the many enormous blocks of stone that rise perpendicularly and in the most fantastic forms from the water's edge. Backed by towering heights, whose purple cliffs and wild covering of copse wood are finely in keeping with a foreground of rocks piled on rocks, its architectural details attract and indeed forcibly claim extraordinary regard. These interesting remains, comprised within a smaller scope than usual, are now undergoing restoration by order of the Hereditary Prince of Prussia, to whom the property belongs, and by whom it is designed to be made habitable as an occasional summer residence. It already forms the complete model of a feudal strong-hold, having its barbican or watch-turret, beside the river, its outer ballium, drawbridge, and portcullissed tower of entrance, its chapel and embattled keep.—On the high ridge above Bauzberg appears the mouldering castle of Rheinstein. And a little further down we gain a surprisingly fine view of the ancient fortress of Falkenberg, a very considerable and less decayed specimen of baronial architecture, placed on part of a steep ridge which is covered alternately with rows of vines and plantations of thick underwood, here and there perforated with small needles of rock. Beyond these dismantled towers and walls, which frown in lonely grandeur on the pretty flourishing hamlet beneath, the scenery is highly picturesque and romantic.

Here, as in Switzerland, to compare smaller things with greater, we occasionally perceive the effects of a *berg-fall*, or slips of soil and stone, stripping the mountain's side of its verdure. The eminence, though sufficiently steep

and lofty, to which these hills attain, has no abruptness. They do not, like those of Switzerland, tower into the skies with rugged brows and snowy peaks, but have their summits terminated by gently flowing lines, whose beautiful variations it would be almost impossible for the most ready pencil to delineate, and whose general aspect it would be a vain attempt on my part to describe: painting itself can hardly give any idea of those lovely hues, which the landscape every moment assumes from the effect of the sun and clouds.

Below Asmannshausen the river takes a fine sweep; and we see on the left the village of Niederheimbach, at the foot of the hill on which Heimburg castle is built, and below which a fertile valley opens to the west. Sonneck and some others of these ancient seats of chivalry appear "like eagles cowering o'er their nest," seeming scarcely attainable but by the help of wings; hardly fit to be inhabited except by banditti: and the lords of most of the smaller castles deserved that odious appellation, for they carried on open pillage. Yet

> "There was a day when they were young and proud,
> "Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
> "But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
> "And those which wav'd are shredless dust ere now.

M. Schreiber informs us that "the commerce of the towns situated on the Rhine, which was very flourishing in the thirteenth century, being continually interrupted by the warlike chiefs who resided in the chateaux on the banks of the river, Arnaud Walpoden, of Mentz, was the first who persuaded his fellow citizens to form a league with the other towns. This league, known under the

name of the Hanseatic Confederation, was concluded in 1355: more than one hundred towns situated on the Rhine, and several Princes, Counts, and other Nobles united in it. The chateaux which served as an asylum for the banditti were burnt." And these are the ruins which add so greatly to the interest of Rhine scenery.

Lord Byron, whose descriptions recur with delightful frequency to remembrance, as one sees the mingled grandeurs and beauties which his poetry has so felicitously celebrated—thus with historic truth, but as usual in sarcastic vein, alludes to the outlawed Nobility by whom these castles once were held:—

> Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
> Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
> Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
> Doing his evil will, nor less elate
> Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

You see little or no produce but that of the vine hereabouts: they are planted on steep acclivities, and in a burning soil, which from its appearance one would judge to be anything but fertile.—The left shore still continues superior in richness; but the village of Lorch, situated at the entrance of the Wisperthal between two lofty ridges, with a small river flowing through a bridge into the Rhine, and the tower of Nollingen on the summit of the northern chain, form a most interesting group of objects on the right bank. The hills about Lorch are not quite so steep as those we had previously been looking at; but they display a prodigious quantity of vines, whilst the heights on the opposite side are for the most part enriched with forests. Opposite to Nollingen are the extensive ruins of the castle of Fursten-

burg, on a conical hill: it commands a gorge in the mountains; and has evidently been a place of consequence.

Bacharach, also on the left bank, formerly defended the pass into another transverse valley. The remains of very extensive fortifications display themselves from the margin of the river up the mountain's side on the right; and on the left ascend to the castle of Stahleck; a ruin that overlooks the town from a great height, and is very majestic. Over the decayed river-wall of the town, the lofty spire of the church, and the beautiful octagonal tower of the ruined fane of St. Guernard, forming a truly Gothic group with flanking turrets above and below, appear with pleasing effect, and strongly mark the antiquity of Bacharach.*— A little below that town the river takes a bend to the right, where the mountains are loftier, more rugged, more cliff-like, and they lock in the river at every half league.

Caub, on the right bank, is an interesting old place: standing on a fine quay, its front towards the water is of some extent, and its back leans against the foot of an almost perpendicular ridge. The architectural features of this place are singular, even amidst surrounding peculiarities. Besides the usual intermixture of towers and gateways, the houses are extremely old and of very curious construction; a row of these have an arcaded gallery run-

* Two historical facts bear testimony to the excellence of the wine of Bacharach, viz. that Pope Pius II. (better known under the name of Eneas Sylvius), caused a tun to be sent annually to Rome; and that the Emperor Wenzell granted independence to the town of Nüremberg for four butts of this wine. The castle of Stahleck, which had formerly its own lords, was pillaged during the thirty years war; rebuilt by the Elector Charles Louis, in 1666; but soon after blown up by the French, in the *Guerre d'Orleans*. In the river near this town is an island between which and the right bank is a stone, visible only when the waters are low, called *Bacchi Ara*, whence is derived to the town its name of Bacharach.—*Schreiber*.

ning through each, affording a sheltered walk for foot passengers, like the streets in Chester.

The Castle of Gutenfels hangs terrifically over the town; its circular-arched windows would denote an early date of building. The stupendous basis on which it stands is of slate: the lower vaults are hewn out of the native rock, and the super-structure is formed of the same material. This airy citadel, now like so many others a ruin, was somewhat famous in the Thirty Years War, and its foundations were penetrated with mines in all directions by Gustavus Adolphus.—The castle of Pfalz (or Peilzgrafenstein) in the Rhine opposite Caub is an exception to the general rule, being *not* in ruins but apparently in good condition. Situated on an island in the mid-stream, it has from the massive strength of its masonry, the pinnacles on its roof, and the lofty dome of its chapel, a very striking appearance.*

Caub was one of the three points at which Blucher's memorable passage of the Rhine took place, on the 1st and 2d of January, 1814. Coblentz and Oppenheim were the other two. But it was at Caub that he directed the operations in person, with his characteristic decision and promptitude. An anecdote is current in Germany, which shews the disposition of the departed hero to render praise to whom praise, and honour to whom honour, was due.—On his return to Berlin the Marshal was present at a grand fête given by his Prussian Majesty in commemoration of his services; and he was congratulated

* M. De Luc compares it to a ship steering in full sail towards the entrance of a harbour. The fort of Pfalz was appropriated, in former times, to the use of the Princesses Palatine during the period of *accouchement*.

on his great achievements. In acknowledging the compliment the brave veteran said—"next to my gratitude for the deliverance with which Divine Providence has blessed our country, are my feelings of thankfulness to the same gracious power, for having endowed my hand with the ability to perform what my head planned—there sits my head: (added Blucher pointing to Geisenau who had acted as his Quarter-master General) He it was who concerted our movements and I executed them."

The people here manufacture their own table and bed linen: the former is substantial and excellent, resembling Russia. And it is the watering and bleaching of this article which forms the principal out-door occupation of the women; whose complexions, by the bye, not profiting from the same process of atmospheric exposure, are coarse enough. They seem nearly all to have the same kind of rough heads, bare legs, and sun-burnt visages. It would add much to the finish of the Rhenish picture if young and pretty faces were only half as plentiful as old uninhabited castles. But after all, the folks, male and female, are superior to being handsome; they are industrious, they are cleanly in their domestic habits, they bear generally a high character for honesty, and the deportment of the men is particularly respectful towards stangers.

Oberwesel and the Castle of Schönberg on the left bank presented the finest *coup d'œil* that had yet offered. The town has apparently been of considerable importance: and the greater portion of it is now precisely in that state of interesting decay which furnishes apt materials for the artist. The town-wall that extends its mouldering front close along the river, or undulates over great inequalities

of ground, like the Swiss Fribourg, flanked with towers of the most varied construction; the houses whose roofs just peep over this ancient line of defence, looking for the most part like cottages built on the ruins of a city; the two fine churches with long lancet windows; the massy gateways; all these evince the former consequence of the place: whilst the noble timber trees that grow on the mountain-side above it, blended with the universal culture of the delicious grape, render this turn of the current worthy of particular notice, as replete with the constituents of a grand and charming landscape.—One of the churches was founded by Baldwin, Archbishop of Treves, who received the town as a present from his brother the Emperor Henry VII. A little chapel built against the wall of the town, catches the eye; and we are told that it was erected in memory of a boy called Werner, who was stolen from his parents and put to a cruel death by the Jews of the place. Like other "boat news, it requires confirmation."

It is in approaching Oberwesel from Caub that you gain the most advantageous view of Schönberg, an extensive shell of donjons and turrets seated on the edge and summit of a steep lofty shattered rock, apparently detached by some convulsion from a higher range of wooded hills that extend far and wide beyond it. Out of all the noble families to whom it belonged, no immediate descendants—no distinct branches remain to keep this monument of their ancestral greatness from falling into irretrievable ruin. The names of many of the fine structures on the banks of the Rhine are already but imperfectly retained in popular remembrance, and some are become an utter prey to dumb forgetfulness. Schön-

berg however is not destined to such oblivion. And gladly, had it been possible, would I have visited a spot so deserving of an Englishman's contemplation, as the cradle of that warlike stock, the last member of which (Frederick Duke of Schomberg) fell gloriously in the cause of our country's liberties, 1690, on the banks of the Boyne. The family under the name of Belmont was it is said possessed of celebrity so early as the age of Charlemagne, and assumed the name of Schönberg or Schomberg towards the end of the 11th century.

The river now becomes much narrower, the current more rapid, and the mountains on each side, though not so high, more steep and covered with craggs. The road by the water-side on the left bank is carried on admirably; being in many places cut through the solid rock *à la Simplon:* the manner in which it is protected by a strong railing also claims praise for its late imperial founder.—At Lurleyberg, about half a league below Oberwesel, an enormous rock of singular configuration juts out into the bed of the river, and compels it to take a sudden turn to the right. It is famous for a very fine Echo, which, as I had auricular demonstration of, repeats the word five times distinctly. The *rocher de Lurley,* mass piled on mass of torn and cloven rocks, is evidently the result of some fearful shock; and reminds one of those awful heaps of ruined Nature which over-hang the startled traveller in his passage through the valley of Gondo and the defile of Ysella. It is a rocky chaos, which indeed wants but a sprinkling of pines instead of copse-wood to render it very Alpine; and which in the varied hues of stone, the lively spots of verdure, the broad gradations of shade, and the vivid catching lights, presents an abundance

of strong pictorial effect.—On passing it, you find yourself to all appearance in the midst of a lake, entirely shut in by rocks so steep and devoid of soil that even the vine almost forsakes you.—Yet as the Savoyards with their patches of corn so are the Rheinwers with their terraces of vines: every spot not absolutely stone is planted with this staple of the Bacchi-*arians*; and it is really astonishing to see what a degree of perpendicularity is compatible with grape-growing and ripening.

Emerging from this gulph we arrived at St. Goarhausen, a mere village in size, but a town in all the dignity of embattled walls and lofty towers, by which its poor little dwellings are uselessly pent up. It is situated on the right bank beneath a continuation of the same formidable heights, whose tops exhibit much wildness of aspect whilst the bottoms are covered with neat vineyards and pretty plantations of fruit trees.

"Above, the frequent feudal towers
"Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
"And many a rock that steeply lours,
"And noble arch in proud decay,
"Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.

One of the rocks which impend over St. Goarhausen and the adjoining village of Neubrüchhausen, is crowned with a gloomy but imposing ruin called Die Katz. The whole group gives another forcible portraiture of a feudal town and its peculiar accessories. Over the cliffs we see the mountain village of Patersberg upon a fine and fertile plateau.

The sinuosity of the river at this point throws its current upon a shoal close to the left bank, whence it is repelled

with increased violence towards the right hand shore, against which it dashes at the foot of a tower, oftentimes the dread of those who navigate rafts. At that point a whirlpool of great force, called the *Bank*, is formed, of which however the watermen have the skill to avail themselves: they attach the trunk of a tree by a rope to the side of the raft, and suffer it to be swallowed up by the vortex, which holds it fast enough to draw the floating mass of timber away from the dreaded right bank: and thus "Out of this nettle, danger, *they* pluck this flower, safety."—The river is here, I think, more terribly impetuous, and must be more dangerous to small boats, than at the Bingerloch. But so fair was the weather, and so stout our bark, that the sensation as we went through the whirlpool was comparatively trivial, and we saw the nature of it to great advantage.

On clearing this dismal pass, another and a wider lake opens in the most picturesque cheerfulness to view, with St. Goar on the left, and, on the brow of an almost inaccessible hill above it, the superb ruins of the castle of Rheinfels,* by far the most considerable fortress that we had seen on either bank. The fortifications not only cover the summit of the rock nearest the water, but are extended in tier above tier of gigantic masonry to a higher ridge. Terrace, bastion, and arcaded wall; palatial façade, chapel-cupola, and master-tower present themselves in contrasted variety and with a still formidable aspect. The only

* Count Thierry, of Katzenellenbogen, surnamed the Rich, transformed a cloister into this strong castle, and compelled boats descending the Rhine, to pay a toll. The Hanseatic Confederation besieged it without success.—In 1692, Colonel Görtz successfully defended Rheinfels against Marshal Tallard. During the revolutionary war, its governor surrendered it to the French, on the first summons, and they afterwards blew up the fortifications.

access seems to have been by a gateway perforated in the upper part of the solid cliff, and approached through a steep woody path. It has indeed been a magnificent pile: fit residence of some warlike prince. Below the castle is an extensive barrack, and a few buildings fast verging to decay.

St. Goar extends along the shore at the foot of an almost perpendicular precipice; its situation is consequently striking: many of the houses are formed in the rock itself, and the communication with the higher street appears to be inconveniently difficult. This town was formerly the capital of Lower Hesse. It now comes into the dominions of Prussia, with all the territories on the left shore, from Bingen to Coblentz, both inclusive. By one of my fellow passengers I was told, that the inhabitants of this district do not consider their condition at all improved by the change. Their new masters certainly do make their sovereignty known with sufficient ostentation—witness the display of the Black Eagle on every toll-bar, post-house, direction-post, and mile-stone.

St. Goar is said to be the highest point at which the Salmon boats are stationed. Not that it is the *ne plus ultra* of migration to that tribe of fish, for we know that salmon are caught below the cataract, near Schaffhausen. A long heavy punt is used for the fishery, containing a hut for the men to watch in; and one or more stout posts, in the forked tops of which large poles are poised on a pivot, with pullies and tackle at one end, and at the other a square net suspended at the four corners from curved sticks. When the net is raised, an operation which requires to be performed with great celerity, the fish found in it are taken out with a landing net,

attached to a long staff. Sometimes you see these salmon nets suspended at the extremity of a little wooden jetty fixed at the point of a neck of land, where a bay is formed.

A delightful valley now opens itself on the left bank, the heights of which gradually sloping down to the water's edge are in some parts decked with "the shadowy pomp of floating foliage;" in others they display the riches of the soil in checquered vineyards and corn fields.—On the right bank, which continues more stern and menacing we passed Thurnberg, a very noble ruin, perched on a rock four hundred feet in height, whose sides exhibit their vegetative strength and the power of cultivation amidst an appalling ruggedness; and it is in defiance of the most difficult ascent, that husbandry by means of terraces is carried up to the walls of this ivy-mantled castle. Below it, in a meadow by the water-side, is Welmich, a very small village; but placed at the entrance of an opening into the mountains, which flank and command the fortified rock of Thurnberg, it has been furnished, and still retains in an interesting state of preservation, its battlemented defences. The church steeple, with its long narrow lights, and its watch towers at the four corners, is of a stile quite congenial to the Gothic character of surrounding objects.

After passing some lead mines near the Ehrenthal, we came opposite the pretty hamlet of Hirzenach, planted in a romantic situation, beneath rounded hills "with wildering forests feathered o'er," but which in some places have been laid bare by *écroulemens*. At this point the river abruptly turns past a rocky promontory, and "the slackening stream, spread like a spacious mere," re-

flects on its green surface the Capuchin convent and church of Bornhofen; whilst the castles of Liebenstein and Sternberg, seated in fraternal* propinquity, on the double summit of a towering mount, whose barren crags claim divided empire with verdant terraces, present themselves to the traveller's eye in an almost united mass of picturesque demolition. Their broken parapets glowing with sun-tinctured hues, and their loop-holed towers disclosing in many a thorough light the purest tints of azure, formed the captivating finish to a choice and smiling district of these fertile shores.

Salzig, with its cherry orchards and pretty church; the small hamlet of Weiler, embosomed on the woody eminence above it; and a receding line of mountains exuberantly sylvan, are enchanting objects on the left bank. It is thus, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it,

> We see the living landscapes of the Rhine;
> Reach after reach salute us and depart;
> Slow sink the towers—and up again they start.
> But who shall count the towers, as they rise
> O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizontal line
> Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart.

The scene is always changing—ever offering itself in some new point of view. Such a succession indeed of beautiful and sublime pictures, it is scarcely possible to imagine embraced in so limited a compass as that between St. Goar and Boppart, which last mentioned town is well situated on the left bank, and with its numerous spires and cupolas looks very consequential at a distance.

* These ruins are generally called *Die Brüder* (the Brothers)

On a closer approach, Boppart appears to be in a state of great dilapidation; but its extensive frontage along the margin of the Rhine displays several venerable reliques of its dignity as an ancient imperial city.* The convents of St. Martin and of Marienburg are fine objects. The great church displays the circular stile, with arcades of similar construction to those of the Cathedral at Mentz. The two western towers exhibit the singular feature of a great balk of (most probably) timber running across horizontally from one to the other, at the setting on of the spires by which each is surmounted: an expedient doubtless resorted to not for ornament but security. Opposite Boppart is the village of Kamp, a Roman station.

We had not seen many boats on this grand river. Two *water diligences*, as the yachts are called on the French side of the Rhine, were all we met. Our passage vessel was about 60 feet long, but the cabin occupied the whole space from the poop to the forecastle; and on the top chief of the passengers were seated, for standing impeded the progress of the vessel. The ladies on board and myself were the only persons, unprovided with a bag of tobacco and a long pipe. The young men will smoke you nine pipes full in less than seven hours.—In the upward voyage, all large boats are towed by horses, and make very slow progress. A little below Boppart at the point where the Rhine beneath tremendous cliffs makes the most remarkable bend perhaps in its whole extent, I saw three horses, which were pulling a full-sized boat along the left bank, all of a sudden drawn by the force of the current from off the narrow unprotected

* Boppart is generally considered one of the fifty forts established by Drusus. The Frankish Kings had also a palatial residence there.—*Schreiber.*

road into the water, and drowned.—It is difficult to estimate the breadth of the stream with any degree of precision; but it is always superb in that respect; and except when it forms the wide basins alluded to, extremely rapid. The navigation is impracticable except for those who are well acquainted with its shoals and currents.

In so serpentine a direction do opponent mountains compel the Rhine in this part to flow, that we seemed to be retrograding, as we passed the village of Osterspey, seated on a lovely shelving border of rich meadows and orchards on the right bank, above which appears a large mansion called Liebeneck. It is not (like so many other buildings) a ruin, but in a very respectable and even handsome condition, standing prettily on the top of a lofty ridge, of rounded shape, well wooded and in productive tillage. Another bold sweep to the left brought us to a long and very wide reach, where the mountains, on that side retiring, give liberty once more to the generous spirit of the mighty stream, whose tide gratefully laves the smooth shores of Niederspey and an adjacent village almost in a straight line as far as Rense, carrying us past a fine level profusely planted with fruit trees and the vine.—The proud steeps on the right bank still crowd themselves upon the water's edge. There, on a high rock of pyramidical form, stands the state prison called Marksburg, garrisoned by a company of invalids; and the little antiquated town of Braubach is seated close at the foot of the same barren and isolated crag, from which this decayed but still habitable fortress looks down on the little chapel of St. Martin, and on a prospect of wide-spread magnificence, itself overtopped by regions that form a background of mingled wildness and cul-

tivation.—In the mountain-locked distance of this glorious landscape appear the towers of Oberlahnstein, a gothic city in miniature, to which place the road along the river side from Braubach is a continued grove of thickly planted walnut trees.

The course of the river is as picturesque as can well be imagined. Sometimes the sudden and abrupt turning; then a long and noble reach stretching away till it loses itself round some of the hills in the furthest distance, reflecting before it gets there the spires of four or five towns, or pretty villages that might pass for towns, and the ruins of as many castles perched half way up the sides of the mountains; then perhaps you will have the stream, its impetuosity apparently forgotten, expanding into a wide and placid lake, with two or three green islands rising from its bosom; the mountains on each side by a sort of natural analogy for awhile less steep; then again a narrower bed, and the current becoming as rapid as ever, encountering occasionally a sand-bank or a ledge of rocks, round which

> "The river nobly foams and flows
> "The charm of this enchanted ground,
> "And all its thousand turns disclose
> "Some fresher beauty varying round.

The moment of our passing Braubach was highly favourable to the effect of a *coup d'œil*, which impresses itself with peculiar solemnity on the mind. The sun, though already sunk behind the bold but more distant chain on the left hand, had not yet wholly relinquished its influence over the sky; and changeful splendours were reflected in the waves that whirl their thousand eddies

through a valley replete equally with the bounties and the beauties of creation. It was a scene of natural grandeur, adorned by the presence and the industry of a numerous population, and heightened by the venerable remains of past ages—a scene such as I shall not forget whilst "the pleasures of memory" are permitted to be mine.

As we drew near our destined place of repose, the refulgent lamp of night was shining splendidly enough to give almost any scenery the attractions of romantic beauty. How then can I describe the calm yet solemn change which it wrought on the rocks, ruins, and waters of the country of the Rhine! On one side, the "fainter day" distributed itself over a woody steep on which stands the castle of Stolzenfels, marking out as with a magical pencil of light the irregular contour of that venerable citadel—by age more venerable. On the other side, its borrowed lustre shot athwart the verdant meadows and bowery groves of Niederlahnstein: a silver radiance tipped each spiry portion of architectural work raised by the pride or piety of other times, and every prominence of that luxuriant vegetation which, from a most fertile tract by the river's brink, ascends the cliffs in terraces of vines, and clothes with dense forests the mountainous ridges above them.

At length, on the right hand Ehrenbreitstein appears in commanding elevation, casting the shade of her "broad stone of honour" across the glittering bosom of the stream. On the left, a strong, noble, ancient city displays its fortified heights, its stately white palace, and its lofty pointed steeples. We pass through a grand bridge of boats, and land on the quay of Coblentz.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COBLENTZ—*Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein—Monument of the Campaign to Moscow—Weissenthurm; Hoche's Monument—Andernach—Castle of Hammerstein—Transverse Vallies—Brohl and Breisig—Castles of Rheineck and Argenfels—Mountainous Borders—Feudal Architecture—Sinzig—Remagen—Castle of Rolandseck—The Seven Mountains—Rafts—Observations on Rhine Scenery.*

COBLENTZ was filled with troops, assembling from various quarters for grand reviews and manœuvres, in the then hourly expected presence of the Prussian Monarch.—Owing to this circumstance my first two applications at inns for a night's lodging were unsuccessful. The *Drei Schweizer* (Three Swiss) had no hospitality to shew me; the *Goldner Apfel* (Golden Apple) proved forbidden fruit; to the kind intervention of a perfect stranger, I was ultimately indebted for a more prompt and comfortable reception, than my own unassisted endeavours would have enabled me to procure, at the *Schwarze Bär* (Black Bear).

Next morning, in the troublesome but indispensable business of disembarking a carriage from the passage-boat, and of passing *effects* at the custom-house, I was assisted by Monsieur l'Aubergiste de l'Ours Noir, who proved to be, no black *bruin* but, a well behaved and obliging sort of man.—With him as a guide I afterwards visited the principal streets and squares of this fine town,

the former of which are tolerably wide and the houses well built.* In the very spacious Place d'armes at the south-west extremity, I saw the Prussian Artillery corps exercising in battalion manœuvres: a remarkably tall fine set of men, whose marching shewed the perfection of the lock step: but I am disposed to doubt whether rising so high on the toes and planting the foot so forcibly on the ground are equally applicable to field movements, with the light airy motion of the French, or the firm yet easy step of our English infantry. In another square called the *Place Plan* the Landwehr had their drill under officers of the Prussian Guards. Squadrons of Cavalry and a large train of Artillery were also pouring from Cologne and Bonn into the town, which thus assumed somewhat too much of the proud clatter and pompous confusion of "glorious war" to suit the taste of a peaceable traveller.

By my civil host's introduction I obtained a sight of the house where the King resides, and which was preparing for his immediate reception. The windows of the principal apartments command a delightful view of the Rhine and vicinity. In one of the saloons is a large picture just finished by Meister, a young artist of the city, who has done himself credit by the manner in which he has painted Frederick William at the battle of Kulm.† The King's portrait is the front one of an equestrian group,

* Coblentz contains 11,500 inhabitants.

† A strong position near Toplitz, on the mountainous range which separates Bohemia from Saxony, and where in the eventful and sanguinary campaign of 1813, the Allied Army commanded by the King of Prussia in person, attacked and defeated the French. The immediate fruits of the victory were the capture of Vandamme and six other General Officers, all his baggage, 60 pieces of artillery, and about 10,000 prisoners.

of which a Russian General (Miloradovitch) an Austrian Commander (Coloredo), and a Prussian Officer (General Kleist) are the other principal figures.—The personal likeness of the Sovereign is very good; the painter has been particularly successful in giving to his countenance that cast of melancholy thoughtfulness which so strikingly marks the original. In the same room there is a Magdalen by Richter, another living artist; a well executed production, in point of design and of expression.

Two of my fellow-passengers on board the Rhine-boat, the one a native of the Pays de Vaud, the other a resident of Munich, had the urbanity and good-heartedness to interest themselves in gratifying the curiosity of a solitary Englishman. And, whilst I was otherwise engaged, they took care to have me included in a card of admission obtained from the Governor to view the Ehrenbreitstein, that "like a giant refreshed" lifts again his mural crown over Coblentz, after having experienced the fluctuating issues and reverses of the revolutionary war.

Besieged without success by Marceau, in 1795; uninjured by the cannonade of the succeeding year; afterwards surprised and starved into a surrender, which the prowess of Hoche would never have wrested from the bravery of Faber, if Austria and Prussia had been as true to their own interests in 1799 as, instructed by dear-bought wisdom, they proved themselves to be in 1814—Ehrenbreitstein till 1800 remained

"A tower of victory! from whence the flight
"Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
"But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
"And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain—
"On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain,"

This however is one of the fortresses, in furnishing the funds for whose reparation the French have been made to pay for their fun in blowing it up soon after the conclusion of the peace of Luneville. And for the last eight years the King of Prussia's engineers have been employing numerous hands on the fortifications, with a view to their restoration—a work which it is expected will require six more years to achieve, according to the present design. Superior in strength, magnificence, and extent, to its former state, the execution of the projected works will render it one of the completest as well as strongest fortresses in the world.

A fine bridge of boats now leads from Coblentz to the left bank of the Rhine. To defray the cost of this great improvement upon the *pont volant* which formerly vibrated at the same point between the two shores, a toll-house has been erected at the head of the bridge, where the dues are regularly collected from every passenger. Crossing over to the small town of Thal Ehrenbreitstein, we traversed a single street, and found ourselves at the first gate of the formidable castle, situated on a cliff, whose foot is washed by the Rhine, and insulated on the other side by the valley of Thal. The river-face of the rock is nearly perpendicular; having only a narrow path between the base and the water, which is however effectually commanded by the works above. The court of entrance is occupied with barracks and store-houses, and a battery whose cannon and mortars are directed towards Coblentz. The road thence proceeds parallel with the river for about two hundred yards, then turning sharp in a contrary direction, it ascends for about a hundred yards to the second gate, which has a small drawbridge, portcullis,

and flanking parapets: in a word every thing that can serve to strengthen and defend it.

At the height of some 80 or 100 feet above this point, a lower ridge of the upper rock facing the river commands these approaches, particularly the one to the second gate; so that, from the excavations, grenades and other combustibles could be flung down on assailants. Arrived within this gate you have another turn to make to the left, which is equally well defended.—The third draw-bridge and gate being passed, you continue an upward course along an excellent carriage-road through masses of solid masonry worked into the projections of rock, and strongly vaulted. To a soldier's eye this gallery must offer a specimen of military architecture that cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting: civilian as I am, it was impossible for me to contemplate such a stupendous effort of human labour, accomplishing the designs of the boldest genius, without a lively feeling of astonishment and admiration.—Here a Veteran Artillery-man was appointed to conduct us through the various works that cover the extensive plateau on the summit of the rock; a detailed account of which would fill a volume. The ammunition and stores are lodged in artificial caverns; and the buildings are bomb-proof. In all directions were to be seen hundreds of howitzers, mortars, and guns of every calibre. A well has been cut through the rock into an abundant spring; and with an ample supply of provisions the place under a faithful commandant and a brave garrison must be impregnable. The kitchen has a cooking machine, heated by steam, which supplies the dinners and other meals for fifteen hundred men.—To facilitate the operation of raising materials to the summit, an

inclined plane has been formed down to the water's edge, with an iron rail-way on each side, and between them a tremendously steep flight of six hundred steps. It is a dangerous place, and will of course be removed when the works are finished. On a considerable portion of the rock, order and neatness have sprung from confusion and rubbish: but there is yet some breadth of the uppermost platform, where the renovated fortress seems still struggling to extricate itself from the tomb of destruction in which its former strength had so long been enveloped; where, to waive metaphor, new ramparts, batteries, barracks, a handsome lodge for the governor, and a spacious chapel for the garrison, are slowly but durably rising above the fallen towers and shattered walls, "black with the miners blast."

There are three forts of very great strength, which since the peace of 1815 have been built within reach and for the support of Ehrenbreitstein (now called Fort Frederick William) viz. to the south-east, a circular redoubt and outworks on the heights of Pfaffendorf, nearly as steep and lofty as Ehrenbreitstein itself, and divided from it only by the beautiful valley of that name. To the west, Fort Alexander, standing on the left bank of the Rhine, on a mount near the ruins of the Chartreuse, and overlooking Coblentz. To the north-west, Fort Francis, forming a sort of tête-de-pont to the bridge over the Moselle; near the point where that river has its confluence with the mightier stream. There is also Fort WELLINGTON, a smaller work, to the north of Fort Francis. The name of our Illustrious Countryman reminds me, that the old Prussian serjeant of artillery who conducted us, spoke of himself as a Waterloo-man, and said

that he had only a fortnight ago had the satisfaction of seeing the Noble Duke, accompanied by his Son and Aide-de-Camps, on the ramparts of this famous strong-hold, which is one of those included in his Grace's periodical tour of inspection.

The citadel commands one of the most beautiful and extensive prospects, comprising the whole valley of the Rhine and Moselle, and their encompassing mountains; a vast and splendid amphitheatre of country, in which unite

> "The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
> "Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
> "The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
> "The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between.

You have the Rhine flowing past you from south to north: the mouth of the Moselle, with its fine stone bridge of 14 arches fronts the parapets over which you look down upon Coblentz, seated at an angle formed by the junction of the two rivers,* and at the foot of a height celebrated for its verdure and productiveness, before the orchards and vineyards of the Carthusians gave place to the embrazures, palisadoes, and iron garniture of modern defences.—Looking due west beyond the same neck of land on the left bank of the Moselle, Metternich courts the eye by its particularly fine locality: a rounded hill, with fruit trees on its base, vines all the way up its southern side, and a thick wood above. Half the pretty village stands embosomed in this foliage; the other half including its church crowns the summit.

To the north, the green islands of Niederwerth and Gras-

* The Romans called this place *Confluentia*.

werth, with their hamlet and convent, are spread forth on the broad surface of the Rhine; beyond them lies the little town of Behdorf, at the foot of a mountain, on the rocky top of which stand the picturesque ruins of the castle of Sayn; and still further to the north you descry Mon Repos, a palace belonging to the Prince of Neuwied, on a lofty ridge: a fine forest behind it is crossed by seven avenues, which radiate from the castle into a higher range of mountains. Below these imposing eminences, down to the water, the scene is an alternation of villages, pleasure-houses, farms, vineyards, and cultured fields, intersected by rivulets and roads, lined with lofty poplars and other trees.

On re-crossing the bridge of boats, I did not forget to look at the monumental pillar erected on a fountain, by order of Buonaparte, to commemorate the passage of the French army at this place in 1812, on their invasive march to Moscow. One side of this column is adorned with relievo figures allegorically representing the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine. On the other side is the inscription—"AN. M.D.CCCXII. MEMORABLE PAR LA CAMPAGNE DE NAPOLEON," &c. &c. &c. Underneath is engraved the following *multum in parvo* of reproof to inordinate vanity and presumption:—"VU ET APPROUVE PAR NOUS, LE COMMANDANT DES RUSSES A COBLENTZ. JULY, 1814." With this dry certificate of its destiny, overshot Ambition is with infinite propriety left still to boast itself of the sin by which it fell. May the moral lesson be profitable to the present generation: it will assuredly not be lost upon "the age which is to come."

This pillar is situated near the Collegiate Church of St. Castor, into which I made more than one attempt to

gain entrance, being much pleased with its exterior as a picturesque object. But in vain: the doors were shut; and no concierge was to be found. The church of Notre Dame, situated in the centre of the town, is a fine building. The matin-service was performing to a tolerably numerous congregation, when I entered it; and so mechanical was the devotion of the generality, that crossings and genuflexions appeared to be almost equally commingled with familiar nods and neighbourly salutations.

Leaving Coblentz for Bonn, you cross the lofty, long, and narrow bridge over the Moselle, and for the first mile and a half the road, right and left, is furnished with no other objects than continued fortifications for defending the city and supporting Ehrenbreitstein. After that, you pass through a level uninclosed corn country. On the right hand beyond the Rhine the prospect was grand, bold, and varied; but it was arid. The drought had been excessive, and the burning soil of the mountains behind Vallendar and Bendorf reflected with the glow of a furnace the rays of the afternoon sun. On the left the widening valley, bounded by the mountains of the Hundruck and the heights of Westerwald, had a finer and more verdant aspect, and seemed to increase in richness as the road drew nearer again to the Rhine. Near Weissenthurm I alighted and proceeded up a plot of gently rising ground to see the monument of Hoche. It consists simply of a round stone pillar on a square platform of the same material, with a suitably brief dedication to his name, as that of their General, by the Republican Army of the Sambre and Meuse. The bones of this gallant Frenchman are interred in the grave of his equally brave companion in arms General Marceau, who was killed

by a rifle-ball and buried at Alterkirchen, in 1793. But, for a column to Hoche's memory this spot was appropriately chosen, being close to where the French army under his orders effected their celebrated passage of the Rhine.*

Weissenthurm is said to be the place where the Romans first crossed over the Rhine from Gaul into Germany. Opposite it, nearly in the middle of the river, is an island, which renders the situation peculiarly favourable to the prosecution of such a design; yet Cæsar, in his minute description of the bridge which he erected, makes no mention of it; but lays much stress, as well he might, on the great difficulty of the undertaking—(summa difficultias faciendi pontis, propter *latitudinem, rapiditatem, altitudinemque* fluminis.†) From his allusion however to the territories of the Ubians, now the Diocese of Cologne, there is no doubt that the passage in question was made near this point; perhaps a little further down.

By a flying bridge, Weissenthurm communicates with Neuwied on the right bank, a large, handsome, and regularly built town, from the north-eastern extremity of which a row of immensely tall poplars extends to the next village of Irlich, forming a very conspicuous feature by the river's brink. The mountains around were abundantly cultivated on their sides and plateaus with vines and other produce.

* On the 18th of April, 1797, Hoche erected a fortification on the island called Neuwieder, and collected boats for a bridge behind it. The Austrians made a vigorous resistance. It cost the life of a brave French Captain, named Gros, to take a battery, which he had devoted himself to do; but his death procured victory to his countrymen.—*Schreiber.*

† De Bell. Gall. Lib. IV. 17.

How interestingly rich—how unsatingly delicious are the views on thy banks, majestic Rhine! Views which are susceptible of new beauty and improvement from all those transient contrasts of light and shade, the effects of which are nowhere more striking than when displayed on grand masses of hills and vallies, and on a broad and glassy expanse of water. A partial rain, with fleecy vapours flitting hastily across the landscape; the sun's rays darting from behind a veil of clouds; a rain-bow's "colours dipped in heaven;" or a sun-set's yellow streams of light—are accidents that, fugitive and uncertain, serve each in their turn to impart variety as infinite as it is enchanting to scenery, in which mountain and meadow, gloomy precipice and gentle declivity, isles and torrents, towers on the cliffs, villages in the ravines, and cities on the plains, the broad winding wave and the high foliaged promontory, the verdant terrace and the fruitful field, unite in one mighty and comprehensive whole,

> ——————"in one attaching maze,
> "The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days."

It is through corn fields and orchards to the water's edge, with vine terraces hanging from the top to the bottom of the steeps on the right bank, and with woods covering the more receding hills on your left hand, that you approach the singular town of Andernach (Antoniacum), whose dark but still completely encircling wall of enclosure, whose equally sombre towers and pinnacles proclaim a date co-eval at least with the Crusades. The venerable gate of entrance is ascribed to the Romans. And the inhabitants have it *pat* enough that Julius Cæsar passed over the Rhine near

this town; that Drusus built one of his Rhenish castles in the vicinity; and that the Emperor Valentinian is interred in their fine old parish church. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and the houses are of the most antiquarian irregularity of form and feature. It is a place of ruins—but they are of such a kind as would well repay a less hurried glance than I was able to give them. The situation of the remains, said to be those of a palace of the Kings of Austrasia, has now a considerable breadth of ground planted with poplars between it and the Rhine, out of which historians record that the Frankish Princes used to catch fish from the windows of the same building.

From Andernach the road proceeds close to the river, and under an immense and dreary ridge of basalt and slate, whose barren steepness in some parts, and wild rock-woods in others, reminded me of Savoy. The hills opposite are equally high and difficult of access. There rise the towers of Hammerstein castle,* seated on an isolated hill of black marble, and formed itself of the same material: a venerable and highly interesting pile. It was delightful to see the western sun-beams in all their roseate loveliness, stealing up the enormous cliffs, and investing with a momentary gleam of brightness every object upon them and the mountains beyond; whilst overhead the dusky precipices of the left bank cast their

* At this place the unfortunate Henry IV. excommunicated by Pascal II. and deposed by a Diet at which the Legate of that Pope presided, and his unnatural son Henry V. was proclaimed Emperor, found an asylum in 1105; but not till after having in vain attempted to obtain from the Bishop of Spire the benefice of a lay brother in the very building which had been erected by the ancestors of this dethroned sovereign, and which had received numerous donations from him.

deep shadows over that side, and anticipated the gloom of Night,

'whose sable hand
"Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day."

The vallies that run from the banks of the Rhine into the mountains are extremely picturesque. Penetrating through the rugged gaps which are continually opening into other ranges of romantic hills, the traveller's eye catches many a passing glance, to treasure in his unsatisfied but enraptured remembrance, of scenes which would baffle the pencil's happiest efforts—scenes where some fountain rolls its clear and sparkling wave precipitately down the vine-covered slope, or some rivulet plays in meanders through fields of cultivation—whilst at the base, as well as on the sides and summits of these eminences, he sees

"The venerable pageantry of Time,
"Each beetling rampart—and each tower sublime,
"And what the dell unwillingly reveals
"Of lurking cloistral arch, thro' trees espied
"Near the bright river's edge."

Brohl and Breisig, situated on our route, stand each at the entrance of remarkable passes, where the rocks seemingly split by some volcanic operation present faces like the gable-ends of some prodigious roofs. Between the two little towns above mentioned we passed literally underneath the inhabited, and for the most part modern-built, castle of Rheineck, finely seated on the top of a very steep but well-wooded mount. On the right bank opposite is another modern and habitable palace called Argenfels, overlooking a small level tract, which sur-

rounding heights have left free to the lowland cultivator, and on which the large and goodly villages of Rheinbrohl and Höningen stand, the former at the southern the latter at the northern extremity. The river at this point is wonderfully grand; but, although assuming the width of an estuary, it was very rarely that even a solitary boat appeared on its surface.

By proceeding along the banks of this "exulting and abounding" stream, you gain a more correct idea of the relative proportion which the rocks bordering upon it bear to those mountainous masses into which the country it passes through is so extraordinarily broken; and you find here as in Switzerland, that the former, stupendous as they seem to be, are only the foundations of extensive plateaus and of higher eminences. The tourist who passes down the river, looks, from the bark which conveys him, to the visible summits of the mountains, and thinks probably of nothing beyond. But he who has time to explore will find that their real summits are often twice as high as their apparent ones.* Some of these rise in form of cones, others like semi-globes. They generally slope upwards very gently; and it is on these easy acclivities that the farmer and vine-dresser find their employment. The interior of many of the mountains bordering on the Rhine produces great quantities of slate and marble. The soil on which the vines grow is formed in a great measure

* This is shewn with admirable clearness in the *Panorama des Rheins von Mainz bis Cöln* (Panorama of the borders of the Rhine from Mentz to Cologne), executed by J. W. Delkeskamp, and published at Frankfort on the Maine, by F. Wilmans. This united series of bird's eye views is a graphic curiosity of itself; its local accuracy and delineative correctness, render it an admirable illustration of Schreiber's text, and both together form the most valuable and complete guides to a Rhine Tourist.

of slate: all the terraces are faced with it, and they thus reflect the heat intensely.

The vestigia on these borders offer abundant specimens of the various stages through which the architecture of Baronial residences took its progress of "regular successive alteration from rude barbarity to civilization."*—We see the large round tower, massive, capacious, unornamented, like Clifford's at York—or two such towers joined close together, one loftier than the other.† Also the high square (Norman-like) tower equally strong and plain, but much more lofty than the former, standing insulatedly, or communicating by a connecting line of masonry with another of less dimensions and inferior height,‡ with or without exterior fortifications. Next there is the grand feudal castle covering with its different outworks, towers of entrance, vallums, balliums, and donjons, an area of great extent; in the midst of which overlooking the whole vast combination rises an enormous keep or master-tower, in some cases of a circular in others of a square form, with battlements, crenellated perforations, and machicolations for pouring lead, &c. on assailants.§ Then one observes the union of Palace and Fortress, of military rampart and garden terrace, forming on the amplest scale an irregular but interesting mixture of defensive and domestic architecture.‖ Lastly, succeeding to the Castle, but without any intermediate stage of Gothic construction, comes the *Schloss*, or unfortified Palace; a building, in one or two instances of fine character and of princely adornment;¶ but chiefly**

* See King on Ancient Castles, p. 185. † As in Heimberg. ‡ As at Bingen. § As in Schönberg, Falkenberg, Gutenfels, &c. ‖ As in Rheinfels and Rheineck. ¶ The Chateau of Bieberich.. ** As in Johannisberg.

consisting of huge heavy quadrangular masses, shewing little or no taste of design; how well soever they may be suited for the display of interior magnificence or for the purposes of noble hospitality. But for the mansion with turretted and embattled ornaments, or for the elegant seat and genteel country box, the voyager may look in vain; such objects, ancient and modern, appear indeed peculiarly and almost exclusively to be the decorations of our English landscapes.

From Breisig the road, leaving the river's side, inclines to the left and coasts along the foot of some low hills, amidst orchards of fine fruit, to the small town of Sinzig (Scutiacum) whose large and noble Gothic church forms a charming finish to a fertile plain watered by a refreshing brook, and covered with open corn-fields, amongst which a good many trees intersperse themselves in clumps. Occasionally one passes by the road side a small chapel or shrine, in which, placed on a pedestal sits a painted statue of the Virgin Mary with the Infant in her arms. These have their peasant-votaries both young and old.

On the right bank the hills continue lofty and romantic. Linz has a pretty appearance at the margin of the stream, with an amphitheatre of vine-clad steeps for a background. The castle of Okkenfels crowning the heights to the north, and the mountain village of Basaltbruch forming an equally interesting object to the eastward, where enrobed in the hues of a beautiful sun-set,

> "Each purple peak and flinty spire
> " Was bath'd in floods of living fire.

By the time however that Meinherr Postillion, who like the rest of his tribe, had been smoking in my face *sans*

faire excuse, brought me to Remagen, the fire of his pipe and the light of my day's journey were both pretty nearly extinct. Unwilling therefore to pass through such a district without seeing as much of it as was possible, I decided on stopping for the night at this stage; though the town has nothing but its situation to recommend it, unless to be told that it was the *Rigomagum* of the Romans may haply reconcile the virtuoso to its defects: but unluckily the numerous monuments that were discovered during the formation of the fine road, commenced by the Elector Charles Theodore in 1768, and finished by the French in 1801, are deposited at Mannheim, where few people think of looking for them.

Adverting to the Romans and their stations, is it not strange that they, who had the country so long in their possession, and who made it teem like a quarry with their sepulchral inscriptions, milliary columns, and legionary altars, should have left us in their writings no memorials allusive to its picturesque beauties! Where in either Cæsar or Tacitus is there a sentence that characterises the scenery—to say nothing about describing it? Who would dream of such a river as the Rhine, when in the Commentaries he reads the brief notice of its rise, course, and islands; or the incidental remark on its breadth, depth, and rapidity, in the account of the famous passage effected over it by the Great Julius and his army?

A civil landlady's plain but palatable cookery, a few glasses of good Moselle by way of libation; moreover very clean sheets and a comfortable chamber, were my own redeeming discoveries at the post-house of Remagen. Before however I had recourse to "tir'd Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep," the tranquillity of the place

and the freshness of the evening air allured me towards the neighbouring convent of St. Apollinarisberg. The moon, glimmering her ray through the windows of its Gothic chapel, threw a soft and chaste illumination on their tracery, and on the terraces and summit of that beautiful hill. Thence descending to the water-side, I continued my solitary walk along the mouldering defences of the town, where walls and turrets, and church spires embrowned with age, present themselves in that peculiarity of form and assemblage which a painter "delighteth to honour." The deep stillness of the scene was unbroken, save by the fall of some distant stone, betokening yet the progress of destruction; or by the murmur of the mighty stream which flows past, unchanged amidst the perpetual changes of human affairs, and reflecting in their state of desertedness and desolation those towers of strength, whose images in days of yore it was wont to receive so proudly on its bosom.

27th.—When I set out from Remagen the morning mist had not risen even to the mountain-tops, but hung over the river about mid-way up. As the sun gained power the vapour began to ascend, and in half an hour the loftiest summits were hidden in clouds, for clouds the fog had now become. They floated higher and higher till they cleared the hills and remained awhile suspended over them. Ere the sun had been two hours up, all melted away before him. And as I passed under the castle of Rolandseck,* that venerable ruin, seated on a woody

* It is said that Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, built this castle, in order to be near his mistress, who had become a nun at the convent

rock, revealed through its beautiful arch "the summer heavens delicious blue"—whilst the quadrangular cloister in the island below it displayed on its roof the golden ray of morn, and its umbrageous and verdant enclosure brightened in dewy radiance.

Next to Remagen, on our northward road, lies Oberwinter; another truly old-fashioned place. At the sight of these Rhenish towns, I occasionally gave way to I know not what feeling—to a mood partly inclined to merriment, but much more largely partaking of melancholy. Surrounded as they are by mural stateliness, and distinguished by early church-architecture, but with their population shrunk into numerical insignificance, and their houses shrouded in an almost cherished decay, their's may be called an offering of rare and pure Gothicism, respected by the Genius of Dilapidation. They are seats of Antiquity, unpolluted in their character by any profane admixture of modern improvements: they are abodes in which Ruin silently works unchecked in its operations by the slightest human attempt at restoration or repair. In England—busy, indefatigable, commercial England—we have nothing wherewith to compare such epitomes of the *Moyen Age*, as Bacharach, and Oberwesel, and Welmich, as Boppart, and Oberlahnstein, and Andernach, as Remagen and Oberwinter. Nor is it perhaps desirable that we should. But the spectacle of a simple-mannered people, dwelling at peace in the once strongly fenced and still imposing little cities of their pugnacious forefathers, is one calculated to afford an interesting exercise to the

situated in the island of Nonnenwerder. The poet Schiller has made this the subject of one of his best ballads, entitled the Knight of Toggenbourg, placing however the scene in Switzerland.—*Schreiber.*

associative faculties; and a no less pleasing stimulus to a lively and romantic imagination.

From Oberwinter to Godesberg the ride is rendered captivating beyond expression, by the proximity of the Seven Mountains,* which on the right bank continue gloriously to unfold themselves, in all the varied aspects, that the Rhine's winding course so advantageously affords for viewing this most remarkable group of lofty hills.—Close to the river's margin "the castled crag of Drachenfels" rears its stupendous form more than a thousand feet in perpendicular height above the watery level. On its south-western face the houses and orchards of a small village form a border to its foot, which is on that side planted on a tract of fertile meadows; behind these some way up rises a covering of vines; above the zone of vegetation, occupying not more than a third of the whole height, is a frightful rampart of red and grey stone, terminating in the form of an irregular cone in which brambles and rocks are combined. Its very point is occupied with the ruins of an ancient castle, whose high tower still majestically frowns on the glade below.

To the east of the Drachenfels is the broken peak of the Wolkenberg; connected by a narrow ridge with the former, it resembles the shattered crater of some extinguished volcano. To the north the Stromberg and Nonnenstromberg appear with features less rugged but

* These mountains (Des Sieben Gebürge) derive their names from the seven highest summits of a chain which crosses Thuringen, the country of Fulde, and passes to the Rhine. Drachenfels (Dragons Rock) is the highest peak. The family of the Counts of Drachenfels, which became extinct in 1580, were the ancient proprietors of its castle. Wolkenburg (Castle of Clouds) is 1462 feet high—Lowenberg is 1896 feet—Nonnerstromberg and Ochlberg 1827 feet high.—*Schreiber.*

equally picturesque. The Heimmerich, Ochlberg, and Lowenberg, recede considerably into distance; but their sloping bases far as the eye can reach exhibit ranges of vineyards; convents and thick woods are seen on the tops of some, whilst those of others

> ——— split and rent
> Form turret, dome, or battlement;
> Or seem fantastically set,
> With cupola and minaret.

In gracing my pages with the verse of Sir Walter Scott, whose striking delineations of our own Highland Scenery often find their counterpart in a Rhenish *coup d'œil*, I am led to remark how much the powers of such a Poet united to the researches of such an Antiquary, are wanted here. Conveyed in the form of some metrical romance, with notes appended like those to the Lady of the Lake, or the Lord of the Isles, how acceptable for both entertainment and instruction to a voyager on the Rhine would be a little more knowledge respecting the remoter history of surrounding objects—a few more romantic traditions concerning the tenantless halls and crumbling towers of the castles, which perfectly astonish the traveller by their unusual number, their extraordinary situations, their magnificent dimensions, and multiplied forms. Of the fierce race who, when fixed in these no longer to be feared abodes, were accustomed to make their lordly presence and supremacy felt in the destructive wantonness of unbridled power, Childe Harold remarks

> In their baronial feuds and single fields,
> What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
> And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
> With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
> Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide.

Between Andernach and Bonn I saw two or three of those enormous rafts which are formed of the accumulated produce of the Swiss and German forests.—One was anchored in the middle of the river, and looked like a floating island. These *Krakens* of the Rhine are composed of oak and fir floated in smaller rafts down the tributary streams, and, their size constantly increasing till they arrive hereabouts, they make platforms of from four hundred to seven hundred feet long and one hundred and forty feet in breadth. When in motion a dozen boats and more precede them, carrying anchors and cables to guide and arrest their course. The navigation of a raft down the Rhine to Dort in Holland, which is the place of their destination,* is a work of great difficulty. The skill of the German and Dutch pilots who navigate them, in spite of the abrupt turnings, the eddies, the currents, rocks and shoals that oppose their progress, must indeed be of a very peculiar kind, and can be possessed but by few. It requires besides a vast deal of manual labour. The whole complement of rowers and workmen, together with their wives and children, on board one of the *first-rates*, amounts to the astonishing number of nine hundred or a thousand: a little village containing from forty to sixty wooden houses is erected upon each, which also is furnished with stalls for cattle, a magazine for provisions, &c.—The dwelling appropriated to the use of the master of the raft and the principal super-cargoes was conspicuous for its size and commodiousness.—It is curious to observe these rafts, on their passage, with their companies of rowers stationed

* About twelve of these rafts annually arrive at Dort in July or August; when the German timber-merchants, having converted their floats into good Dutch ducats, return to their own country. When the water is low, these machines are sometimes months upon the journey.—*Campbell's Guide.*

at each end, making the shores ring again to the sound of their immense oars.

The succession of grand natural pictures, which I had been gazing upon since my departure from Mentz and the district of the Rheingau, are undoubtedly similar but not the same—there is alternately the long noble reach; the sudden bend; the lake-like expanse; the shores on both sides lined with towns whose antique fortifications rise in distant view, and villages whose tapering spires of blue slate peer above the embosoming foliage; the mountains cloth.d with vines and forests, their sides bristled and their summits crowned with the relics of feudal residences,* or of cloistered fanes—but the varieties in the shape and character of all these are inexhaustible: it is this circumstance that enhances the pleasure of contemplating scenery, in which there is, as Lord Byron says,

> A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
> And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,
> From grey but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

The oppositions of light and shade; the rich culture of the hills contrasted with the rugged rocks that often rise from out of the midst of fertility; the bright verdure of the islands which the Rhine is continually forming; the purple hues and misty azure of the distant mountains—these and a thousand other indescribable charms, constitute sources of visual delight which can be imparted only by a view of the objects themselves.—And

* There are the ruins of 14 castles on the left bank, and of 15 on the right bank, of the Rhine, from Mentz to Bonn, a distance of 36 leagues.

is excitement of no other kind awakened, in contemplating the borders of this graceful and magnificent river? Yes. When we revert to the awful convulsions of the physical world, and the important revolutions of human society, of which the regions it flows through have been successively the theatre—when we meditate on the vast changes, the fearful struggles, the tragic incidents and mournful catastrophes, which they have witnessed from the earliest ages to the very times in which we have ourselves lived and marked the issue of events—"the battles, sieges, fortunes" that have passed before its green tumultuous current, or within ken of its mountain watch-towers—the shouts of nations that have resounded, and the fates of empires that have been decided, on its shores—when we think of the slaughtered myriads whose bones have bleached on the neighbouring plains, filled up the trenches of its rock-built strong-holds, or found their place of sepulture beneath its wave—when, at each survey we take of the wide and diversified scene, the forms of centuries seem to be embodied with the objects around us, and the record of the past becomes vividly associated with the impression of present realities—it is then that we are irresistibly led to compare the greatness of Nature with the littleness of Man: it is then that we are forcibly struck with the power and goodness of the Author of both; and that the deepest humility unites itself in a grateful mind, with the highest admiration, at the sight of "these His lowest works."

But do you pretend, it may be asked, in the course of a three days' journey, however lengthened by celerity of conveyance, or favoured by advantages of season and weather—do you pretend to have experienced that very

eminent degree of gratification which the country is capable of communicating? Certainly not. I speak of these scenes but as of things, which before my own hasty and unsatisfied glances came like shadows—so departed. Instead of two or three days, a whole month should be spent between Mentz, Coblentz, and Bonn, in order fully to know and thoroughly to enjoy the beauties and grandeurs with which that space abounds.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BONN—*The Münster—St. Remigius—Roman Altar—Flying Bridge—Agriculture*—COLOGNE—*Churches of the Apostles, St. Géréon, St. Ursula, and the Ascension—Roman Gateway—The Cathedral, Chapel and Tomb of the Three Kings; Celebration of Mass—Hotel-de-Ville—Rubens; Mary of Medicis—Churches of St. Peter and St. Mary of the Capitol—Bridge of Boats—Ancient Domestic Architecture.*

THE small city of Bonn is admirably situated on the left bank of the Rhine: its streets are well pierced, and kept in clean order: the houses are built in a substantial uniform stile, and their white fronts give a cheerful and neat aspect to the place.* The view from the chateau is superb: the river washes the wall of its terrace: to the right are seen the beautiful and majestic ruins of Godesberg castle, and beyond it on the other side of the Rhine, the enormous pyramid on which the castle of Drachenfels stands. The Seven Mountains are objects of beautifully picturesque appearance, and seem of almost Alpine elevation. The castle of Bonn, formerly the residence of the Electors of Cologne, displays to the south a most extensive façade of two stories, but is of an architectural design better suited for an hospital than a palace. The avenue westward to the chateau of Popplesdorf, and the heights on which the church of Kreutsberg is situated, are also striking features of the agreeable environs.

* The population amounts to 10,000 souls.

The eastern extremity of the Münster is a remarkably curious remain of early church-building—it is round-ended, consisting of two tier of circular arcades. The portal of the south transept, with its handsome clusters of slender pillars, merits the Antiquary's observation: nor is the interior less entitled to notice. The massive round columns of the nave are ornamented with thin pilasters elaborately foliaged: these are surmounted by arcades of black marble. This building is said to have been erected in the 12th century, on the site of a temple founded by the Empress Helena. The apsis, or semi-circular termination of its eastern interior, the cross vaulting, and the capitals of columns sculptured in the Roman stile, reminded me of St. Germain-des-Près at Paris, to the oldest part of which abbey-church Mr. Whittington assigns the date of the 10th and 11th centuries.*

The bronze statue of St. Helena, placed in the body of the church, rather exceeds the size of life; it is in a kneeling and devotional posture: the workmanship is good; particularly for the age, said to be that of the 12th century. The genuine reliques of St. Castor and St. Goar are shewn here. Suspended to the shrines of their respective side-chapels, in small cases with glass before them, these fragments of decayed human bones, fastened to the blue silk at the back, and embroidered round with tarnished gold thread, are in high estimation! The chapel of the Virgin is reached by a very elegant flight of steps; and with the exception of the paraphernalia at the altar, is tolerably chaste in its embellishments.

But surely nothing can be more objectionable, in a Chris-

* Eccl. Antiq. of France, p. 97.

tian sense, than that the Saviour of the world, the *only* Mediator, "the MAN Christ Jesus," whose place is in Heaven at the right hand of Omnipotence, should continually be offered to the eyes of devout worshippers, under the semblance of a helpless infant in its mother's arms.—Where is the sense; where, the piety of such representations? Yet as if this were not sufficient, the objects themselves are decorated in the most ridiculous manner. It is a sight neither new nor uncommon in Romish churches, to see the wax figure of a Lady, dressed in a long-waisted gown, over stiff stays, with a most capacious petticoat; her hair powdered, and on her head a very long fly-cap wreathed with artificial flowers, nursing, or rather holding on the palm of her hand, another image of very diminutive proportions, arrayed in long white baby-clothes. Yet the one is to remind the good Catholic of Her whom his Church calls the *Mother* of God! the other, is to figure to him that Divine Being, of whom, Protestant reader, your BIBLE serves to keep *you* in better and worthier remembrance.

St. Remigius, a more modern edifice, has a pulpit of excellent workmanship, and a fine organ: it is altogether a handsome parochial church. There was a numerous succession of goers and comers at both these places of worship. The women in their long cloaks and hoods indicate proximity to the confines of Flanders. In the square near St. Remigius, called the Römerplatz, is an interesting Roman remains; it is placed on a foundation of basalt rock, and on one side is inscribed DEAE VICTORIAE SACRVM. On the other faces of this votive altar, the component figures and instruments of a sacrifice are sculptured.

The communication between Bonn and the opposite village of Beuch is effected by one of those simple but singular contrivances called flying bridges. The machine is formed by placing two large barges like our coal lighters, alongside each other, with space enough between them to allow the rapid current to pass without opposition. On these a square platform, of sufficient size and strength to admit of a waggon and two horses standing on it, is securely fastened. This is fenced on every side with rails, and furnished with seats for the accommodation of passengers. A strong frame of timber, in the form of a gallows, is erected across the platform, and to its horizontal beam a chain is attached, which by means of a long line of boats is made to extend to the mooring-place in the middle of the river. The *pont volant*, or as the Germans call it *Der Fliegende Schiff brucke*, when disengaged from the shore is kept in such a direction by the helm affixed to each barge, as to receive the powerful pressure of the current on their bows. Thus impelled it floats over with certainty and celerity to the opposite quay, in the segment of a circle, of which the boat at anchor is the centre. It was a pretty sight to witness the market people crossing to and fro upon this swing-ferry with their carriages and provision baskets.

The road from Bonn to Cologne, on the left bank of the Rhine, deviates seldom from the straight line, and proceeds over a perfect flat, through several villages large and small. The mountains far recede on either side: the river in its winding and widening-channel sometimes presents itself close at hand, at others appears in the more

* On that, which till lately was stationed at Cologne, 1500 persons could be transported with perfect ease at the same time, and carriages and horses driven over them with safety from the banks to which they were lashed.

distant view; its stream frequently spotted with green islands, and its coasts at every mile space exhibiting some little town or hamlet, whose lofty church spire serves to break the uninteresting sameness of the horizontal line.—In this level track of country, leaving the vineyards behind at Bonn, you see not a hedge nor a bank, and but few trees except round the villages: the fields are divided from each other by no other sort of partition than that of green balks, seldom exceeding a yard or two in breadth.—The land appears subjected to a regular system of Agriculture; producing corn, grass, layers, cole seed, turnips, and potatoes. Around each field, whatever it may be sown with, a belt of hemp is generally grown to preserve, as is alleged, the crops from blights, and this of itself, when all gathered, forms no inconsiderable store. The quantity of grass land throughout the range of country from Coblentz appeared very small. In vain do you as yet look for sheep and cattle grazing. Even the farm-yards on the road side make no shew of neat stock. They must be confined to the home sheds, as in most other parts of the continent: for to suppose that the farmers do not keep them, would be a conclusion totally unwarranted by the known habits of the natives, who drink as much milk and eat as much meat as most other people.

To the traveller journeying along this level approach to Cologne, its elevated buildings are visible at a long distance. The tower called Bayenthurm, at the south-east angle of the fortifications by the waters edge, is a particularly conspicuous object; the Cathedral next attracts and commands increasing regard. After passing the more modern line of outworks, the entrance to the city is quite in the stile of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—mas-

sive ramparts, strengthened at regular intervals with semi-circular bastions, lofty flanking turrets, (some of them surmounted with equally antique windmills) deep ditches and gloomy gates: to these succeeded a long drive through narrow streets ere I reached the recommended Hotel. The objects of curiosity which I visited shall be noticed in the order of my promenade.

The Church of the Apostles is said to be of the 11th or 12th century: it is of contemporaneous date therefore with the Münster at Bonn, which it resembles at the east end, the arcades in that part of the exterior being circular with short pilasters. The interior equally displays the grand simplicity of the same early stile. It contains an Ascension of the Virgin by Hulsmann, and the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, by Pottgiesser; both of them good pictures but out of condition.

The Church of St. Géréon, with its great decagon of three galleries and cupola at the western extremity, and its two lofty square towers and round east end, is a remarkably fine building and in extraordinary preservation.*—The portal contains several curious remains of pillars, apparently of Roman workmanship, and some very ancient sepulchral effigies. Among other mural inscriptions is the following, "Deo, Temploque Patronis Hellenæ [illegible]æ, Christophero Gereoni ejusque Sociis."—In the body of the church, a noble architectural effect of ten angles, supporting a superb dome, is miserably impaired by the intrusion of modern painting, gilding, and superstitious trumpery. There are some good altar pieces; one by Rubens. The design and construction of this church are a

* Built in 1066 by Archbishop Anno, at the same spot on which a temple erected by St. Helena formerly stood.—*Schreiber.*

chef d'œuvre. But in the sanctum sanctorum there is a sad jumble of old and good Gothic with the heavy and vitiated taste of later ages. The legend of Sir Géréon and his companions, the martyrs of Thebes, is told in tapestry, and their skulls are shewn in—*Fudge.* A crucifixion near the repository of these knightly relics is much more worthy of note. In the Sacristy is a curious old painting of the Last Day. To the subterranean church, the date of 1066 is assigned: this crypt contains a fragment of ancient mosaic; a Heathen Roman sarcophagus filled with Catholic Roman relics; and the tomb of St. Géréon.

On my way thence to the Ursuline Convent, I passed the Episcopal Palace. The Archbishop, the Count Von Spiegel, was standing on the balcony conversing with another dignitary: he is a goodly personage, and seemingly not more than 50 years of age. The sacred edifice dedicated to St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Maids displays some fine specimens of the pointed arch. There are some large and curious pieces of sculpture fixed to the pillars of the nave; and a Roman Tomb is also preserved there. In their relation to "the copious fable" of the Holy Patroness, the contents of this church are an almost matchless sample of Popish imposition, practised on popular credulity. With the gravest face the verger shews you a set of ancient pictures, representing the acts of this (forsooth) British Princess, who came over hither in the days of the Heptarchy. In one of these characteristic efforts of the Monkish pencil, Ursula is seen landing with her Virgins who, like "sorrows, come not single spies but in battalions" from on board *one* vessel in the harbour of Cologne; and singularly enough the ship (which must surely have been made on the principle of the elastic

waistcoat) bears a *tri-coloured* flag! The church has literally been converted into a charnel house; every corner above and below being filled with bones—*packed* witnesses to prove the additional *fact* of the said army of Virgins coming from England to be martyred in Germany. To judge from the size of some of the bones, they must have belonged to sturdy limbs. The heads of the ladies are pretended to be kept in the sanctuary on each side of the High Altar. The cases, in which are placed, row above row, what pass for human crania, are sufficiently elevated to be out of the reach of any short-sighted mortal. But I took the liberty of reconnoitring them through a pocket-glass, and have no hesitation in affirming that they have for the most part just so much pretension to be called skulls of human beings, as so many barbers' blocks have, being seemingly made of the same wooden material. But the whole (story, shew, and all) is a foolish and flagrant mockery—an outrage on one's understanding—a contradiction to one's sense—

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

HOR.

The Ascension of the Virgin, the *ci-devant* church of the Jesuits, exhibits on its outside a mixture of stiles. The lofty towers are ancient; the middle portion of the building is of more modern date. It has a splendid interior: the pillars of the nave are round, massive, and their capitals decorated with leaves and grotesques. The slender columns and pointed arches of the east end are exceedingly noble: finely executed statues of Apostles and Saints are placed above each. The merit of the marble pulpit consists more in the elaborateness of its carving than in the taste

of its design. The organ and its gallery are rich; and the vault of the ceiling is very light and elegant. Schütt's pictures near the altar of the Virgin are good and suitable ornaments for any place but a church. The marble balustrade is a beautiful piece of sculpture. The altar itself presents as usual a gaudy flutter of glittering frippery: the Regina Angelorum, dressed in silks and satins, gold and gems, looks as if *her* Kingdom and Court were indeed of *this* world.

The New College of the Jesuits is numerously attended. The students lodge in the town.

Proceeding from the Church of the Ascension to the Cathedral, my guide led me through a noted Gateway: it constitutes one of the few remaining monuments of that long period of Roman colonization and residence, for which this place is historically distinguished. The inscriptive initials on the arch of the gate, now called the Pfaffenpforte, are still plainly to be seen C. C. A. A. * on the key-stone.

The Cathedral of Cologne is an object calculated in the most eminent degree to excite astonishment and admiration, regret and disgust. Admiration at the grandeur of its design; astonishment at the boldness of its construction; regret that so imposing a monument of architectural genius begun in the 13th and slowly worked upon till the end of the 15th century, should not have been finished; disgust at the wretched manner in which the uncompleted parts have been patched up for ecclesiastical use and religious

* Colonia. Claudia. Agrippina. Augusta. The Colony of Agrippina (Claudii). The city of Cologne, under the name of *Oppidum Ubiorum*, was founded by Marcus Agrippa, the son in law of Augustus; and enlarged by a Roman colony, which was sent there by Claudius to please his Empress, who was born in the city of the Ubians, during the campaigns of her father Germanicus.

service. Of the two towers at the west end, which were both intended to have been 500 feet in height, the northern one appears scarcely more than thirty feet from the foundations, and is left in a strangely ruinous state. The southern tower is about the same elevation as the top of the roof of the choir, viz. less than half the intended height. The exterior decorations of this *clocher* are in the very perfection of the pointed, or, if I may be allowed the term, the pyramidal stile adopted in that school of Christian architecture, with so little propriety called Gothic. I know not which struck me most; the colossal dimensions of the pile, or the fairy lightness and florid richness of its ornamental details. This observation extends with if possible increased force to the choir;* between which and the bell tower there is however a terrible *hiatus*, in place of the nave. How well qualified that middle portion would have been to unite two such extremities, and thus to form one of the most magnificent edifices of the kind, may be inferred from the row of four immense columns, near the western entrance, being the commencement of the nave, and a double pair of aisles. Proceeding along this dark area, the pillars of which terminate at the height of some thirty or forty feet, and are clumsily roofed in with wood, you enter the choir, which with its side chapels is the only finished part of the interior.

The shrine of the Virgin bears this inscription: "Consolatrix Afflictorum,"† (Consoler of the Afflicted); an-

* The choir and the clocher are constructed of grey stone brought from the quarries in the Seven Mountains, near Bonn. And at the top of the tower may still be seen the crane used in raising the stones.

† Alluding to the readiness displayed by many of the advocates of the political claims of the British and Irish Roman Catholics, to inculcate the

other title by which the Romanists make the mother of Jesus a competitor with HIM who says "Come unto *Me*—and *I* will give you rest." In one of the chapels that surround the choir is the tomb of Archbishop Philip of Heinsberg, who built the enlarged walls of the city in 1186; in another, the finely chased silver coffin of Archbishop Engelbert, in whose Episcopate the building was planned; and in a third, the bronze effigy of his successor Conrad, who laid the first stone in 1248. In this chapel are some very ancient paintings in colours and gold. The arches of the choir are remarkable for their narrow lofty pointed conformation. The height from the

notion that there is very little difference of doctrine between the Church of England and that of Rome, the Rev. Dr. PHILLPOTTS in his excellent Address to Earl GREY, observes, "the success of this attempt, which is not a new one, is much promoted by the impossibility of appealing to any authentic and complete confession of the faith of their Church.—It is an obvious consequence (he adds) of this uncertainty, that a skilful sophist may easily frame a statement of the doctrines of his Church, plausible enough to impose on any one who forms his notions on the true character of Popery from the manner in which it is presented to his observation in a Protestant country." But "what (this eminent Divine remarks) is the due honour and veneration to be paid to Images and Relics, or the true nature of the invocation of Saints, and the worship that may be addressed to them, can only be learned by marking the customs and instituted observances of different countries within the Roman Pale."—An observation more to the purpose could not be made. A very limited tour in Roman Catholic Europe will enable the Protestant traveller to apply it with advantage both to himself and others. And here, though no praise or acknowledgment of mine can be rendered worthy of Dr. PHILLPOTTS' acceptance, let it be permitted me, as one among the many whom his "LETTERS" have at once delighted, instructed, and fortified, to join in offering the tribute of respect and gratitude, due from every sincerely attached member of the Established Church, to so truly learned, eloquent, and powerful a writer; to so distinguished, so triumphant a defender of a good, great, and glorious cause—the cause of Religious Truth, of pure, primitive, SCRIPTURAL CHRISTIANITY.

floor to the superbly vaulted ceiling is stated to be 180 feet. The figures and arabesques in white marble, over the two tombs of Archbishops Adolphus and Anthony, Counts of Schauenbourg, are beautifully sculptured.—The sacristan shewed me a mass music book: it is finely illuminated; but I much doubt whether it is any thing near so old as nine hundred years, which was the date he gave to it. The tapestries which cover the walls are said to be after designs by Rubens.—The high altar, though by no means deficient in costliness of materials, is palpably at variance with the edifice which it is intended to adorn. Like some alterations, not improvements, made in our English Cathedrals before the study of Gothic Architecture had taught Deans and Chapters to appreciate its merits, and preserve its consistencies, the substitution here of a Tabernacle of no Order at all, and of no beauty but that of marble and gold, offends the eye of taste, and reflects discredit on the ecclesiastical meddlers who, to introduce such an anomaly, could half a century ago remove an ancient sanctuary, which is described to have been in every respect worthy of the surrounding genius of the place.

Of harmony and unity in the plan, of beauty and taste in the embellishments, and of sublime impressiveness in the general effect, it is indeed a wondrous monument: and the whole church, if achieved after the uniform design of which this choir is a specimen, and of which the original is still preserved, would have been a matchless *chef d'œuvre* of that art *" which was developed and perfec-

* Vide "Recherches sur l'Architecture des Anciens Cathédrales, accompagnés de Vues, Plans, et Details de la Cathédrale de Cologne, par M. SULPICE BOISSEREE." A splendid work, containing restorations after the original plan:—published at Stuttgart, 1825.

tionated under the reigns of Frederic II. and Rodolph of Habsbourg, Emperors of Germany; of Saint Louis, King of France; and of Henry III. King of England."

Is it not surprising that in the city of Cologne, whose inhabitants have never ceased to be Most Catholic, and consequently most ready to boast of the religious works of their ancestors—is it not surprising that they should have suffered so noble and magnificent a structure to remain in its present state? Not at all. Step with me behind the grand altar, and there you will discover the gulf which has for centuries swallowed, and which still continues to intercept and absorb those offerings and oblations that might have replenished the coffers of the board of works, and displayed their munificent amount in the accomplishment of the architect's intention.

That small marble chamber is called the Chapel of the Three Kings; for the Magi who brought gifts and paid adoration to the Babe at Bethlehem are so denominated. Infallible authority had already pointed out to us the original burial place of those great travellers in the church of St. Eustorgio, at Milan. But how did Cologne become possessed of their remains? Why, by the fortunate circumstance of Archbishop Reinold's accompanying the very pious expedition in which the Emperor Frederick I. took and utterly destroyed the city of Milan. It was that feudal Prelate, receiver of the stolen bones of the dead, as his share of the spoil obtained by making houseless such of the living as the sword had spared, who in 1170 deposited the same in this chapel. Enter it: but first pay down six francs, or the securely locked door remains for ever shut against you. This done however, the sacristan lights the lamps within; and you are allowed by their illumination the sight of a tomb, the

genuineness and integrity of whose contents, considering how they were originally come by, and their removal during the French Revolution, must be regarded as set forth with admirable confidence in the *reason* and *knowledge* of votaries, by the following inscription:—

> Corpora Sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum,
> Ex his sublatum nihil est, alibive locatum.

There, in the centre, on four columns of about a yard in height, stands a large old chest or trunk, covered with gold, or perhaps gilt metal, ornaments of excellent workmanship in bas-relief, representing arcades, supported by small columns. In front are images of three Kings in solid gold, on the sides are figures of Apostles and Prophets in silver gilt, and the cornices and borders are set with gems, enamels, and precious stones of all descriptions; doubtless of great value. This chest, which is a curious specimen of ancient embossing and carving, is divided into two compartments. The small folding doors of the upper one open; and three radiated crowns of gold, respectively bearing in letters formed of rubies the names of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, are seen shining over what (it would be more for the honour of the human mind *if* we *could* say) none but absolute *num*-skulls believe to be the *crania* of the Three Wise Men, who came from the East to worship the new born Saviour! The sacristan however tells his oft told tale, and takes the heads out and the crowns off to confirm it. If you do not wish him instantly to return these highly varnished remnants of mortality to their places, make *no* remarks, and refrain from any attempt to examine them. You may safely in your own mind allow two to be the

skulls of adults, males or females. The third pretended Wise Man's brains must have lain in a small compass, and himself have been numbered with the dead ere he attained the full age of discretion. The lower part of the chest is said to contain the bones of the three Magi. The expense of this brilliant bauble, valued at eight millions of francs has been defrayed out of the voluntary tax which folly and credulity pay to superstition and priestcraft, even in these enlightened days of the nineteenth century.

My *valet de place* afterwards told me that in 1794, the ecclesiastical authorities of Cologne, taking advantage of the confusion of that period, appropriated to their own use, and disposed of some of the most convertible treasures of the cathedral. Be this charge well or ill founded, certain it is that the chapter at the period in question was entrusted with the removal, among other things, of this tomb to Westphalia; and when it was returned in 1804, the costly relic was found to be not only very much injured, but divested of its gold and gems. The French bore the blame of these losses; and the modern Ubians have had the distinguished honour of re-crowning the skulls and re-embellishing the chapel of the Three Kings! Can we wonder then that the towers of their Cathedral look so much like ruins; or that the splendour of its nave lies quenched beneath a low dirty ceiling of planks?

Between this chapel and the high altar the remains of Marie-de-Medicis are deposited.—In the same part of the church is a picture which bears the date of 1482. The Adoration of Christ by the Magi forms the centre subject, whilst St. Ursula and her lady-legion on one

side, and St. Géréon and his band of knights on the other, serve as *volets*. On the north side of the choir is a room called the *Goldene Kammer* (Golden Chamber) in which the remainder of the church treasure is kept; amongst other things a crucifix said to be of gold, but only silver gilt, studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c. it is about three feet high, nearly two broad, and an inch and a half thick; a crosier of the same material and of corresponding size; a sword, said to have formerly belonged to the Elector of Cologne; it is not less than four feet long, and has a gold handle, and ornaments of the same metal to the scabbard. Some ivory carvings by Melchior Paulus, who they say was employed thirty years in completing ten pieces, are also preserved in this room. In the north aisle there is some splendid stained glass, in five large windows, works of the fifteenth century. One of these serves to show the genealogy of the Messiah from "the root of Jesse." The painter has literally represented the father of David lying dead, and a wide-spreading tree growing up from him, the branches of which terminate in numerous figures of his descendants, our Blessed Saviour's surmounting the whole.

I was present during the celebration of Grand Mass in this Cathedral. The choir was exclusively occupied by ecclesiastics: the most respectable portion of the laity were congregated outside; kneeling in the dark piazza of the north aisle, having no sight whatever of the sanctuary, but being within hearing of the bell, and that seemed to be sufficient. By approaching close to the gates, through which the elements were carried in procession from the sacristy to the choir, I had a near view of the scene and ceremonies. The Archbishop sat in his

magnificent throne; the Canons and other dignitaries in their finely carved stalls; the Curé and other officiating priests were before and on each side the tabernacle—all in their splendid vestments and richly embroidered copes, attended by platoons of sub-deacons, and by companies of frankincensing acolytes. The instrumental performance was fraught with brilliant proofs of scientific excellence. In the organ-gallery were females, whose melodious display of vocal softness and flexibility enlivened the plain yet solemn cadences of the altar-service; producing, with the orchestral aids, a powerful effect of sacred harmony, in which the ornamental varieties of modern composition were blended with the unadorned and deep-revolving intonations of the ancient chant. The impression which it made on my mind served to strengthen the conviction already formed there, as to the popular advantage of improved and perfectionated church music, and as to its claim to a certain degree of attention even from those who have the government of Protestant Communities.

To relieve the tedium of mechanical repetitions, and to inspire interest in the thousand-and-one observances,* which are on these occasions gone through with disci-

* Lighting and extinguishing candles, putting on and taking off vestments, lifting up consecrated flour and water to adoration, draining the chalice to its last drop, and cleaning and polishing it afterwards, marching and countermarching, heads, knees, and tinkling bells alternately in motion—in such a parade of devotional trifles, (to say nothing of singing and praying in a tongue not understood by the people) it is impossible to recognize a single feature of the simple, the affecting communion, to which, as to the signs and symbols of that ONE sacrifice which He was *about* to offer of Himself for the sins of the world, Our Blessed Saviour immediately referred, when He said to his Disciples "*Do this in remembrance* of Me."

plined precision in a Catholic Cathedral, such auxiliaries are absolutely and indispensably necessary: so wide is the difference between the complexity of Tradition and the simplicity of the Written Word; between things human and things divine; between the invention of the Mass by the Popes of Rome and the institution of the Holy Eucharist by the Founder of Christianity. At the elevation of the Host, when every knee was bent, and many a frame prostrated, in acknowledgment of the Deity present under the form of a wafer, I cast my eyes towards the adjacent chapel of the Three Kings, where the *Death*-heads of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, crowned with gold and emblazoned with rubies, mocking at their state and grinning at their pomp, were at that moment exposed to the "veneration of the faithful." Nor could I regard the then illuminated shrine without a feeling of astonishment, that they, who against the evidence of sense believe in Transubstantiation, who ascribe to their priesthood the power of re-producing, in a daily sacrifice on earth, the Lord from Heaven—that *they* should take no care to purge *their* temples of objects whose origin in fraudful piety, or in puerile fabrication, renders them so totally unmeet to be beheld by the God of Truth.

The Hotel de Ville presents an exterior which, in sculptural embellishment as well as architectural form, cannot fail to interest the stranger who bears in mind the long connection of ancient Cologne with the destinies of Imperial Rome. Its marble portal is really a fine piece of workmanship, designed in a taste not unworthy of the classic age, but sadly deteriorated by the hand of time or of mischief. The expectations raised by this Corinthian and Roman façade are not fulfilled on a survey of the inside.

The Hall called Muschell is hardly entitled to the epithet of "vast," which M. Schreiber confers on it. I should not have guessed the tapestries on its walls to have been a fabric of the Gobelins, nor the landscapes which they exhibit to have been designed by Wouvermans. The chamber of the Tribunal contains some good sculptures of the first merchants of the place, who resorted thither in the days of the powerful Hanseatic league, from different parts of Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. In the Hall of the Cæsars are paintings of large size but of no extraordinary merit; one represents the Marriage of Claudius and Agrippina; another refers to a passage in the Commentaries which states how the wrath of Julius Cæsar against the Ubians was appeased by the satisfactory explanation of their Ambassadors.—The prospect from the singularly formed tower of this Town-house impresses the mind strongly with the municipal greatness of Cologne. Houses roofed with slate, pyramidal gables, thickly sprinkled churches, are among its characteristic features. Numerous gardens and other verdant spots give to this panorama of the city an amplitude and a cheerfulness, not apparent in the promenade of its streets which are for the most part narrow and dirty. From the same elevated station the different turnings of the Rhine are seen for several leagues; and the Seven Mountains appear bending their majestic summits over its emerald waves.

I was obliged to content myself with an outside view of a building so remarkable for being the one in which a prosperous Painter drew his first breath, and an unfortunate Queen, the patroness of his fertile genius and heroine of his pictorial allegories, uttered her last sigh. Peter Paul Rubens, born in the house No. 10, Rue de Tival, the ex-

terior of which is devoid of consequence, died in a palace at Antwerp, full of years and honours. Mary of Medicis, who, quitting the princely splendours of her native Italy for regal dignity in France, became the wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII, expired beneath this comparatively humble roof in Cologne, the exiled victim to her own ambitious weakness and to Richelieu's ascendant subtlety. The only answer which I could obtain respecting the inside of this celebrated edifice was that there remained "nothing to be seen." The present proprietor is a tradesman; and it is said has been Vandal enough to destroy some curious carvings which ornamented one of the rooms. Possibly, having experienced annoyance of late years from increasing applications of inquisitive strangers, he has himself given currency to a report, which it is to be hoped has no foundation in fact.

By way of compensation, however, for this disappointment, my attentive Cicerone conducted me to the church of St. Peter, where the font is shewn at which Rubens was baptized; and to which has been restored the picture of the Apostle's Crucifixion, painted expressly for the altar-piece by the great artist above mentioned. The first time I saw this nobly executed but too painfully impressive subject it was in the Louvre, surrounded by a miscellaneous assemblage of the Flemish School, and subjected to all the disadvantage of cross lights, which render that matchless gallery so ill suited for the exhibition of pictures. I this time beheld the work placed in the sanctuary of the venerable church to which the illustrious painter had dedicated it, and with the rich glow of the evening

sun spread over its canvass: the superiority of effect was of the most decided kind. During its long detention at Paris, a miserably bad copy had supplied its vacant place; and strange to say this is still exhibited, in odious comparison with the master-piece, by turning the frame on a pivot. In the Chapel of the Virgin is an Assumption, copied from Rubens. The windows contain several subjects in stained glass, the remains evidently of a large collection: some of it at the east end is stated to be by Albert Durer: probably after designs of his.

At the church of St. Mary of the Capitol,* in the chapel of the baptistry, are Albert Durer's fine pictures of the Death of the Virgin, and the Disciples sent to preach the Gospel; and a small altar-shrine composed of inlaid metal and wood, said to be a thousand years old. Another chapel is decorated with fresco paintings of the date of 1400. The oval colonade at the east end of the choir, and the peculiar mouldings and sculptures of the portal, fully countenance the itineraries in placing this church among the most ancient in Cologne: its large and powerful organ was playing, in accompaniment to the matin-service, at the time I entered the church.

The King of Prussia has lately improved the communication of Cologne with the small town of Deutz, by substituting (as at Coblentz) a noble bridge of boats for the old flying bridge. The view from it of the river and lofty buildings of the city is one of considerable grandeur and extent; and the numerous vessels of various sizes bespeak the reviving energies of commerce. A steam-boat (large and

* Situated in the district where the capitol was in the time of the Romans, and for this reason the eminence on which it stands is still called the Mount of the Capitol.—*Schreiber.*

commodious) was lying along the quay: it arrives every Saturday evening at Cologne from Rotterdam, and returns on Monday morning at eight o'clock, making the voyage in two days. The extension of steam navigation up the Rhine is said to be seriously in contemplation: when this shall be effected as far as Frankfort or Mannheim, the journey from England into the heart of Germany will cease to be formidable, in point either of trouble or expense, even to a whole family.

The fortifications of Cologne have lately been strengthened, not only by general repairs done to the old ramparts, which are much too extensive for its present small garrison, but also by large brick forts erected on the side of Bonn and on that of Juliers, about half a mile distant from the city gates each way, and commanding the roads leading to those places. The Prussian Government appears to be not in the best odour with the people of Cologne. The muster-roll of the Landwehr or Militia of the country, which had been called out for training and exercise, includes all the able-bodied male population, married as well as single men, none of whom receive pay without previously signing a certificate of their poverty.

The Sunday at Cologne seems appropriated to a strange mixture of religious and secular employments.—In the morning the streets are thronged with people* hurrying to the different churches: at noon time the shops are open again; and the neighbouring peasantry of both sexes flock into the town to sell their provisions and make their purchases. Some of the country women carry upwards of 200 lbs. weight upon their heads.

* The population of Köln, or Cologne, amounts to 58,000 souls.

Of old domestic architecture there are several very interesting relics. A house near the Rheinpforte (Gate of the Rhine) offers a curious specimen of the castellated stile. Opposite that front of the Hotel de Ville which looks into the Alten-markt (Vegetable market), I noticed an edifice which indicated a more than ordinarily remote antiquity: in the first story it has a circular arcade, with columns of black marble, and the acanthus leaf in the capitals. On inquiring by what name the building was designated, the reply was—*Le Temple*; it belonged formerly to the Knights Templars.—The inn where I lodged, bears the name of the Court of England, and reveals, both outside and in, various palpable signs of its having been formerly a noble, if not a princely mansion: its windows look out upon a large open place planted with trees. The master told me it was, in 1400, the residence of a Prince Maximilian; and he directed my attention to the armorial bearings imprinted on the little square tiles with which my apartment was floored, and to a coronet on the cornice. I drank my tea in the nicest *morceau antique*: a bay window of beautifully pointed vaulting and enriched with florid workmanship in stone: the whole answering closely in form and commodiousness to the description of those places of conversational retirement, into which the admirable Author of the Waverly Novels takes delight to lead the principal personages of his truly interesting stories.

CHAPTER XXX.

From Cologne to Juliers—AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—*Mont Louisberg—Hotel-de-Ville—Mineral Springs—Imperial Baths—Gambling—M. Bettendorf's Pictures—The Münster—Chair and Sarcophagus of Charlemagne—Relics*—LIEGE—*Citadel—Episcopal Palace—Place de St. Lambert—Place-de-la-Comédie—Improvements—Church of St. Paul—University—Pont-des-Arches—Ride to St. Tron, Tirlemont, and Louvain.*

NOTHING can be more level than the country, nor more straight than the road westward from Cologne: but, thanks to the villages which, with their lofty steeples, display themselves in all directions and at all distances, the scenery is still cheerful and picturesque. One cannot indeed feel otherwise than interested with the native plains of Rubens, however one's taste for the more lovely or magnificent may have luxuriated in Switzerland and on the Upper Rhine.

The country receives an accession of agreeable features and becomes well wooded in the approach to Bergheim, which is surrounded by an extensive range of rich meadows. The hitherto perfect level of the horizon is somewhat broken by the hills of the Grand Duchy of Berg; and the road from the above mentioned town proceeds through a considerable tract of forest land. Every now and then the prospect opens finely; and the traveller's eye recognises those sylvan groups and rural objects of the Flemish landscape, from which Teniers, and Wynants,

and Ruysdaal, and Hobbima, *cum multis aliis*, have painted with so much fidelity to nature, both in characteristic design and local colouring.

Stopping at Juliers only to change horses, my notice of it must be proportionably brief. But the fat post-mistress, with her bare neck and arms, in all

> " the effusive warmth
> " Of colours mingling with a random blaze,"

is not to be forgotten by those who may speak of the *body* of this very strong place. To and from Juliers to go and retire is no short course, by reason of sundry ravelins, horn-works, and envelopes, trenches and moats, draw-bridges and gates, ramparts, half-moons, and bastions.

The villages and small towns on the high road from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle, are far from being apparently so miserable as in France; but they are still very inferior to those of England; and the beggars in them are numerous as well as troublesomely importunate. The land is in high and universal culture. There was a good deal of wheat in the sheaf. The plough in common use is very similar to our Norfolk one. The sight of cattle grazing on commons, and in the home pastures of farms, once more met my eyes.

Aix-la-Chapelle, the reputed spot of Charlemagne's nativity, and indisputably the place of his burial—ancient and once Imperial Aix, in modern times the seat of Diplomatic Congresses, both before and since the reign of Napoleon, who did much for its embellishment—is after all neither a large nor a handsome place. The surrounding space formerly occupied by its walls has been laid out in gardens and grounds after the English stile, and forms

an extremely pleasant promenade: but the pavement of the town is wretchedly bad, most of the streets are narrow, and the houses ill built.

The view from the top of the neighbouring hill of Louisberg, or Mount St. Salvator, comprehends every way more than ten miles of an enclosed, fertile, verdant, undulating, well-watered, thickly-wooded country. The pyramid erected on this eminence in honour of Buonaparte, and which the Cossacks threw down, has been set again on its foundations, and inscribed in terms more suitable to "existing circumstances."—Higher up is a Temple, composed of a peristyle and dome, which my guide told me was erected by an English Nobleman.—The Chapel of St. Salvator stands on a lower summit of this hill: it is full of images, whereby hang many an enormous legend, each admired by the priest-ridden multitude, in the ratio of its mendacious absurdity. To the east end of this old building a secular edifice has been attached, which I presumed was the parsonage. No, said my conductor, it is a *Cabaret* (a small public-house.)—By whose permission has it been placed there? That of the Council of the City: the *Curé* and the *Aubergiste* live under one roof!

The market-place forms a handsome square, and possesses a choice ornament in the fountain, which is crowned by a bronze-gilt statue of Charlemagne, and encompassed by a basin of the same material. The face of the imperial image looks towards the façade of the Hotel de Ville, which is of a heavy design. One of its flanking towers, called *Granus*, is regarded as being to a certain height of Roman masonry. The marble floors of the lower halls in this town-house, give them a palace-like appearance, and

the fine vaulted ceilings point them out as of an earlier date than that of the upper apartments. In one of the latter is a work of Vandyck's, representing Charlemagne bestowing freedom and privileges on Aix, and other cities of the then Germanic Empire. The costume of the figures is unworthy of the knowledge possessed by so great an artist.—The saloon of the Congress contains the King of Prussia's portrait, by W. Henzell, painter to the Court of Berlin, 1817. In this hall the treaty of peace between France, England, and the Netherlands, was concluded and signed on the 18th of October, 1748. And the portraits of the fifteen Ambassadors, with their wigs *au naturel*, hang on the walls, memorials of the event and models of bad painting: Lord Sandwich and the *Chevalier* Robinson appear there as the Ministers of our country.

The warm mineral baths for which Aix-la-Chapelle is celebrated, are supplied from six distinct springs within the interior of the town, besides others in the vicinity. I contented myself with visiting the Imperial spring which is the oldest and esteemed to be the best. The building inclosing it furnishes fourteen baths: the water issues from the rocky bed of its fountain, boiling hot. The deposit of pure sulphur emitted from the vapour issuing from this source is really wonderful. Buonaparte preferred this spring for his own use, remaining frequently and long in the bath at a very high temperature. In the year of his tour to Holland, whose public functionaries compromised the national character and belied the popular feeling so far as to practise the base adulation of telling Napoleon in Amsterdam that the Dutch felt "all the honour of forming part of the Empire of Charlemagne, restored by a Monarch who was superior

to him in all respects;" in that year he caused the following inscription to be placed near the walled-in cistern that receives the water:—

THERMAS. PALATINAS. CAROLI. MAGNI.
NATATIONE. ANTIQVITVS. FAMIGERATAS.
POST. PROPE. MILLE. ANNOS.
IMPERATOR. NEAPOLIO.
IN. MEMORIAM. TANTI. PRINCIPIS.
RESTITVENDAS. JVSSIT.
AN. M.D.CCCXI.*

The *Salles de Jeu et de Danse*—in plain English, the Gambling and Ball-rooms are very large and superb, particularly the latter. My guide seemed quite surprised that, satisfied with a mere peep, I should have declined to stop and try my fortune *au grand jeu*, at the table of which the banker and several players were already assembled in mid-day devotion to the shrine of Rouge-et-Noir. Aix appears to have resumed all its former attachment for games of hazard.

With the collection of M. Bettendorf I was disappointed, not so much in the number and quality of the pictures as in the place and manner of their display, which accorded in no respect with the idea of "a superb gallery."—It contains among a great many others, a highly finished Danae, by the bright and beautiful pencil of Herman Vandermyn; a glowing and lovely Dèpart-pour-la-Chasse, by Cuyp; a sweet little piece

* After the lapse of nearly a thousand years, the Emperor Napoleon ordered these anciently renowned Hot Baths belonging to the Imperial Court of Charlemagne to be restored, in remembrance of so Great a Prince. 1811.

of Cattle and Dogs, by Paul Potter; Anniversary Festival, by Jan Steen; a most enchanting landscape of Berchem's, with figures and cattle in the fore-ground, and a view of Tivoli in the distance; Noah coming out of the Ark, by D. Teniers, well executed, but in a stile as dissimilar to his usual manner as the subject is different from his usual choice; Peasants drinking and smoking, an excellent picture of the same artist; Musicians by Rembrandt; the Virgin surrounded by Angels, Vandyck; a Weeping Magdalen, by Rubens; Andromeda, a joint production of Rubens and Vandyck; inimitably delicate and beautiful Flowers, by Van Huysum; a Magdalen and St. Francis, by A. Caracci; two landscapes of Jacob Ruysdaal, in which, with simply natural representations of skies, trees, and running brooks, of roads through venerable woods, and cottages and mills on the verdant banks of transparent rivulets, that spirited draughtsman and most pleasing colourist has produced great effects of light and shade, with apparently little labour. There are also some clever paintings by Diedrich; Descent from the Cross by Albert Durer, a superior performance; the same subject painted by Roger Vanderweyde (Roger of Bruges, born 1415) displays a graceful freedom of hand and a powerful truth of expression, altogether uncommon to the age and country in which this artist lived. I must not omit to mention the Adoration of the Shepherds by Correggio: the light in this charming composition proceeds solely from the new-born Saviour, and radiating from that heavenly centre diffuses itself over the whole picture: the management of the chiaro-scuro is incomparably fine.—M. Bettendorf has affixed a memorandum to it, stating that it is the one noticed in

the work of the Richardsons, father and son, vol. 3, p. 677 and 683.

The Münster,* which Pope Saint Leo III. assisted by 365 Bishops, consecrated to the honour of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, and of which contemporary writers have spoken in such unqualified terms of admiration, is certainly not entitled to the name of a "*Great* Church;" but it is not on that account less suited to interest the lover of Ecclesiastical Architecture. The west end, which has a portal of bronze, and the rotunda, composed of massive arcades, supporting a tier of numerous columns, some of them Porphyry, with Corinthian capitals, are all that remain of Charlemagne's building. These works of the ninth century, though they fail to strike the eye of the spectator in the same impressive manner as do the superior loftiness and magnitude of Norman structures, or the more ornamented edifices of a still later age, yet sensibly improve on our further regard, and display a simple unity and fitness of design, which would be but ill exchanged for mere increase of dimensions or mere redundancy of embellished details.—In the upper walks of the church, called the Hoch-münster, subdivided into various chapels of Saints, are several pictures: among them, a gigantic portrait of Charlemagne, inscribed "Adam Bommidt me fecit, Anno 1653." An Adoration of the Shepherds, said to be by Rubens, if so, not one of his best; a Crucifixion, by Albert Durer; and a Dead Christ, by Pietro Perrugino. It was quite sickening to see the hypocritical ostentation of piety and devotion put on by

* Eginhard, Chancellor to Charlemagne and also his biographer, states, that from this church, which was commonly called *Capella*, the town came to be distinguished by the name of Aix-la-Chapelle.

many of the lower orders in these places—kneeling with outstretched arms, prostrating themselves on the pavement, or making grimaces, for the obvious purpose of attracting notice. The loss of useful time in this every-day sort of lounge at the churches is prodigiously great among the gross vulgar, to whom indeed needless rites and multitudinous ceremonies are peculiarly agreeable.

In the gallery facing the choir stands the royal chair, on which the body of Charlemagne is said to have been seated in his tomb for 552 years before it was disturbed and dismembered by the relic-hunters. It is of unpolished marble, which once probably was white.* In the middle of the church, suspended near the tomb of Charlemagne is a lustre of gilt copper in the form of a crown, presented by the Emperor Frederick in honour of the Blessed Virgin.—The choir is of the fourteenth century, plain but handsome, and well lighted. The altar is rich in Carrara and other marbles, and the floor is paved with black and white squares of the same material.

In an obscure part of the church, towards the west end, is deposited the sarcophagus of Charlemagne,

* "It was on this seat, at such times covered with plates of gold, elevated on five marble steps, that the King of the Romans placed himself at his coronation in this church, whither the Princes and Electors, as well as the Chapter went forthwith to salute the Emperor, and where he took the accustomed oath." *La description de la Cathedrale* adds, that in virtue of Charlemagne's constitution, thirty-six Emperors, including himself as the first, were crowned in it at Aix-la-chapelle; and the writer endeavours to impress it strongly on the mind of his reader that "if it has happened that others have not been crowned there [about the middle of the 14th century the place of coronation was removed to Frankfort on the Maine] such circumstance has always been owing to legitimate obstacles, duly accounted for by the imperial envoys, solemnly declaring that nothing should be done to prejudice the rights and privileges of the city of Aix."

sculptured in alto relievo with the mythological fable of the Rape of Proserpine. In the composition of this group Mercury takes the lead, conducting the horses of Pluto, who, assisted by Minerva, has placed the unfortunate virgin in his chariot: behind which follows a smaller car drawn by serpents and preceded by females with baskets of flowers, allusive to the employment in which the daughter of Ceres was engaged, when

"Herself, a fairer flower,
"By gloomy Dis was gathered."

M. Le Noir who has accurately delineated this monument calls it "*une copie* grossièrement exécutee d'un tombeau antique." The work I admit does not display the polished excellence of classic art; but the undercutting is boldly executed, and, but for a feeling of deference to such authority,* I should without hesitation say that it is Roman, of the time of the lower empire. Indeed it does not seem easily reconcileable with the character which Monkish writers give to Charlemagne, as having evinced an extraordinary piety and love for all the objects of religion, including the strongest passion for relics; nor with what less partial historians record of his attachment to the Roman Pontiffs, that that Prince should have been at the pains of preparing the copy of a *Pagan* tomb to serve for his own. It is still less likely that the ecclesiastics, to whose hands the ceremonial of his interment was entrusted, would have been guilty of such an unmeaning adoption of a heathen allegory, when they could have resorted to other legends more consistent with

* Mr. Whittington too has adopted the opinion of the French Antiquary on this point, p. 25.

their knowledge and interest. Instead therefore of regarding it "as a curious instance of the taste for *imitating* the antique which prevailed at that time," I humbly conceive it to be a striking proof of the disposition for appropriating Roman sculptures, and other fruits of plundered Italy, to the decoration of Germanic and Frankish palaces and churches, with little if any careful attention to subject, provided the material was adapted to use.

Into the outer sacristy I was admitted to see that part of the "Trésor D'Aix-la-Chapelle," which is called the *Petites Reliques*. This exhibition, however, is not made without some few formalities. As soon as it was ascertained that the stranger would pay the fees imposed by ecclesiastical tariff on the satisfaction of secular curiosity,* the Sacristan went to the Priest who has the charge of this holy depôt; and after leaving me for a quarter of an hour to amuse myself with looking at the wooden case or wardrobe, ornamented with paintings by Albert Durer and Van Eyck, in which are kept these "pledges (as they are termed) of God's protection to the town," he returned trooping before a reverend old gentleman, habited in canonicals, whose hobbling gait and chalk-stoned knuckles bespoke him already a martyr—to the gout. Seating himself in a high-backed and rather elevated chair, covered with tarnished gilt leather, before a large table, he directed the sacristan to place a seat for me opposite

* Eight francs to see the Relics, two francs for the Sarcophagus, one franc for the Chair of Charlemagne, and one franc for the Hoch-münster, make a total equal to ten shillings English. This beats Westminster Abbey, with all its tombs and General Monk's begging cap into the bargain.

the case; the opened doors of which disclosed to view a shrine of silver gilt, enriched with precious stones. It is formed like a chapel, with pillars and niches around it, in the central and largest compartment of which are the Virgin and Child, and on each side the twelve Apostles. The workmanship is elaborate, and it is altogether a most curious display of the goldsmithery and jewellery of the ninth century. This magnificent chest encloses the *Grandes Reliques*,* which are shewn septennially, from the top of the church gallery, commencing on the 10th and continuing every day till the 24th of July, to a prodigious multitude, including visitors from all parts of the Roman Catholic world. Except on these happy occasions, "like angels' visits, few and far between," the opening of the shrine which con-

* According to an AUTHORISED publication the Grand Relics of Aix-la-Chapelle are as follows:—

1. The white gown which the Holy Virgin wore in the stable at Bethlehem when she brought the Saviour into the world. It is of wove cotton (*tissu de coton*), about five feet and a half long, whence one may with Nicephorus and Epiphanius conclude that the Holy Virgin was of a tall figure. This relic is shewn unfolded; *the others remain folded up.*—2. The swaddling clothes mentioned in c. II. v. 12. of St. Luke, "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."—They are of a deep yellow cloth, as coarse as felt, but woven.—3. The linen cloth in which John the Baptist's body was enveloped and carried away after decapitation. Matt. 14, v. 12. Mark 6, v. 29. This cloth is all covered with blood. It is made of fine flax, the size of a sheet, folded up and tied with ribbon.—4. The cloth with which Jesus was girt on the cross, when he died for us. The marks of his precious blood are visible upon it. This cloth is very coarse, although made of flax. It is with this last mentioned relic, which is the most important, that the benediction is given every day at the finish of the exhibition.—These four relics are every seven years wrapped in fresh silks; and the silks in which they were previously enveloped are then cut up and distributed in presents.

"Seen and approved by us, at Aix-la-Chapelle, 15th March, 1818,
"FONCK, Vicar General."

tains "the principal and most important relics" is forbidden by an ordonnance of Charlemagne's; and we are told that, up to the present time, neither solicitations, menaces, nor promises, even by the most powerful Kings, have been suffered to prevail in contravention of it.—Well, then at least let the *little* ones be exposed to "the veneration of the faithful" depositor of eight francs on the altar of the sacristy; and let him, steeped in *heresy* as he may be to the very lips, feel due thankfulness that the guardians of this "precious inheritance which God himself has preserved to this city, to be the source of its happiness, salvation, and prosperity,"* are pleased to abstain from enforcing another law of Charlemagne's, which required that every one desiring to see these relics should make confession and acknowledge in them the mysteries of the Christian faith! Besides, the visitor is assured that the *Petites Reliques* are so called, not that they are of less value; but because they are not so *voluminous* as the other four, and consequently their *ostension* cannot be made from the height of the gallery of the church, whence they could not be properly seen.—They are kept in gilt

* It is in terms like these that the Holy Relics of Aix are designated in a little work printed and distributed *avec permission des Supérieurs.* The passage is perfectly conformable to a declaration of the Council of Trent on the same subject; a decree which, as Dr. PHILLPOTTS, in quoting it observes, "proves beyond contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church teaches the people to look to *Relics*, as means by which blessings may be obtained from God. It proves therefore (in spite of a feeble caution, which for form sake is afterwards added), that the monstrous and degrading superstitions, which have been practised in this matter, have not been mere unauthorised follies of individuals; but that the Roman Catholic Church, as a Church, is deeply responsible for them; that they are the natural the necessary results of her own doctrine, and are almost sanctioned by her own formal and solemn decree."—*Letters to C. Butler, Esq. p.* 64.

reliquaries, for the purpose of being occasionally placed in the choir and carried about in grand procession.

Je vais vous montrer—said the clergyman to me, at the same time directing the sacristan to set the objects on the table—*je vais vous montrer la pointe d'un des cloux dont notre Sauveur a été percé sur la croix* (This is the point of one of the nails with which our Saviour was pierced on the cross). I listened gravely to his Reverence, whilst attentively regarding the shrine which is nearly four feet high and finely chased. It was announced as also containing a bit of the true cross, a tooth of St. Catherine, and the bone of Charlemagne's arm from the elbow to the shoulder.—I will next shew you (said he) a reliquary which incloses a morsel of the cord with which our Saviour's hands were tied!—A piece of dirty white and very tough leather was afterwards entrusted in my hands, as the identical girdle which our Saviour wore over his robe. And I was especially instructed to notice that its two extremities were joined and sealed with the seal of Constantine the Great. An equally dingy strip of coarse linen was presented to my touch as the girdle of the most holy Virgin.*

* Pope Leo III. at the instance of Charlemagne (who restored him to the Papal throne), granted plenary indulgences to all those who devoutly visit the sacred treasure of Aix-la-Chapelle. The following is the form of prayer during the *ostension* of the Virgin's gown:—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who, after putting on our mortality, hath, thro' the means of thy servant Charles, caused to be kept here the garment of thy Blessed Mother, we earnestly beseech thee, that, under Her holy protection, we may be preserved from all evils and adversities, and that our souls, always adorned with the nuptial robe of thy love, may please thee, and become the fit abode of thy divine spirit: So be it."

Then the people are directed to *pray* the first decade of the Rosary, or ten repetitions of the *Ave Maria*.—After the prayer during the shewing of the Holy Swaddling Clothes, the second decade of the Rosary is *prayed;*

And what Sir are the contents of that small model of a Gothic church? That contains a fragment of the reed which the Jews put into the hands of our Saviour to mock him; and a small piece of the napkin which covered his face in the tomb; likewise some hair of St. John the Baptist; and a rib of St. Stephen the first martyr.—There is an image of the Apostle Peter, holding in its left hand a key, and in its right a link of the chain with which that Saint was bound in prison.—There is a sun of gold, adorned with enamels, but infinitely *more* enriched with a small piece of *the sponge* with which drink was given to our Saviour on the cross; a *spike from the crown of thorns* put by the Roman soldiers on the head of Christ; bones of Zacharias; a tooth of St. Thomas; and some of St. Bartholomew's hair!—A golden cross, to which is attached a considerable particle (une percelle considérable) of the true cross.—Equally valued and somewhat better authenticated, is the skull of Charlemagne, first Emperor

and so on to the fourth and last of the Grand Relics shewn.—On the subject of the Rosary (of the Virgin Mary,) Protestants will find full information, set forth from devotional books of the Romanists, in the *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.—"Of all the tools, trinkets, or playthings of devotion (says Dr. SOUTHEY), in whichever class we place it, the Rosary is certainly the happiest invention. (p. 474.)—By this device, when ten *Aves* have been said, and ten of the small or *Ave* beads dropt to keep time with them, the *Pater* or large bead comes opportunely in to jog the memory. (p. 475.)—As the vain repetition of words, which in themselves are no prayer, addressed to one unto whom, if there be any force in reason, if there be any truth in Scripture, prayer ought not to be addressed; as this vain repetition, connected with a mechanical practice of piety, a scheme of finger-and-thumb worship, proves the charge of superstition and creature-worship upon the Church of whose usages it make so conspicuous a part; the means whereby it is recommended prove also the charge of imposture upon all persons concerned in inventing, sanctioning, and circulating these fables as miraculous proofs in favour of a superstitious and idolatrous usage."—(p. 505.)

of Germany, and founder of that saintly nest of golden eggs, the Capella of Aix: also his hunting horn made of an elephant's tooth, two feet in length, and six inches in thickness; thereto is attached a belt of velvet, on which are legibly inscribed the letters "dein ein," repeated in gold. To see the remains of that great Conqueror, that warlike devotee, "whose piety (as Mosheim justly remarks) was mixed with violence, and whose spiritual conquests were generally made by the force of arms"—to see the fierce Charlemagne's bones taken from the tomb, to mingle in the reliquary with the (alleged) instruments of the passion of the meek and lowly Jesus, and become with them the objects of religious veneration, will surprise those, and only those, who, deceived by the false representation of its doctrines by the modern apologists of Popery, are unaware of the unchanged and unchangeable pertinacity with which the Church of Rome asserts a right to avail itself of the secular power, for the purpose of enforcing its tenets, or of spreading its influence.

The next thing shewn me was an *Agnus Dei*,* on which is written *Consecratum per Eugenium quartum. Anno Domini*, 1434. Lastly, the Reverend Thesorier submitted to my inspection a cross of gold about two feet and a half in height, set with jewels, presented to the Church by the Emperor Lothaire. It bears this inscription *Christe adjuva Lotharium Regem.* In the middle of this cross is

* "A large cake of wax, with figures on it raised by a mould. An *Agnus Dei*, blest by the Pope (says Mr. BLANCO WHITE), is not to be had except it can be imported from Rome. Whoever possesses one of these spiritual treasures enjoys the benefit of a great number of indulgences; for, each kiss imprinted on the wax gives him the whole value of fifty or one hundred days employed in doing penance and good works; the amount of which is to be struck off the debt which he has to pay in Purgatory."

a large agate, bearing the head of a Roman Emperor. It appeared to me to be that of Claudius or of Domitian. This beautiful gem, a genuine antique, which represents the colours of the hair, flesh, and dress, simply by the natural hues of the stone—is passed over with scarcely an explanatory word. It contains no relics; consequently no virtue can come out of it, to bless the believer; and prove the miraculous powers of the Church.*

Romish vouchers for the genuineness of the Great and Little Relics assert in general terms, that Charlemagne obtained them from different Princes and Potentates in Palestine, Constantinople, and Persia; but they offer no proofs whatever that any one of the different articles is in reality what the priests have thought fit to call it.—

* Among the *Petites reliques* there used formerly to be—1. A shrine of gold in which was enclosed *a portion of the earth which was moistened with the blood* of the first martyr St. Stephen; as well as some of his bones. It was upon this shrine that the King of the Romans took the customary oaths at his coronation.—2. The book of the Gospels, ornamented with plates of silver gilt, the leaves are of the finest bark of a tree, and of a sky blue colour, on which the four Latin Gospels are written in letters of gold. It is fourteen inches long and eleven inches thick.—3. The sword of Charlemagne, the scabbard of which is covered with thin plates of gold. It is three feet and a half long, and two inches broad.—The above described articles are called the *Insignia of the Empire;* and after the Imperial Coronation had ceased to take place at Aix-la-Chapelle, they were carried for the occasion to Frankfort on the Maine by deputies from the church. On the first two the German Emperor, as King of the Romans, takes the customary oath at his coronation. The sword of Charlemagne is carried by the newly elected Emperor, and therewith he afterwards confers the honour of knighthood. These objects are no longer deposited at Aix-la Chapelle. In 1794 they, with the rest of the treasures were, on the approach of the French, hastily conveyed into the heart of Germany, and placed under the custody of the Emperor, who claimed them as belonging to his kingdom. In other words retained them as the price of the protection which he afforded the rest.

They do not quote a single line from any Primitive Christian Writer to shew that such relics were known to exist. From the Ecclesiastical History of Nicephorus, who cites Simeon Metaphrastus, two passages are indeed given of sermons said to have been delivered by Germanus and Euthemius, Greek Patriarchs, in the fifth century, when superstition was growing apace, and the fondness for images and bones of saints was supplanting the love of true religion in the hearts of Christians. In one of these passages allusion is made to the Holy Swaddling Clothes, and in both to the Holy Virgin's girdle. It is on the strength of this round-about, rambling, and inconclusive sort of *evidence*, that Catholics are enjoined to believe that the church of Aix-la-Chapelle possesses not only the two relics preached about by Germanus and Euthemius, but also the girdle of Christ, and the Cloth with which he was girded on the Cross, respecting which they say nothing. To identify this last mentioned object, expressly described as the most important, the little book, "*vu et approuvé par nous, Fonck: Vic. Grlis,*" offers not the shadow of a testimony, from the epocha of the Crucifixion even to the 9th century; at which last mentioned period certain relics, not particularised, were received by Charlemagne* and deposited by him in this church. And so much for "the *authentication* of the Great and Little Relics of Aix-la-Chapelle!" It should rather be called a continuation

* That Prince in his Letters Patent says—"Having by the Grace of the Lord, and according to my wishes, finished the great work of this magnificent Temple (of Aix), I have placed there many Holy Relics of Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins, which I collected from distant countries, principally Greece, to the end that by the intercession of those Saints, the Empire might be strengthened, and remission of sins may be obtained."

of one of the numerous cheats which the clergy in former times played off upon the people.—And is it not strange that the church, which calls itself the *true* one—nay the *only* true one, "out of the pale of which (adds its High Priest) there is no salvation"—should be a church so prone to give its sanction and authority to falsehoods and follies; to extravagant fables and pompous vanities; to pernicious maxims and absurd practices? It *is* strange: nevertheless such is the fact.*

* From the same authentic source of intelligence, which is sanctioned by the Vicar General, and *sold in* the church, we learn that among the relics preserved in other sacred edifices of Aix and its vicinity are the following:—A bit of the *manger in which the Saviour was laid at his birth* —A piece of the shoulder blade of Mary Magdalen.—Two more particles of the sponge held to Jesus on the cross.—A very fine *handkerchief with which the Holy Virgin wiped off her tears* under the cross of Jesus Christ.—*Some of the earth* upon which was poured the blood of Jesus Christ.—Part of the *table and candle made use of at the Last Supper* of our Lord.—A piece of *linen, with which our Saviour's face was covered* in the house of Caiphas.—A *corporale* (viz. a square piece of linen on which the chalice and host are placed at mass) upon which appear *spots of blood* imprinted in consequence of a chalice overturned on the altar *after consecration*, by the negligence of a priest. [A *miracle* to confirm the *truth* of *Transubstantiation*! Popery, where is thy blush?]—A linen cloth which the Holy Virgin often carried in her hands, when she went to visit the place of her dear Son's passion.—The cloth with which our *Saviour was girt when he washed the feet of his Apostles* at the last supper.—The linen cloth of which mention is made in the 27th chap. of St. Matthew, in which Joseph of Arimathea placed the body of Jesus for interment.—The napkin which according to the 20th chap. of St. John was about the head of our Saviour in the sepulchre; and was afterwards found wrapped together in a place by itself. [Both these *suaires* are *miraculously* multiplied in various parts of Italy.] Besides these things for which the name of the Gospel is taken in vain, the good people of Aix and its neighbourhood venerate the skull of Pope Cornelius, especial patron against the falling sickness; and in attacks of fever, they devoutly drink out of his horn, to the frequent recovery of health. The Vicar General Fonck, under the authority of the "Holy Lord Pope Pius VII, God's substitute on earth," also approves of the people being told that parents

31st.—At break of day I pursued my journey from Aix-la-Chapelle; nothing loth to quit a place where the dark genius of ancient Superstition, and the dangerous spirit of modern Dissipation, appear to hold nearly equal sway, the one over its votaries, the other over its victims.

Between Aix-la-Chapelle and Les Battices, the road to which is abominably bad, the traveller crosses the Belgian frontiers, and makes his declaration to the douaniers, who forthwith proceed to examine his carriage and portmanteau, by way of putting his veracity to the test.—Within two or three miles of Les Battices a fine country opens to the right and left. Villages, woods, and inclosures of arable and pasture, hedges on each side, in many places neatly clipped, intersect and diversify the rich plains of Limburg. We begin to see French inscriptions again on walls and sign-posts; and plenty of beggars in every town, some of them very miserable objects. The postillion now mounts his horses, cracks his whip *à la mode de France*, treats himself with brandy, and feeds his animals with bread. He drives you down-hill through a long suburb, and over bridges across three small currents; next over the waters of a wider channel: they are the branches of the Meuse. You enter streets thronged with

may obtain the cure of their sick children by placing them on the tomb and before an image of St. Nicholas.*—All this is information, not without its use to those who wish to know the difference between the Creed which is taught to Continental Romanists, by the clerical subjects of their Sovereign Pontiff; and the Faith delivered to the Protestants of England, by the ministers of their Established Church.

* That there is *virtue in relics;* that God by means of the sacred ashes, bones, and other relics of Saints still produces miraculous effects, is a doctrine sanctioned by the Catechism of the Council of Trent, received by the believers in that acknowledged summary of the Roman Catholic Faith, the Creed of Pope Pius IV.—See the passage quoted in Dr. Phillpotts' Third Letter to Mr. Butler.

unwashed artizans, and lined with lofty buildings that indicate by their dirty appearance, as well as by the sounds that issue from them, the presence of manufactures.* It is Liege.

The city stands in a tolerably wide and very fertile valley, but in the narrowest part of it, at the foot of the mount of the Citadel; the river running through, and forming several islands in, the midst of it. The fortress, naturally very strong, has been furnished with casemates, and otherwise put into the best condition, under the occasional inspection of the British Hero of Waterloo. The view from this height is remarkably grand and extensive. The churches of St. Paul, St. James, and St. John Baptist, the *ci-devant* palace of the Archbishop, the New Tribunal of Justice, the immense Abbey of St. Lawrence an imposing structure now a caserne, the Theatre, and other public edifices, form an interesting assemblage of fine objects. The mountainous ridge of St. John, which descends towards the city, on the opposite side to that of the citadel, has a very picturesque embellishment in the hop plantations on its sides, and in the woods that surround what was formerly the monastery of the Carthusians.

Descending with my local guide into the town, I passed through the large quadrangle of the Episcopal palace, used since 1792 as the Palais-de-Justice, and which consists of a heavy double tier of galleries, with shops occupying the lower one. We thence proceeded over the site of St. Lambert's Cathedral. There re-

* Nails, screws, serge, woollen cloths, fire arms, cotton, paper, and glue, are manufactured at Liege.—It contains 50,000 inhabitants.

mains not a vestige of this temple, once so celebrated for its size and richness. In the frenzied moments of the Revolution it was reduced to a heap of ruins; even these have lately been removed, and a nearly finished *place-d'armes* appears in lieu of the ecclesiastical structure: a decided improvement to the city, which has been much too confined and crowded with buildings. Next entering the Place de la Comédie, I was struck with the *coup d'œil.* The handsome façade of the new Theatre in front; the Church of St. Martin, the Abbey of St. Lawrence, and a line of good houses on very high ground, to the right hand; the spire of St. Paul and the ancient church of St. Croix on the left hand, present (as seen from this point of view) altogether a superb combination.

Ruined churches and convents display themselves on all sides: out of thirty-two, only eight of the former, and none of the latter, now exist. Great improvements have been made within the last ten years; and further ameliorations are in train; among the rest, the purification of a long stinking canal, by means of arched tunnels, through which its hitherto stagnant waters will be carried off into the Meuse. Already a row of respectable mansions, with gardens to each, occupies the ground of the ancient ramparts, which were razed some time ago to make the place more healthy and cheerful. Having taken a peep into the extensive faubourg of Namur, we retraced our steps, and after stopping awhile in the Great Square to look at Delcour's fine statue of the Virgin which adorns the fountain of that name, entered the Church of St. Paul, now appropriated to the Cathedral service. The grandeur of its exterior, and the various ornaments of architecture, sculp-

ture, and painting which abound within, entitle it to this distinction. The stile is uniformly that of the pointed arch; thick pillars below, slender columns above: there is a fine organ, and an elegant choir. A Descent from the Cross, admirably painted by one of Rubens' scholars; and a figure of our Saviour, sculptured in a superior manner by the same artist who executed the Virgin's statue on the fountain, are also among the choice decorations of this splendid church.

Pursuant to an edict, dated Feb. 19th, 1817, an University has been established at Liege, under the auspices of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands. The Great Hall has in front a Doric colonnade: the entablature of the portal is inscribed UNIVERSIS DISCIPLINIS, shewing the extension of the plan to all branches of Learning. It is destined to receive seven hundred students.

I finished a long walk by passing along the fine quays, and by the Pont des Arches (Bridge of Arches) over the Meuse: the centre arch is of a great span. The *Rue des Orfevres* displays the Goldsmithery and Jewellery of Liege Manufacture. In the principal market-place, which contains two ancient fountains, is the Hotel-de-Ville, a large heavy edifice of some sixty or eighty years standing.

An English Gentleman, named Cockerill, has lived at Liege and in its neighbourhood for the last 10 or 11 years. He has an establishment on the quay of the Meuse, where he employs 1500 workmen in the manufacturing of steam engines, for which he has constant orders from Italy, Spain, and other countries. Having made his fortune by these means, he resides at a Chateau in the vicinity, and is highly respected.

The suburbs of Liege increase its apparent extent, but without in the least degree adding to its embellishment.—In the course of the high ascent that offers itself immediately on quitting the city for Louvain, my caleche was surrounded by troops of mendicants; there were children of both sexes literally naked. Much and very abject poverty appears among the common people inhabiting the road side; and they wear those ugly *sabots* (wooden shoes) usually, I think, concomitant with a state of great destitution. It is quite the country for large armies to act in, particularly cavalry: vast open corn fields with few if any objects to occupy the attention of the traveller.—The only things on the land were numerous plantings of potatoes and some few sheaves of wheat: the rest was an ocean of stubbles, with a thin scattering of trees on the road side, and those not fruit trees.

About two miles beyond Orey, there is a handsome Chateau belonging to the Baron De Stockheim. The prospects from this stage become surprisingly extensive, imparting to a certain degree, by their widely spreading plane, that impression of grandeur, which mountainous districts so much more forcibly communicate by their perpendicularity to the horizon. St. Tron is a very neat town, with two handsome churches, a good market-place, and pleasant environs. It was a *jour de fête*, and the place was crowded with peasantry; a great concourse of whom surrounded the stage of a mountebank in the square before the ancient Abbey of the Benedictines, formerly renowned as a place of pilgrimage. As far as male costume is concerned, the appearance of the multitude is that of an unmixed collection of blue slops. The women, young and old, wear long white kerchiefs or shawls on their heads.

You are continually passing through some villages and near others. The churches are remarkably pretty; built of brick, with spires and roofs of lead or slate, they appear of comparatively modern date.

Not far from the entrance into Tirlemont, close to the road side on the left, are three mounds of earth, about forty or fifty feet high, planted with shrubs on the sides, and small trees on the tops—probably *tumuli* of the Gaulish tribes, covering the tomb of some chief, and marking the field of a battle. It was near Tirlemont that the Austrians were defeated by the French in 1792, and that on the same spot the following year the French were beaten by the Austrians. The officers of rank on both sides, who fell in those actions, were buried, it is said, on the artificial hillocks above mentioned.—Tirlemont is a considerable and very handsome town: it has two spacious market-places, two stately churches, and a most respectable inn, which bears the sign of "the pewter platter." This is really a fine country; in most excellent cultivation; and from different points of the road offers some extremely agreeable and picturesque scenery. In the approach to Louvain, the surface of the land swells into ridges of an easy slope, exhibiting fields, which shorn of their yellow harvests again invited and secured the recompensing toil of the husbandman. A more lovely afternoon could not possibly be travelled in; and I internally wished the honest Flemings the full benefit of their labour and their lot; whilst urging on my own impatient course towards another favoured country, where my heart already was, for *there* were my "treasures also."

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOUVAIN—*Church of St. Peter—The Town-house—Ride to* BRUSSELS—*Punishment of the Guillotine—The Museum—Palace of the States General—Chambers of Peers and Deputies—Collection of M. Danoot—Church of St. Gudule; Historical Epitome of the most Holy Miraculous Sacrament.*

LOUVAIN, whatever may be said of its being ill built, is a very respectable and agreeable-looking place. Like most other large old cities, it has its nucleus of narrow and dirty streets: but the less central parts are spacious, clean, and cheerful. The walls of the town, if they no longer contain an immense population, comprehend some pleasing scenery in the gardens and vineyards which they enclose; and the massive towers rear their mouldering forms above this extensive circuit in picturesque solemnity, though the glory of the Clothiers has long ago departed from Louvain*.

About six months ago the old gate, leading to Brussels, was pulled down; and they are building, somewhat further out of town, two handsome *corps-de-garde:* a spacious *place d'armes* has also been formed on the sites of some of the numerous monasteries, suppressed at the revolution.—The house called *Maison des Brasseurs* (Brewers' Hall) is an

* The present population of Louvain is estimated at 40,000. In the 14th century, it is said to have contained 150,000. But the emigration of the cloth manufacturers in the time of Wenceslaus, Duke of Brabant, was fatal to the prosperity of the city.—*Galignani.*

interesting sample of the civil architecture of Flanders, in the 16th century.—To the cloth manufactories of the olden time, beer breweries succeeded at Louvain. The white sort is a tolerably pleasant beverage. The brown, called *Peterman* is very strong; but, deficient in clearness and briskness, is not to be matched with our English ale or porter.

The collegiate church of St. Peter, a structure of the 14th century, is in point of architecture the most beautifully light, and in point of internal order, kept the neatest of any religious edifice, I have seen on the continent. In the chapel of the Holy Trinity there is an allegorical subject of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Casper de Crayer, the contemporary of Rubens, who was his eulogist: and what higher honour than laudari à viro laudato? This is a noble composition as far as regards the three Christian Gifts: but it extends to the personal representation of the Trinity, and there it fails, as all such presumptuous attempts to materialise a mystery deserve to do.

The chapel of St. Anne contains Quintin Matsys' famous painting of the Holy Family. In another part of the church is a large ornament of iron work made by the same extraordinary genius. It is in one piece, surprisingly well wrought, and was executed by him before he quitted his first occupation of a blacksmith, and attached himself with such eminent success to the art of painting.—At the altar of St. Julian the Martyr is a crucifixion by Vandyck; who, suffering his better judgment to be influenced by the peculiar taste of his employers, has impaired the awful simplicity of the mediatorial sacrifice, by the introduction of winged boys, some of whom are worshipping above, others holding a cup to catch the sacred blood at the foot of, the cross.

The tabernacle of the Sacrament is of white marble, and rich in sculptured excellence. It bears a long inscription, the object of which, as will be understood by the first few words, "Jesu Deo Homini, sub specie panis, hîc realiter latenti,"* is to cherish reverence and attachment for a doctrine, which, as it was the monstrous offspring of intellectual barbarism, so has it been the most fruitful parent of errors, superstitions, and abuses.—The marble altar of the "Great *Mediatrix* between God and Man"† is on the amplest scale, and of the most splendid execution; its ordonnance was designed by Rubens; the talents of the artist and the treasures of the church have equally indeed been lavished upon it; and all for what? to exhibit the merest fopperies of dressed and painted wood and wire!

In one of the side chapels is the Last Supper, by John Hemling, a striking specimen of that old master's very superior talents. Near it is another and a different subject by the same pencil; the horrible martyrdom of St. Erasmus, who is represented as having his entrails twisted out

* A Protestant of the Church of England will ask, how can I pay divine worship to the species, or accidents of bread and wine, which are not in the body, nor the same with the body, of Christ, and yet not commit idolatry?—See our Bishop Taylor's works.

† The worship of the Virgin Mary, as "*the Great Mediatrix between God and Man, obtaining for Sinners all they can ask and demand of the Blessed Trinity*," is expressly affirmed to be an essential part of the doctrine and spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, in a book entitled "Devotion and Office of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c. including the *Devotion of the Sacred Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary*," with an appendix by Bishop Milner, including the Indult of Pius VII in favour of it. The same being regularly advertised in the Laity's Directory, printed by Messrs. Keating and Brown, Catholic Printers and Publishers, with the authority of Dr. Poynter and of the other Vicars Apostolic in England.

upon a windlass! The pulpit, sculptured by Bergere in 1742, is a prodigy of carving in oak-wood. At the bottom is the Conversion of St. Paul. Figures of animals and imitations of trunks and leaves of trees, are intertwined with the contour of this extraordinary work of art, which was brought in 1807 to this church from the suppressed Abbey of Ninoven, three leagues from Brussels.

Crossing the way I next entered the Maison de Ville; but not before I had regarded with attentive admiration the exterior of that costly building, which is in the most gorgeously florid style of the later Gothic: the front is as it were encrusted with statuary and other ornamental details. In the council chamber are some paintings by Verhaegen; a bust of the King of the Netherlands; and the Continence of Scipio, by Luca Giordano. The grand saloon contains a collection of pictures chiefly formed from the wreck of those which once decorated the monastic buildings of Louvain: among the rest are a portrait, by Vander Weyde, of St. Lambert, founder of St. Peter's church; a good picture by Crayer, representing "Jesus, Maria, Joseph;"* the Resurrection, by Ru-

* The subject of this picture has reference to a prevailing form and mode of devotion, which joins the husband of the Virgin to Jesus and Mary, in the prayers and praises of the Papal Church.—"Will it be believed (said Mr. Secretary PEEL, in his truly excellent speech in the House of Commons, on the 1st of March, 1827), will it be believed, that in the year 1807, Pope Pius sent a rescript, stating that every Roman Catholic would be entitled to a remission of three hundred days' burning in Purgatory, who should repeat three times the following prayer: "Oh! Jesus, Maria, Joseph, to thee I offer my ardent soul; Oh! Jesus, Maria, Joseph, hear my prayer; Oh! Jesus, Maria, Joseph, help me at my last hour."—What a doctrine—to proceed (as the Right Hon. Gentleman justly observed) "from rational and educated persons, and addressed to an ignorant and superstitious population!"

bens; St Peter and St. Paul, by J. Jordaens; and a head of Lipsius, by Vandyck. In another apartment is a large picture, said to be by Hemling, and which relates to the sojourn made by the Emperor Otho III. in 985, at Modena, on his return to Germany from Rome, after having put down the rebellion of Crescentius, and restored Gregory V. to the Papal Throne.—The Church of the Jesuits is a fine piece of modern architecture, but not to be compared either in scale, design, or ornament with the magnificent one formerly belonging to the same society at Antwerp.

The famous University, secularized during the Revolution, is now no longer an hospital for invalids; but has been re-established by Royal Edict as a seminary for Theological Students. One thousand Priests and Scholars were expected to assemble within its walls in the course of the succeeding week, under the presidency and direction of the Belgic Prelates—those Prelates who, in return for the conciliatory conduct of their Protestant Sovereign, in specially guaranteeing to the Catholic Church, its establishment and its liberties, addressed their protests to the King of the Netherlands, "*against* religious toleration, as incompatible with canonical laws, and the fundamental principles of the Roman Catholic Religion!"*

Religious bigotry and ignorance are still conspicuous features in the Flemish character; and by their rooted

* There was at least a sincerity in the protest of these Bishops, not unworthy the imitation of their brethren in England and Ireland. How indeed consistently with his episcopal oath can a Prelate of the Church of Rome, be otherwise than intolerant? Papal Bulls and declarations of this very day point to the "Exaltation of the Roman Church, the Mother and *Mistress* of all Churches," and to "the EXTIRPATION of Heresies," as objects which it is the bounden duty of Catholic Princes and People to endeavour to accomplish.

prevalence in the minds of a people, whose country has been subjected to all the influences of moral and political disorganization, they serve to shew that the sway even of a corrupt and a persecuting church is not to be overthrown by the machinations of infidels or the plots of rebels. The French revolutionists amidst their fullest career of success, in measures of spoliation, proscription, and destruction could not eradicate popery. But there is a way—a sure, an unobjectionable way, to deprive it of its long usurped and tyrannously exercised controul over the consciences and understandings of men: I allude to the systematic, universal, courageous, and persevering exposure of its gross delusions and groundless pretensions—its opposition to Reason and its variance with Scripture—bearing in mind as every real friend to Truth is bound to do,* what wonderful results, and good as wonderful, were produced, through providential aid, by the heroic example and unconquerable fidelity of "a few stout hearts, who died where duty placed them," under the standard of Reformed Christianity, during that fiery trial of religious sincerity, when

> The Sacred Book, its value understood,
> Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.
>
> COWPER.

* "THE INDOLENCE OF PROTESTANTS IS THE GREATEST ENCOURAGEMENT OF ROMANISM; AND IN THE PRESENT INSTANCE, SILENCE WOULD BE WEAKNESS, AND FORBEARANCE A CRIME."—See Introduction to a Review of the "Declaration of the Catholic Bishops, &c. in Great Britain," by the Rev. Prebendary TOWNSEND, who, in a manner that entitles him to the warmest thanks of Protestants, has performed the task of exhibiting the insidious character and delusive tendency of that Declaration, "by comparing it with the acknowledged creeds and catechisms, which are the best and accredited authorities of the Church of Rome."

The country from Louvain to Brussels, amidst the finest cultivation, presents a continued succession of villages, to which as he proceeds the traveller's eye is more readily attracted by the white walls and blue slated spires of their churches.—Gentlemen's seats from time to time make their appearance; and respectable houses and neat premises belonging to the farming class are occasionally to be seen close to the road side, which is bordered with trees.—Beyond Cortenberg, (where the assembly of the States of Brabant used to be held) the view all round, but particularly to the right, embraces to a vast extent the goodliest scene of hill and dale; of woodlands, meadows, open fields, and thickly scattered edifices—domestic and religious. The white leaves of the ash and willow produce some abatement in the otherwise rich colouring of the picture; but their tone though cold is not unpleasing; and it serves to remind you of the pictures of Teniers and others of the same local school.—There are few prospects more delightful than that of Brussels as you approach it by this road. The fertile valley of the Senne, in which that city is partly situated, and the elevated ground on which the sombre towers of St. Gudule contrast their Gothic majesty with a long and vividly bright range of stately modern edifices—offer themselves in a landscape of great natural beauty and of superior embellishment.

For the second time, and after an interval of eight years, I entered "Gay Brussels," as it may well be denominated, in allusion to the busy liveliness of its pleasure-loving population—handsome Brussels as it equally deserves to be termed; for its recent improvements in new streets, boulevards, and palaces, give the place a yet stronger title than ever to that appellation—*dear* Brussels I will

also call it, the charges at its hotels, to judge from those exacted at the Belle-vue (Place Royal) being as high as any at Paris or even at London.

The first sight however which it fell to my lot to witness at Brussels, in this second and short visit, was neither gay, nor handsome, nor dear in any sense, but the very reverse; it being that of the punishment of the Guillotine inflicted on a wretched murderer, name John Baptist Michel.* Hearing, at the moment of my arrival, that this tragical scene was on the point of being acted in the great square of the market-place, I determined for once to make a sacrifice of my feelings to the desire of being present at a spectacle, with the nature of which the recollections of revolutionary horrors are so intimately associated. Accordingly, following to the spot a guard of soldiers appointed to assist at the execution, I disengaged myself as soon as possible from the pressure of the immense crowd already assembled, and obtained a seat at

* The circumstances of the case were as follow:—Jean Baptiste Michel, aged 36, a blacksmith, accompanied by a female named Marie Anne Debeyst, aged 22, was proceeding from Brussels to Vilvorde, one day in the month of March, 1824. In the Allée-verte, they overtook a servant girl, who was imprudent enough to mention to them that her master had entrusted her with a sum of money. Near Vilvorde, Michel and his paramour, having formed their plan of assassination and robbery, rejoined the poor girl whom they had momentarily left, and violently demanded the bag containing the gold and silver. The unfortunate young creature resisted their attacks as long as she could, but was soon felled to the ground by Michel, who with a thick stick fractured her skull, whilst Debeyst trod upon the prostrate victim of their horrible crime. These wretches were shortly afterwards arrested and committed to prison. On the 5th of April, 1825, they were condemned to death by the Court of Assize at Brussels, but implored of the Royal clemency a commutation of punishment. This was granted to the woman, whose sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment. Michel's petition was rejected.

the window of a house immediately opposite the Hotel-de-Ville, in front of the principal entrance to which the Guillotine had been erected. At the hour of twelve at noon precisely, the malefactor, tall, athletic, and young, having his hands tied behind his back, and being stripped to the waist, was brought to the square in a cart, under an escort of gens-d'armes, attended by an elderly and respectable ecclesiastic; who, having been previously occupied in administering the consolations of religion to the condemned person in prison, now appeared incessantly employed in tranquillizing him on his way to the scaffold. Arrived near the fatal machine, the unhappy man stepped out of the vehicle, knelt at the feet of his confessor, received the priestly benediction, kissed some individuals who accompanied him, and was hurried by the officers of justice up the steps of the cube-form structure of wood, painted of a blood-red, on which stood the dreadful apparatus of death. To reach the top of the platform, to be fast bound to a board, to be placed horizontally under the axe, and deprived of life by its unerring blow—was, in the case of this miserable offender, the work literally of a moment. It was indeed an awfully sudden transit from time to eternity. He could only cry out—*Adieu mes amis*, and he was gone. The severed head, passing through a red coloured bag fixed under it, fell to the ground—the blood spouted forth from the neck like water from a fountain—the body, lifted up without delay, was flung down through a trap-door in the platform. Never did capital punishment more quickly take effect on a human being; and whilst the executioner was coolly taking out the axe from the groove of the machine, and placing it, covered as it was with gore, in a box, the remains of the

culprit, deposited in a shell, were hoisted into a waggon, and conveyed to the prison. In twenty minutes, all was over; and the *Grande Place* nearly cleared of its thousands, on whom the dreadful scene seemed to have made, as usual, the slightest possible impression.

Since the period of my former visit, in 1816, the fine collection of the Museum has been arranged with great care and judgment. The suites of rooms, however, are of a size better suited for the display of cabinet pictures than of the grand altar-pieces now placed there. Of the former class are—View of the environs of Venice along the Brenta, and the Interior of St. Mark's, by Canaletti; the Siege of Tournay, by Vander Meulen, an interesting production of the free, spirited, and accurate pencil of that able and judicious draughtsman; an Interior of Antwerp Cathedral, by the elder Neefs, offers a fine effect of candle-light on the perspective detail and decorative richness of Gothic architecture. A woodland landscape, by A. Verbroom, and a subject of Still Life, by Stommé, are both highly meritorious specimens of the modern Flemish school.

Among the large pictures taken away by the French to decorate the walls of the Louvre, but at the epocha of 1815 restored to the Belgic Government, are the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, by Crayer; St. Martin casting out a devil from a possessed person, by J. Jordaens; a St. Sebastian, by C. Procaccini; Beheading of St. John, by J. B. Franks; Presentation in the Temple, by Philip De Champagne; and the Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew, by Barroccio. In the same class of church ornaments are, Rubens' Christ carrying the Cross; and his Crowning of the Virgin, even in the celestial group of which you see

his favourite female face: the composition however is full of talent; and the carnations have all the freshness and transparency of life itself. In the Martyrdom of St. Lievin, the same painter has represented the executioner as having pulled out the tongue of the holy man with pincers, and in the act of giving it to a dog: for the eye of humanity, "it is too shocking." I regarded his picture of *Le Seigneur voulant foudroyer le monde*, with unabated sentiments of admiration at the genius which it attests in the artist, and with augmented feelings of repugnance to the subject itself. In my former recollections of this extraordinary piece, I noticed the horror-frozen figure of the supplicating Saint (Francis *not* Dominic) and the dreadful majesty of the offended Saviour armed with the thunder of heaven, and ready to hurl its consuming fulminations on the devoted globe. But in that hasty description a most material personage of the supernatural drama was omitted to be mentioned: namely, the Virgin Mary, who appears in the clouds, arresting the hand of her Son.—It is Jesus Christ wishing to destroy the world, which he died to save; but deterred from his vindictive purpose by the irresistible intercession of his more clement mother!* God forgive me for repeating such profaneness: and pardon

* This picture relates to one of those miraculous visions, which are the familiar embellishments of Monkish legends, and is especially designed to show that "the all-seeing and all powerful Virgin of the Romish Mythology preserves the world." It illustrates a passage in the ample volume of tales by which, as Doctor SOUTHEY in his luminous view of the papal system, observes, "that figment was supported *which takes from the Redeemer his attribute of mercy and invests the Virgin with it in its stead.*—Should you tell me (adds that distinguished writer) that these are only pious frauds, I must exclaim with St. Peter Damian, but using the words in a different sense from that in which he intended them, *impia pietas!*" Vindiciæ Eccles. Angl. p. 458.

those who have invented and represented it. Rubens painted this picture for a Convent of Franciscans: the doctrine which it serves to inculcate is worthy of the school of the *Stigmata.* But can any one, whose religion is founded on the evangelical gospels and apostolic epistles, regret for a single moment the suppression of monastic institutions, in which the image of Christianity has been so defaced and deformed, and its spirit so libelled and degraded!

The damages occasioned by fire to the Royal Palace were very extensive and have not yet been entirely repaired. The Hall of the States General (formerly the Conseil-de-Brabant) have however been splendidly rebuilt. The Chamber of Peers is decorated with two large pictures by J. Odevaere, of Brussels; one represents the Battle of Waterloo, and the artist has chosen the time and place of the action in which the Prince of Orange was wounded. There is no want of attention to local resemblance or to military correctness, in this performance which bears the date of 1818; but the manner is hard and stiff. The companion to it by the same hand is Prince Maurice at the Battle of Nieuport, executed in 1820.

The newly-erected Chamber of Deputies is of a semicircular form; and in its general plan much resembles that at Paris. The throne is in the middle, on the cord of the arc: a very handsome dome through which the hall receives its light is supported by a marble colonnade of Ionic pillars, surmounting a tier of the Corinthian order.

After a ramble through the Park, to which the careful horticulture of the last few years has restored its former claim to be included among the most handsome and pleasant public walks in Europe, I visited the small but

choice gallery of pictures, at M. Danoot's the banker. This collection contains several works of the younger D. Teniers: among them is a large and very fine winter scene; his Archers shooting at butts, is an exquisite production: Gipsies telling fortunes has about it all his characteristic freedom, delicacy and transparence, with more than his usual force of stile and body of colouring; his Peasants playing at bowls is also a charming picture, on rather a large scale. There are two remarkably fine landscapes by Ruysdaal; one of them, a mountain scene with solemn woods and foaming cascades, is a striking image of nature in her most attractive combination of loveliness and grandeur; the other is not less beautiful though not so romantic, and has the additional enrichment of figures by Ostade or by Wouvermans. Another sweetly finished Flemish landscape presents itself from the pencil of an equally diligent observer and successful imitator of nature, Lucas Vanuden; the figures are said to have been put in for him by his admirer and employer Rubens. In this collection are Murillo's *Deux Mendians*—(ragged boys eating grapes); a Danae of Titian's; a fine portrait of St. Gregory, by Bosschart; head of a man reading, by Rembrandt, and worthy of the master. The same can hardly be said of the Holy Family returning from Egypt, ascribed to Rubens; the Disciples at Emaus is a less questionable specimen of that great artist; Honthorst's Femme-à-la-chandelle, displays his excellence in a fine effect of light and shadow. There is a view of Scheveling by Van Goyen, a simple beach scene, rendered interesting by its truly natural style, and pleasing by its calm repose; an excellent fruit and dead game piece, by Snyders; the portrait of a woman in semi-transparent drapery, by Frank Floris; and Raphael's Virgin, St. John,

and Child Jesus asleep, which exhibits the dryness of his first manner, as a disciple of Perugino's.

On my way from the Grande Place to the Legislative Chambers, I could not pass the Collegiate Church without again indulging myself with a view of that famous Gothic temple. Begun under Lambert Balderic, Duke of Brabant, in 1010, it was originally dedicated to St. Michael, Arch-victor over the Prince of Darkness. For the same building having afterwards been placed under the virgin patronage of Gudila, or Gudule, it is not easy to account, except perhaps by supposing a blessed Angel's triumph over a fallen one was no subject for a long legend; and that on the other hand there is something infinitely more *ad captandum vulgus* in the story of a young female Saint going to chapel at night, lantern in hand, supported on one side by an angel, and assailed on the other by the devil; the latter puffing her light out with a pair of bellows, and the former re-illuming it by the flame of a heavenly taper. Be this as it may; the Church of St. Gudule is a noble and a splendid edifice. The eminence on which it stands; the grand *escalier* by which its principal portal is approached; the regular design and magnificent dimensions of the west front and its two towers (built about the year 1226, by Henry I. Duke of Brabant, and not unlike those of Notre Dame, at Paris); all combine to render the outside of this structure venerable, attractive, and interesting. The acutely pointed architecture of the lofty and extensive pile; the rich ornaments of its numerous side-chapels; its curious sepulchral effigies and stately monuments; its altar-pictures, and brilliant imagery in stained glass, by excellent hands; the statues of the Apostles on the columns of the nave, works of very able sculptors;

and that most extraordinary specimen of luxuriant fancy and consummate skill, Verbruggen's pulpit of oak, are conspicuous features of its sumptuous and imposing interior. But what has given such unspeakable pre-eminence of celebrity to the Basilica of Brussels is the honour conferred upon it, as the privileged repository of that Palladium of Brabantine Catholicism, the *Three Consecrated Wafers*, which in the 14th century, an æra to all Romish intents and purposes scarcely less enlightened than that of the 19th, were, according to the archives of the Church, stolen by impious Jews, and on being stabbed by them with daggers, *poured forth blood!* Nor did the wonder end there: for the unbelieving assassins having been burnt with fire, and the bleeding Hosts exhibited afterwards to popular adoration, miracles precisely similar to those performed by Our Blessed Saviour on earth, were wrought on the faithful by virtue of this carnified bread!!! A golden shrine, surmounted by a triple crown, placed on the altar of the Miraculous Sacrament, represents the Almighty in the favourite form and vestments of an aged Pope, having a dove near his right shoulder, and between his knees a cross displaying the three thaumaturgic Hosts—the theme of eulogy with learned Theologians, and the objects of worship with their carefully instructed auditories. Whether, and in what degree, such praise and veneration be founded in truth, reason, justice, or humanity, let an Historical Epitome, from the erudite pen of a most Catholic compiler of Sacred Chorography,* shew in the following translation:—

* *Anthony Sanderus*, whose three folio volumes, descriptive of the Abbeys, Convents, Monasteries, Churches, and other Religious Founda-

In the year of Christ, 1369, the Jews being numerously dispersed throughout Belgium, there was among them a certain leading person Jonathan by name, who lived at Enghien (Angiam) a town of Hainault, about six leagues from Brussels. This man burning with Jewish hatred against Christ and Christians, endeavoured by every means to obtain some Sacred Hosts,* on which he might afterwards with his Jewish companions sate his fury against the Body of Christ, which his forefathers fixed to the Cross. Having a long time contemplated this wicked purpose, he at length led into it a certain Jew recently converted† to Christianity, Master John of Louvain, by name, an inhabitant of Brussels; to him he promised sixty pieces of gold coin if he procured for him a few such Hosts. Out of which money, two pieces even now hang from the very case in which the bleeding Hosts are preserved. This impious traffic being commenced, Master John brooded over it, to think how he should fulfil the bargain. Accordingly, in the the month of October in the same year, on a stormy night, he broke† into the Church of Saint Catherine; and by some art

tions of Brabant, supply abundant proofs in support of *Gabriel d'Emillianne's* assertion that Monks and Friars "have been in all time the greatest contrivers and upholders of Idolatrous Worship and Superstition."

* Accusations against the Jews of having slain several Christian children, had in the preceding century occasioned that unhappy people to be persecuted with great cruelty throughout the German empire. Under the reign of Rudolph, in 1297, they were (as in this instance) charged with having stolen a consecrated host: and the credulous people incensed at this pretended sacrilege, seized and burnt all the Israelites that came into their merciless hands.—*Hist. Modern Europe*, vol. 1, p. 490.

† In the course of this precious story, on the *truth* of which Infallibility has set its seal, and in memory of the event has dispensed its highest favours, it is curious to observe that a *converted* Jew and Jewess are the sole evidence adduced to convict their *un*converted brethren. Paul IV, imposed upon by information from a similar source, was once on the point of expelling the Jews from his dominions, when the sensible and humane interference of a Jesuit, too well skilled in exorcism for a Benedictine to

opened the repository which is called the Tabernacle. Thereout he stole the case which contained one large and fifteen smaller consecrated wafers.* These he carried away to Enghien and delivered to Jonathan. Who having on the first opportunity assembled his family and the rest of the Jews of that place, began to make a mockery of these Sacred Hosts, heaping maledictions and blasphemies upon the God of the Christians, the others applauding and joining in like insults.

But not with impunity; for whilst he was about to amuse himself by walking in his garden with his son, he was miserably slain by robbers violently rushing in upon him.—The son, saving himself by flight, related what had happened to his mother. She believing this evil to have been sent by the God of the Christians, (so much the more because at that very time devils had begun to make a wondrous stir, and to haunt the tower of the house, which from that circumstance is to this day called the devils' tower) determined to leave Enghien, and with her son to migrate to Brussels. Whither also she took

cope with, drew, by means of a few stripes applied to some converted Jewesses, a confession that they had been suborned to accuse the Jews of *sending Devils among them*, by certain persons about the Papal Court, who expected to obtain *grants of the property* which would be *confiscated* in consequence.—See Basnage quoted by Dr. Southey.

* Each consecrated wafer is declared to be the very body, flesh, and blood of Christ. In pointing to that inexhaustible source of absurdities—the opinion of transubstantiation, Mr. Townsend first reminds his Protestant reader that when the words "this is my body," were spoken, Christ's *real* body was present in the same place; and next asks "Did the Apostles believe, or could they dream, that Christ then created a new body out of the bread; or that he was taking a part of his own body in his hand, which still preserved the form of bread? How can the very body of Christ be eaten, every where, and at all times, and at the same moment, in fifty thousand places of worship?" It is *not* Scripture that tells us to believe this or any other impossibility; and yet the mildest language which the Church of Rome, in the decree of its last council, holds with respect to those who deny the truth of transubstantiation is "let them be *accursed!*"

the sacred wafers, and delivered them to the Jews residing there. These men exultingly deposited the Hosts thus received in their synagogue; situated near those steps which to this day are called the Jews' steps. On the very day of Easter eve, in the year 1370, the Jews poured these sacred wafers out upon their table, and standing round they insulted and stabbed them with their daggers. And behold, from the wounds thereon inflicted, blood flowed in abundance.* Insomuch that frightened by this new prodigy, the ruffians were struck backwards to the earth. Afterwards recovering by degrees from their terror, they sent for a certain woman of their nation, named Catherine, recently made a Christian.† Her by prayers and rewards they solicited, that she would convey the bleeding hosts‡ to Cologne, counting out to her 20 gold pieces.—But Catherine, whilst she was carrying home the case containing the Hosts, began to be troubled and grieved in her conscience. And the following night, God stirred up her mind to disclose straightway the whole affair to her Confessor (the parish priest of the Church of the Blessed Virgin de Capella), which she did the next day, with many tears, and after having to that end poured forth prayers unto God. This discreet Priest, re-

* Another false miracle to render an ignorant people more and more enamoured with Transubstantiation, (the *term* of which had been invented only a century before) and to arm the clergy with weapons of greater power than *mere* argument in support of a doctrine which, as our Tillotson observes, "contains many gross falsehoods, and is incredible to all who consult the word of God, their own reason, and common sense."

† A decree of the Council of Toledo, held A. D. 634, throws light upon the mode of *making Christians* in those days, by alluding to the practice of *baptizing Jews by force*, and declaring that they ought to be compelled to the observance of Christianity.—See the Rev. B. White's Evidences, &c. p. 253.

‡ *Cruentatas Hostias.*—St. Irenæus reports that this trick of giving to the Sacrament the appearance of flesh was done by Marcus, that great heresiarch, and that by his prayer he caused the eucharistical wine to appear as if it were turned into blood.—*Jeremy Taylor*, v. X. 491.

garding it as a weighty matter, consulted several ecclesiastics, and those learned men. And in the first place the Reverend Lord John of Asche, Vicar General of the Bishop of Cambray, who referred it to the Venerable Lords the Dean and Chapter of his College, to whom it seemed fit to detain in safe custody (in a building attached to her church) the said Catherine, till the truth of the affair should be learnt from her.

In the mean time the fame of it reached Wenceslaus,* Duke of Brabant; by whose command all the Jews who then inhabited Brussels, were forthwith arrested, and their leaders thrown into the prison which is now called the Stone Gate. Who being afterwards subjected to examination by torture (quæstioni subjectis) confessed their guilt, and being carried through the public streets, had, by order of the same Duke, their flesh torn off with red hot pincers,† and they were

* Wenceslaus de Luxemburg was brother to the Emperor Charles IV. and uncle to Anne of Bohemia, (afterwards Queen of England by her marriage with Richard II.) He died in 1384. It is only necessary to peruse Froissart, (who attached himself in capacity of Secretary to this Prince after the death of Queen Philippa, in 1369), in order to be convinced, that false miracles, prophecies, apparitions, and magical intercourse between the living and the dead, were subjects of blind and unbounded belief with all ranks and conditions of men in that age of exalted superstition and of desecrated religion. Froissart's story of the Demon Orthon, who in quality of secret news-bearer served the Lord de Corasse, shews how deeply he was himself tinctured with the absurd credulity of the times in which he lived.

† In exposing the conduct of the Popes towards the Jews, and in shewing how undeserving the generality of the Roman Pontiffs were of the praises which Mr. Butler has bestowed on them as protectors of that outraged and persecuted race, Dr. Southey has alluded to the miraculous wafer standing at this day an object of adoration on the Altar in the Church of St. Gudule at Brussels. "There (says he) it remains, after more than four centuries, a memorial of some of the most atrocious cruelties that ever were perpetrated in the name of God, and a proof that the Romish Church at this day feels neither shame for its old impostures, nor compunction for its crimes." *Vindiciæ, p.* 415.

then burnt alive near the Wool Tower; their goods being confiscated to the State: even as the manuscript records attest, which are preserved to this day in the Law Court. Moreover the other Jews were banished for ever from the Duchy of Brabant.

These things having taken place, some out of the number of the aforesaid consecrated wafers were carried in solemn procession from the parochial church De Capella to the Great Church of St. Gudila, the Duke himself following them, together with the Nobles of his court, and the inhabitants of the whole city. Of these sacred wafers three are to this day preserved in the Church, to the great good of the city and of the world. For God has bestowed singular benefits on great numbers of Christians who have paid adoration to these holy wafers. The dead have been raised to life; the blind have received their sight; the lame have walked; and others been otherwise benefitted thereby.* Even as any one may learn by reading certain books made public for that purpose.

An annual procession was afterwards decreed to these Hosts, in which they were publicly carried round, viz. on the feast of the most august Sacrament. A custom which prevailed for many years. Until once a storm arose, and a shower suddenly pouring down moistened† the consecrated wafers; on which

* Consecrated Wafers are not the only things that have exhibited the portentous sign of blood, and worked miracles. The famous statue of the Virgin at Montaigne, about fifteen miles from Louvain, has been *known* to exude blood; and the wonders wrought on those who have worshipped "the Mother of God" before this ancient image, originally found on an oak, fall nothing short of giving *mortuis vitam, cæcis visum, claudis gressum, aliis alia subsidia.* And for this we have the Catholic authority of Lipsius and Puteanus; who are themselves never more grandiloquent than when they extol the virtues of the *talking* and *sweating* Images of the Virgin Mary in Brabant.

† This reason for discontinuing so *salutary* a custom seems rather unsatisfactory. To repel the charge of idolatry laid against the adoration of consecrated wafers, Romanists declare that "they offer supreme adoration

account it was ordained that they should not be carried out of their church, but always be kept shut up in the tabernacle.

For this reason therefore it was many years shut up. Until God himself complained in the following terms to a certain young man, most devoted to his worship, and who daily visited this Sacrament.—My Son, behold here a place in which it is meet that all men should adore and invoke me; who notwithstanding here remain hidden, removed at once from the eyes and hearts of men: yet doubt not but that to all, who shall in this place implore my help, I will be present, and deliver from all distress.* This divine warning having been made known, the Hosts were again restored to public veneration, and annually carried round in procession, the Sunday next following the 13th of July, being the day appointed for that purpose.—From which time numberless mortals flocked from all parts to Brussels to adore the Sacred Wafers.

This religious observance was continued without intermis-

not to the elements of bread and wine, which they hold not to be present after the consecration; but to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whom they believe to be truly, really, and *substantially* present under the appearances only of bread and wine, after the consecration, and change thereby of the elements into his body and blood."—This then being the doctrine of the Church of Rome, how happened it that a little moistening of the Host by a shower should have been a subject of such serious alarm among true Catholics at Brussels as the Reverend Historian here represents? Seeing that the wafers were no longer flour and water, but real substantial flesh and blood, which the rain therefore could not possibly hurt, why on that account shut them up in the Tabernacle? Alas! the truth is, these Popish miracles are but broken cisterns: they will not hold water!

* The learned Author of the Vindiciæ, alluding to a Romish fabrication not quite so abominable as this, remarks, that "they who either feign miracles, or falsify history, on the system of *pious frauds*, should put the question to themselves, which our sagacious SOUTH puts for them, when he says "will not the world be induced to look upon my religion as a lie, if I allow myself to lie for my religion?"

sion up to the year 1578, when impious Iconoclasts* (bent with hellish fury on the destruction of the Catholic faith) began to wreak their vengeance on Churches and Monasteries, and to pull down whatever was sacred. To avoid the grasp of those impious hands, Lord Judocus Houwart, canon of the second order (to whom the care of the miraculous Sacrament belonged) by the advice of grave and pious men, delivered up the sacred wafers to Lord William Baers, a priest; who with his sister Joanna, lived at that time near the Convent of St. Mary Magdalen, in Ridder-street. But Lord William dying, half a year after, the said sister revealed the secret to her son-in-law, John van Cattenbroek, a member of the privy council of the city; who had before determined to quit the city (from his aversion to the heretics). Nevertheless he remained, being induced to take care of so great a pledge, which his mother-in-law had concealed from the knowledge of every body in a hollow beam of her bed-chamber. In that place it was kept secure, till the year 1585, (the city being then restored to Religion and the King) when it was taken from its hiding place, and publicly brought back in solemn procession to the said church of St. Gudila, by the hands of the most illustrious the Archbishop of Mechlin; and where to this day it is resorted to with pious veneration, to the great help and comfort of the city.

To promote which veneration the most holy Father Eugenius IV. has granted to all such as piously visit the sacred

* Those who *break* Images would seem no more entitled to the epithet of *impious* than those who *make* them for the purpose of *bowing down and worshipping before them*. The term "hellish fury" (rabies tartarea) more correctly applies to the conduct of the cruel Alva in Brussels and elsewhere, towards the heretics, i. e. Protestants; and to the perfidious monsters who perpetrated in 1572 the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, for which at *Rome solemn thanks* were returned to God as for the *Triumph of the Church Militant*.

wafers, the remission of five hundred years and five quarantines:* moreover an indulgence of 100 days, and as often as they are present on a Friday, at the solemn Sacrifice of Mass.

And in like manner were allowed to the Confraternity thereafter instituted all those indulgences which Paul V. granted to the Confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament in the city (of Rome). Besides which, to those who visit seven altars of this church (in which that of the Miraculous Sacrament is the chief) Urban VIII. has granted all the Indulgences, which those are accustomed to deserve at Rome, who shall have visited the seven principal churches of the city and suburbs.

And the aforesaid Paul V. has granted to the Priests, offering sacrifice for the Dead at this Altar, the privilege each time of delivering a soul from the pains of Purgatory;† as is set forth in the subjoined Diploma:

PAULUS P. P. V.‡

To the perpetual remembrance of the event. With paternal

* See pp 298 to 301 of the present work: in which are given the translation of a Papal Indulgence, together with three forms of Absolution.—The last or *Plenary* one is worth comparing with that used in Germany by Tetzel, the Dominican Friar.—*See Robertson's Charles V. vol. 5, p 107.*

† This paragraph and the Papal Diploma which follows, serve to explain the meaning and intent of "*Privileged* Altars" a great deal more clearly, and yet surely on authority not less Catholic, than that of the Most Reverend Daniel Murray, D. D. who being asked before the Commons' Committee—"What is the nature of the indulgence granted at Privileged Altars? answers "The nature of the indulgence which is so granted is the common indulgence, as it has been explained before this committee on former occasions; the remission of the *temporal* punishment due to sin, and which remains after the guilt of sin is remitted by the merits of Christ, on sincere repentance."—*Phelan and Sullivan's Digest of Evidence, pt. 2, p. 158.*

‡ The same who suffered himself to be stiled Vice-God, Monarch of Christendom, and supporter of Papal Omnipotence (*Walsh*).—If was he who forbade the English Roman Catholics going to the English Service, or taking the oath of allegiance.—(*Townsend.*)

charity attentive to the salvation of all, we sometimes adorn holy places with the spiritual gifts of *Indulgences*,* that thereby the souls of the faithful defunct may be able to obtain the suffrages of the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ and of his Saints, and be brought by their help out of the pains of *Purgatory*,† to eternal salvation, through the mercy of God. Being willing therefore by this special gift to render famous the Collegiate Church of St. Gudila, in the town of Brussels, and diocese of Mechlin, hitherto not adorned, as we learn, by any similar privilege, and the altar of the most Holy Sacrament of Miracles situated therein, we, by the authority to us delivered by the Lord, and out of the mercy of Almighty God, and of his blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, confiding authority, do concede and grant that whensoever any Secular Priest, or Regular by license of his superiors, shall celebrate at the said altar the Mass of the Dead for the soul of any faithful person, which, united in charity to God, hath departed this life, that soul shall gain an indulgence out of the Treasury of the Church,‡ by the way of suffrage, so that, the merits of the same our

* In the time of Charlemagne, spiritual insolvency was relieved by a commutation or *indulgence*, and money accepted as an equivalent for penance, by the Latin Church; which derived, from the redemption of sins, an inexhaustible source of opulence and dominion.—*See, Gibbon's Roman Emp. v.* 11, *p.* 17.

† This Pope does not separate Indulgences from Purgatory; and yet the Titular Bishops in Ireland and the Vicars Apostolic in England have done so, without telling us whether the reigning Pontiff sanctions such a divorce.

‡ *De Thesauro Ecclesiæ* are the words in the original. "The Pope (says Bellarmine) does not *absolve* the deceased, but *offers to God out of the Treasure of satisfactions as much as is necessary to free them.*" Dr. Phillpotts commenting on the Cardinal's explanation aptly observes, "this Papal Saving Bank, in which a debtor and creditor sheet is regularly supposed, gives a most comfortable prospect for the wealthy penitent on his death-bed." (p. 190.) Can we wonder at the institution of Purgatorial Societies among the poorer class of Romanists for the benefit of *their* deceased friends and eventually of their own souls?

Lord Jesus Christ, and of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, and of all Saints, assisting it, it shall be liberated from the pains of purgatory,* &c. &c. &c.—Dated in Rome, at Saint (Mary) Maggiore, under the ring of the Fisherman, the 18th day of January, 1617, in the 12th year of our Pontificate. The same was signed with the signature of the Holy Cardinal, S. Susannæ, on the back was the seal impressed, under the ring of the Fisherman.†

So much for the historical epitome of "the most Holy Miraculous Sacrament of Brussels," which the Reverend Author professes studiously to have "couched in that simple stile which delights in *truth* rather than in elegance." But is there a reader, whose intellect and conscience are not fast bound in chains of slavery to the creed and cause of Superstition, that can reflect without shuddering on the improbabilities and inconsistencies of a tale, so manifestly got up by its wicked fabricators to justify

* "The pains of purgatory (says Bellarmine) are most horrible, atrocissimæ, such as exceed beyond all comparison, any sufferings on earth."—And so necessary an article of faith is that of Purgatory held by the Church of Rome, that an *Anathema* is expressly levelled by the Council of Trent, against all who shall deny it. Indeed the learned Cardinal above mentioned affirms that "they who do not believe it, must be tormented in the eternal fire of hell." How terrible would these denunciations be but for the comfortable system of Indulgences, according to which, however, it would appear, to use the language of Moliere's Tartuffe,

Le ciel défend, de vrai, certains contentemens,
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodemens.

† *Vide* Antonii Sanderi, Presbyteri, Chorographia Sacra Brabantiæ; 1727, Ed.—Tom. III. p. 236, et seq. wherein it is with great solemnity stated that among the Holy Relics exposed to public worship (publico cultui) in the church of St. Gudule, there *is some of the Blessed Virgin's Milk!!!* the rest are nominally the same as the *most important* at Aix la Chapelle.

inflictions of horrible cruelty on Jews,* rich enough to be atrociously plundered; and to facilitate the practice of shameless imposture on Christians ignorant enough to be grossly deluded. Yet such have been, and still continue to be, the schemes devised and the proceedings sanctioned under a religion, in whose comprehensive embrace, divine revelation and human invention, gospel and legend, truth and error, piety and fraud, good and evil, Christianity and Popery, are blended together, with the most perverse ingenuity; forming "a mighty maze, *but not* without a plan;" not without an object, and *that* object—the universal dominion of its functionaries over the world.

* In Spain, so early as the beginning of the seventh century, was commenced a persecution of the Jews, whose wealth, the fruit of commercial knowledge and financial skill, excited the avaricious cupidity of their Gothic masters. "Ninety thousand of that exiled nation were compelled (says Gibbon) to receive the Sacrament of Baptism; their fortunes were confiscated, and their bodies tortured." (v. 6. p. 305.) How they continued to be treated there, is but too plainly set forth in the annals of the same Most Catholic Kingdom, and evinced by the fire and faggot system of the Inquisition, which the See of Rome re-established in 1814, in that country where Priestcraft has again lighted up the funeral pile. More than one individual in 1826, suffered in Spain, at the stake as a *heretic*. And in September in the same year a *Jew* also was burnt to death. In 1825, the Pope had revived in all their former strictness the laws against the Israelites, among other things obliging them to dwell in a certain quarter of Rome only and to wear a distinguishing badge.—The Spaniards "bettering the instruction" thus received, forced the Jews to attend their churches; and at Valencia made an Auto-da-Fé of one unfortunate man, consuming his body for the salvation of his soul, under the banners of the Inquisition, and amidst the hymns of Dominican Friars.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Assche—Alost—GHENT—*Historical Associations—Cathedral—view from its Tower—Hotel de Ville—Castle—Church of the Augustines—Museum—Grande Place—Churches of St. Nicholas and St. Michael—Mr. Schampp's Cabinet of Pictures—the Beguinage*—BRUGES—*Furnes—Dunkirk—Gravelines—Calais—Conclusion of the Tour.*

SEPTEMBER 2nd.

THE sun, in excessive heat and splendour resembling a blazing furnace, was commencing his downward course thro' a cloudless sky, when I quitted Brussels for Ghent. Monsieur-le-postillion was obliged to strip to his shirt sleeves; and upon myself was the necessity imposed of raising the capote of the vehicle, and drawing the curtains in front, to the regretted obstruction of the full view anticipated over a land that seemed to smile on every one around. I say *seemed*, because, although the country looked like a garden, yet it was evident that a hard lot in the distribution of labour fell to many of the women and children of the peasantry, who were working in the fields without hats, stockings, or shoes. The road, only tolerably good, proceeds along a raised chaussée, made as level as possible by cutting through all acclivities, and planted with a double row of tall wide-spreading beech trees.

From Assche towards Alost the look of the cottages improved, and neat farms presented themselves on each side; but there were plenty of young ragged urchins begging on the highway.

I noticed a species of spade husbandry in this district (the soil of which appears to be stiff). They dig a trench, and then in a ridge beside it lay the clods, which they break: then they dig another trench, close to which in the same manner the clods are heaped, apparently to dry and break. The country is rich; villages are numerous; many neat residences and sprucely trimmed gardens border upon the road. Fine crops of buck wheat and clover were still on the ground. Large plantations of hops, and considerable flocks of turkies, gave ample sign of preparation for supplying the brewers and poulterers. The shew of turnips was excellent. In consequence of the drought, men were employed in watering them with casks drawn on wheels, each by one horse: at the bottom of these large barrels a pipe is affixed, which spreads the water with a rose like a huge garden pot.

Deliciously verdant meadows, with cattle feeding in them, formed the cheerful and picturesque approach to Alost, the outskirts of which town, watered by the Dender, are chiefly occupied by bleaching grounds and tanneries. The place has a good flax and corn market: though of moderate size it contains three or four churches, and exhibits many of those architectural features which we trace in the pictures of the Flemish masters. It was at Alost that a company of the *Gardes-du-corps du Roi* (Louis XVIII) remained in quarters, after the return of Napoleon. Thence a good road runs, straight as the crow flies, through a long tract of close and confined woodland scenery, to which brilliant lights and lengthening shadows gave a peculiarly beautiful effect. We met several Diligences; not quite so clumsy as the French, but still very ponderous machines.

Within about six miles of Ghent, to the right hand, large handsome barges under sail appear on the canal from Brussels; and, along the banks of that artificial navigation, you approach the gates of a city, which, be your pursuits commercial or agricultural; historical, antiquarian, religious, or secular; let your taste be for the fine or for the useful arts, for trade or for literature, has that, within and without, which is calculated either to attract attention and excite interest by its intrinsic qualities, or to invite contemplation by the old fame that attaches to it. The celebrated country of Ghent and Bruges indeed every where presents objects, which identify themselves with the great record of human industry and enterprise; which mark the progress of civilization, and shew the changes and vicissitudes of this world's affairs and fortunes. The names of towns and villages strike familiarly on the ear of a reader of Froissart. And so vivid and picturesque a light have the descriptions of that valuable though digressive writer thrown over the political picture of Flanders in the fourteenth century, that, on entering the walls of Ghent, and looking at portions of its population knotted together in groups about the quays and market-places, one almost yields to the fancy which would still recognize in the male physiognomies some forcible traits of that undaunted, and even of that ferocious courage, which in its tumultuary excesses listened to no counsels but those of civil discord, and became subservient to no purposes but those of rebellion and bloodshed. In the general appearance of the town, however, there are few things, and in the behaviour of its inhabitants happily still fewer, to remind us of the days of John Lyon and his ten thousand "white-hoods,"

when demagogues with an armed mob at their beck could bid defiance to their liege lord, and keep their richer and more industrious fellow-citizens in constant subjection and jeopardy. Among the earliest of enfranchised towns to be distinguished for trading prosperity, yet so soon and so long disquieted by insurrectionary movements, its lot rendered superior to most places by the diffusion of wealth would have been fortunate indeed, if its people had possessed as true a love of peace as their passion for freedom was ardent and sincere; if they had shewn but half that warmth of attachment to the cause of justice and humanity, which they so fiercely displayed in jealous maintenance of local privileges, and in resolute adherence to ancient customs.* Yet who, without emotion, can read the transactions of those spirit-stirring and eventful times, when five thousand Ghent men defeated forty thousand burghers of a rival city; when one of the most powerful Sovereigns in Europe was reduced in a single day, to the lowest condition, and owed his life to the shelter gratefully afforded him by the tenant of a miserable hovel; when Philip von Artaveld became a prince in power, and more than a prince in pride; and famished Ghent was glutted with the riches and abundance of conquered Bruges.

In the account of these transactions by Froissart, himself an ecclesiastic, there is no fact more strikingly prominent than the general absence of Christian knowledge and feeling, in a word, of vital religion, from the hearts of potentates and subjects, clergy and laity, the governors and

* But it was, as Mr. Johnes in his excellent preface to Froissart, observes, "an age, which preferred the hazard of war to the solid advantages of peace; and which amid the intervals of troubles almost continually agitating it, found relaxation only in the most tumultuous pleasures."

the governed. During the æra of the great and long enduring Schism, the Clementists treated the Urbanists as out of the pale of the church, and persecuted them in the same manner as at the subsequent period of the reformation the re-united Romanists persecuted Protestants, whom they called heretics. The Urbanists retaliated. "Urban,* who is our Pope (said Spencer the fighting Bishop of Norwich to the Ambassadors of the Earl of Flanders) absolves from all crimes those who shall aid in the *destruction* of the Clementists."†

After the period of the battle of Rosebeque, in which the flower of French Chivalry triumphed over without disheartening the sturdy Flemings, we reluctantly quit the fascinating pages of the Priest of Chimay, to learn from later annalists the result of that temerity, which, in the sixteenth century, proved so fatal to the then reflourishing liberties and commerce of this famous city, in its unfortunate resistance to the fiscal impositions of an Emperor, as unnaturally severe in his feelings towards

* The Sixth Pontiff of that name, regularly elected by the sacred college professedly inspired by the Holy Ghost, was "a tyrant who (says Mr. Gibbon in his great work) could walk in his garden and recite his breviary while he heard from an adjacent chamber six Cardinals groaning on the rack," the victims of his pride and cruelty.—*Decline and Fall of R. Emp. v.* 12.

† "Urban VI. sent thirty Bulls to England, containing pardons and absolutions for all crimes, and the credulous people of both sexes thought they should not end the year happily, nor have a chance of entering paradise if they did not handsomely contribute to the Pope's expedition for the destruction of the Clementists. He who gave most, according to the Pope's bull, gained the greatest number of pardons. All who should die at this time and who had given their money were absolved from every fault; and by the tenor of that bull, happy were they who could now die, in order to obtain so noble an absolution: twenty-five hundred thousand francs were thus amassed by voluntary taxation."—*Froissart, vol.* 6. 263.

the place of his nativity, as he was disingenuous towards the rest of the world.*

The Cathedral of St. Bouvon presents an interior not less noted for the boldness of its architecture than for the magnificence of its sculptural decorations in black and white marble. Some of the side chapels, containing the most stately mausoleums, were undergoing repair; and it was with difficulty that I could procure admission to the shrine of the patron, adorned with a finely painted subject relative to that Bishop, by Rubens. Van Oort's altar-piece of the Virgin, &c. is a mass of anachronisms, executed in a stile, from which one would not readily imagine it possible for the illustrious artist before named, to have, as a pupil, taken any hints except those for avoiding defects. Gerard Honthorst's Dead Christ in the lap of the Virgin has a much stronger claim to favourable notice; and there is a very fine Crucifixion, by Crayer.—It is seldom that one sees the talents of a great sculptor more admirably displayed than they are in the statue of Bishop Triest, by Du Quesnoy. Nothing can exceed the white marble pulpit for exquisite beauty of carving. The supporting group to this sacred tribune is composed of the venerable figure of an aged man, and that of an angel, who opens the Scriptures (those Scriptures whose free use is prohibited to the Roman Catholics by their Clergy), at the following passage—"Awake thou that sleepest, and

* On the 24th Feb. 1536, (his birth-day) the Emperor Charles V. entered Ghent, but with no touches of tenderness and indulgence towards its unfortunate citizens. Twenty-six of the principal of whom were put to death; a greater number was sent into banishment; the city was declared to have forfeited all its privileges and immunities; the revenues belonging to it were confiscated; its ancient government was abolished; and its municipal freedom totally destroyed.—*Robertson.*

arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."* Yes, to the sleeper awakened, and to the dead arisen, Christ hath promised this gift—and "whatsoever doth make manifest is light." So says the Bible. But what says the Pope? *He* says, that translated into the vulgar language, for the people to read, the Scriptures are "poisonous pastures," and commands his shepherds to turn away their flocks from them. The preacher, who, from this pulpit having in view the gaily bedizened image of the "Blessed Inventress of Grace,"† tells the Catholics of Ghent, in the language of their Saint Bernard, that to the Virgin Mary they must look for the means of access to their Redeemer—such a preacher may well obey the mandate of Leo; for the subjects of the pretended Queen of Heaven would soon cease to be so numerous as they are upon earth, if "the eyes of their understandings were enlightened" by the beams of Holy

* *Ephesians*, c. 5, v. 14.—Neither in this, nor in any Epistle by any of Christ's Apostles, do we find a single word to sanction the Romish doctrine, of access to the Son through the intercession of his Virgin Mother.—It would seem, as if St. Paul had had a prophetic view, when in the same Epistle, (apparently written to confirm the converts at Ephesus in the true faith and practice of the Gospel) he says—"Let no man deceive you with *vain words*;" and exhorts them to "give thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

† "Virgo regia ipsa est via, per quam Salvator advenit procedens de ipsius utero, tanquam Sponsus de Thalamo suo. *Per te accessum habeamus ad filium*, O benedicta *inventrix gratiæ*, genetrix vitæ, Mater Salutis, ut per te nos suscipiat, qui per te datus est nobis." (B. Bernardus Serm. 2. de Adventu.) Let this be compared with the salutation in use among Roman Catholics in England: viz. "*Hail, Mary, Lady and Mistress of the world, to whom all power has been given both in Heaven and in Earth:*" and it will surely be allowed that our fellow subjects of that persuasion are not less devoted than their brethren of Flanders to the Marian Worship!

Writ, and the "glory of the Lord were risen upon them."*

Sept. 3.—For a very fatiguing ascent of the lofty tower of the Cathedral, I was compensated by the view therefrom of the *ci-devant* capital of Austrian Flanders, situated on the Scheldt, at the confluence of the Lys, the Lieve, and the Maese; its ancient churches, its spacious squares and stately edifices, both public and private, its canals intersecting each other and forming islands in all directions, its numerous bridges and handsome quays, its bleaching grounds and gardens, its narrow streets and broad avenues. Whilst, beyond the vast extent of its walls,† the windings of the Scheldt; and the surrounding level of cultivation, in which the populousness and fertility of the country of *Waes* are equally conspicuous, afford scope for the widest range of sight, and constitute a truly interesting panorama.

There is much civic grandeur and magnificence in the façade of the Hotel-de-Ville, in spite of its odd mixture of Gothic and Grecian, the ancient form of its outline and the more modern character of its architectural embellishments. Of the castle of Ghent, situated in a central part of the town, scarcely any thing remains besides

* Let the dreamer awake and learn to oppose to the fictions of monkery "the words of Revelation, which like the works of nature display (as LOCKE observes) Truth to mankind in characters so visible, that those who are not quite blind may read." Now, Scripture informs us that, there is One to present our prayers whom the Father heareth always, one who is not ashamed to call us Brethren, (Heb. c. 2, v. 11) who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities: a merciful as well as a faithful High Priest—and a mediator through whom alone without the necessity of any other intercessor we are directed to "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—(c. 4, v. 16.)

† Ghent is a league across from one gate to the other. It contains 58,000 inhabitants, and is a Bishop's See.

the gate-way to remind us of the birth-place of John of Gaunt,* and of a fortress which in the sixteenth century served, from its strength and position, as the finger next the thumb of Charles the Fifth's *glove*;† a glove by the bye, which experienced in no enviable degree the wear and tear of that imperious and vindictive Sovereign.

The church of the *ci-devant* Augustins, has its walls, as well as its altars, covered with pictures—in the subjects of which (not to speak with levity), Scripture bears somewhat about the same proportion to Legend as Shakspeare's Fat Knight's penny-worth of bread did to his ocean of sack.—Close to this suppressed monastery is the Museum of the Academy. Whoever, trusting to the general accuracy of a certain Guide thro' Belgium, expects to find in it "a noble collection of the works of the best Flemish Artists, ancient and modern," will, like myself, be greatly disappointed. Considered as a public gallery the mass of its contents reflects no credit upon Ghent. The best pictures are by Crayer. His St. John, and Tobit and the Angel, display much of the dignity and force of the Roman school, in stile and colouring; the Judgment of Solomon, by the same, has great merit as a painting, and the telling of the story is excellent. His equestrian portraits of Charles V. and of Ferdinand, brother to that Emperor, have little beyond their historical interest to recommend them. The horrid subject of St. Blaize's Martyrdom was the last that Crayer executed; it bears the following inscription:

* Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III.

† In the days of Charles V. Ghent was larger than Paris: which gave rise to a *Calembourg* of that Emperor's, that he could put all Paris in his *Gand*, i. e. his glove.

"C. F. de Crayer, f. an. 1668, æt. 86."* It is an extraordinary production, considering the age of the head that directed and of the hand that held the pencil. Franc Floris's dreadfully clever picture of the Judgment Day was on the floor repairing. The Woman taken in Adultery, by Jacques Jordaens, displays in a peculiar degree the strength of expression, the natural tone of colouring, and the coarseness of ideas observable in the works of that *truly* Flemish painter.—The only specimen of Rubens that I remarked was one which represents the audacious fable of the Stigmas imprinted on St. Francis.† There is a copy of Rubens' famous picture of St. Roche, the original of which (as I learned too late) has been restored from the Louvre to the Great Church at Alost; also a portrait, and a fine one, of Jean Bochsen, sculptor in marble, by himself, who it is said had never painted any thing before; a Presentation in the Temple, by Verhaegen; St. Charles Borromeo attending upon the sick of the plague, by Primo, surnamed Gentilli; a Holy Family, by Van Voss; a Crucifixion, by Vandyck; and the great market-place at Ghent, full of figures, by G. Duchastel, 1668. This last mentioned picture reminded me that the identical spot which it represented, was entitled to a stranger's notice; and a few minutes' walk brought me to the

* Pilkington names 1669 as the year of his death, and makes him 84; but mentions in a note the last picture painted by Crayer, as finished in 1668, and placed in the Dominicans' chapel at Ghent, where that artist was interred. This is the Picture, and assuming his decease in 1669, it proves that he had attained 87 years when he died.

† Romish Hagiographers assert that upon the hands, feet, and side of that canonized fanatic the marks of the bleeding wounds of Christ were made by our Saviour himself. Such is the licentious extravagance of pious mendacity which forms the subject of the picture in question.

Grande-place—a parallelogram of considerable extent, and of marked architectural antiquity. It contains some curious edifices in the different angles; but the idea of vast magnitude which Duchastel's view suggests is hardly borne out by the appearance of the original; and not only

"The season of its splendour is gone by,"

but every thing about it wears the aspect of desertedness and the air of neglect. This however is not the only quarter in which Ghent says, or seems to say *non sum qualis eram.* In one of the streets leading into this square, is a huge piece of artillery, left there by the Spaniards. It is called *La Folle Marguerite,* and is nearly eighteen feet long and three in diameter.

The Church of St. Nicholas, in the circular arches of its western portal and in the sculpture with which the columns are ornamented, exhibits proofs of very early construction. The interior is handsome: it contains a crucifix which appeared to be an object of particularly great religious attraction. Some persons were kissing, others bowing down before, the sacred image; several shewed their fervour by various signs and attitudes of worship; and all around it were

——————— "bent on holiness,
"To number Ave Marys on their beads."

We are told that the Priests take infinite pains to guard the people from imbibing impressions in the least degree violatory of the second commandment. But what an immense deal of trouble they might be spared, and how much more effectually the object would be attained, if it once

pleased Infallibility* to abolish such an use of Images as prevails in all Catholic countries; a practice whereby the lower classes at least are placed in such imminent danger of falling into idolatry; that if they escape, it may fairly be reckoned among the greatest miracles of Romanism.

I remember to have seen at Antwerp, a crucifix, the size of life, at the feet of which was the following inscription:—

> Effigiem Christi dum transis pronus honora;
> Non tamen effigiem, sed quem designat adora.

To honour Christ's image, and to adore not the image but Him whom it represents, sounds well enough. And if a Flemish translation had been appended to the Latin, it would by this time probably have done a world of good in its neighbourhood. But no help of that nature is publicly offered in Flanders. I would ask then whether it is not much more likely that the illiterate members of a Church, which gives privileges to particular altars, and allows of preferences for particular images, should pay unreserved adoration to a favourite crucifix; than that they should comprehend, and duly regulate themselves by, the rule of *latreia*, *hyperduleia*, and other refined distinctions laid down by learned divines as the graduated scale of Roman Catholic devotion?

St. Michael's is a fine old church: the nave is lofty

* That *Infallibility* in all its determinations to which the Church of Rome pretends has been attended with one unhappy consequence. As it is impossible to alter any practice which has been established by authority that *cannot* err, all its institutions and ceremonies must be immutable and everlasting, and the church must continue to observe, in enlightened times, those rites which were introduced, during the ages of darkness and credulity.—Robertson's View of the Progress of Society in Europe, p. 283.

and spacious, and its pillars are enriched with foliage of elaborate workmanship. The principal motive of my visit was to see again the famous picture of the Crucifixion, one of those recovered from the hands of the French: and, now, that they have regained possession of it, how are they treating this admirable production of Vandyck's? It is suffered to deteriorate for want of common attention to the means of preserving such works of Art from the destructive effects of time and damp air upon canvas and colour. The modern performances introduced into the church are shewn off with great distinction and in the best light, whilst that noble effort of genius, in which the most awful of subjects is represented under traits of the sublimest character, is placed where scarcely a ray of sun-shine can come to illumine its naked, unvarnished surface. The powers of expression and colouring, which distinguish the pencil of Vandyck's contemporary and fellow-citizen Gerard Segers, are conspicuous in his picture of the Scourging of Christ.—In an Altar Piece to a chapel of prayer for the Dead, painted by M. Cauhwer of the Ghent Academy, Purgatory is treated with less talent, but with more discretion in displaying horrors, than the elder masters (under instruction from the doctors of their Church) were accustomed to evince, for the pious purpose of exciting the faithful to liquidate the undischarged accounts of their departed friends. The Annunciation by M. Andrew Lens, of Brussels, a living artist, is a well painted picture; and the Assumption does great credit to his pupil, M. François. The Finding of the True Cross, by M. Pallinet, a scholar of David's, is a good specimen of the modern French School.

Mr. Schamp's cabinet of Pictures is in the highest degree honourable to that Gentleman's judgment and taste:

and the facility of access to it, which he allows, equally proves his urbanity to strangers, and his enthusiasm as a connoisseur. So courteous a display of this private collection goes far towards redeeming for his native city the character it loses by the defects of its public gallery.

The first objects that struck my eyes on entering the rooms were portraits of Rubens, Elizabeth Brants his first wife, Helen Forman his second wife, and Philip his brother; all by the hand of that universal painter, and in the best possible condition, they beam with the warm and mellow nature of his lively brilliant pencil. A Penitent Magdalen; and Jesus Martha and Mary, are interesting productions of the same master. There is also his Fall of the Angels, in which the multiplicity of figures, the variety of attitudes, and the diversity of physiognomical expression, bear astonishing testimony to the freedom of his manner, and the fertility of his imagination. The above pictures, however, are within, or very little exceed, the cabinet size; and it was not on the smaller scale of design that he exhibited his highest excellence. Having seen his *chef-d'œuvre*, the Descent from the Cross, in Antwerp Cathedral, and nearly all his best pictures, I derive peculiar pleasure from a knowledge, that my own humble but heartfelt admiration of Rubens as a painter, with all his faults, can support itself on the opinion of no less competent a judge of Art than the late Sir Joshua Reynolds. "It is only in large compositions (says that excellent critic) that the powers of Rubens seem to have room to expand themselves. They really increase in proportion to the size of the canvas on which they are to be displayed. His superiority is not seen in easel pictures, nor even in detached parts of his greater

works; which are seldom eminently beautiful. It does not lie in an attitude, or in any peculiar expression, but in the general effect; in the Genius* which pervades and illuminates the whole."

Among the portraits are that of Alexander Scalia, one of the finest of Vandyck's; and a superb head of Rembrandt, with his dog, painted by himself.—The Virgin and Christ present an exquisite specimen of the soft outline, the delicate touch, the simple and pure grace of Correggio.—Mr. Schamp has the most exquisite little Teniers that I ever remember to have seen; Peasants, regaling and recreating themselves near the door of a cabaret, occupy the foreground of this picture, whose distances offer a charming prospect of country enriched with chateaus and backed by mountains.—Diana in the Bath by the elder Mieris, is a jewel of the highest finish and loveliest colouring.—A Magdalen by Gerard Douw, though not a subject exactly in his way, is replete with the beauty and lustre of his elaborate pencil. A Lady looking at herself in a glass, by Metzu, is a sweetly coloured picture; full of delicacy and graceful expression. The Adoration of the Shepherds, by Bassano; the Flagellation of Christ, by Titian; St. Peter repentant, a joint production of Rubens and Velvet Breughel; the figures by the former, the landscape by the latter; a Dutch river-view by Ruysdaal; Passage of a river by Berchem; Interior of a Farm-house, with a set of smoakers, an ad-

* "Genius (observes the same judicious and elegant writer, enforcing an argumentative position which he takes in one of his celebrated "Discourses") is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of Art; a power which no precept can teach, and which no industry can acquire."—p. 203.

mirable effort of art by the highly gifted but low-minded Adrian Ostade; a beautifully painted group of Peasants, by the less offensive though less effective pencil of the meritorious Dusart; a choice paysage with figures and horses by Wouvermans, and a landscape by Wynants, are also among those which appeared particularly deserving of notice in this valuable collection.

I visited the Beguinage, which is said to be the finest in all the Catholic Netherlands. This institution derives its name from the Princess Begga, a Saint of the Romish Calendar, and sister of St. Gertrude, both of whom their father Pepin, Duke of Brabant, permitted to lead, as the Hagiographers phrase it, a spiritual life. Gertrude lived in permanent virginity. But Begga married Ansigisus, a Count of the Roman Empire; and at his death converted his palace at Antwerp into a religious house. In memory and after the example of which, in the year 666, among other orders of monachism, the congregation of Beguines was instituted, not as one subject to claustral confinement, yet as a regular community of devoted and faithful daughters of Holy Church, and under directresses elected among themselves, for the maintenance of morals and discipline, with endowments of land, houses, &c. confirmed to them by rescripts of the Roman Pontiffs.*

The Beguinage at Ghent is situated near the Porte-de-Bruges, close to the site of the old ramparts, and forms a neat little town of itself, surrounded by a high wall, and entered through an ancient gateway, decorated with a statue of St. Elizabeth, to whom it is dedicated. The interior is arranged in streets, with here and there an open

* Vide Sanderus Tom. III. p. 230.

grass plat, laid out in spruce and formal stile, especially before the chapel, and the schools of the society. The whole establishment is divided into eighteen *couvents*, or distinct houses, each enclosed with a wall, and having its little garden in front. Their chapel, or rather their church, is a neat, and in some respects a handsome building, decorated with the usual sculptural and pictorial helps to Catholic devotion, including the Deiparæ statua, "adorned with gems and gold." The dress of the sisterhood is a black russet gown, with white cap and scapulary, like that of the *Sœurs de la Charitè* in France. On their heads they place an oblong piece of starched linen, remarkably white, which gives them a singular appearance when assembled together on their knees in the church: and this peculiarity is rendered still more striking, when at the commencement of Mass the Beguines with one accord and with great adroitness let down the stiff folds of these table-cloth-like veils, so as completely to hide their faces and nearly the whole of their persons. Each separate convent is the counter-part of another, a little larger or a little smaller size being the only apparent difference. I knocked at the door of one, which was opened to me by two younger members of the congregation. On my requesting permission to see their dwelling, they conducted me into a small parlour; where I was soon visited by an elderly lady, who after the customary exchange of salutations, shewed me some pictures on the walls of the apartment; and on my happening to recognize among them the Finding of Moses, and Christ discoursing with the Woman of Samaria, she observed—Monsieur est bien instruit. It was this discovery perhaps which immediately afterwards led La Sœur to ask—N'etes vous pas Catholique?—Non,

Madame.—Ah! she replied, with some little falling of the countenance, vous ne croyez donc pas les mystéres de la Foi Chretienne.—J'espère qu 'oui, Madame, I answered; you see before you an unworthy member of the Protestant Church. But, rejoined the good Beguine, with much earnestness of manner—Protestants do not believe in the Divinity and Atonement of our Blessed Saviour. Pardonnez moi, rejoined her catechumen—Protestants *do* believe in the Divinity of their Redeemer, and also in the other great scriptural doctrine, that of the Trinity. These are fundamental tenets of the Church of England.—Do you not then speak of the *Catholic* Church of England? said the lady.—Yes, but not the *Roman* Catholic: for example, we do not pray to the Virgin Mary, nor to Saints, nor have we any thing to do with the Pope.—Ah, je le vois, exclaimed the Beguine, votre religion est—and she shook her head, with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger. I filled up the interval by saying—Vous allez dire, Madame, une hérésie.—Mais oui, returned the holy sister, resuming a faint smile of politeness as she made the acknowledgment, and going on—en vérité vous êtes—then another pause ensued, as if her charitable nature was struggling with her exclusive faith—vous êtes, Anglais: which three last words I thus to myself interpreted—go your way; yours is a nation of heretics, yet it is to be hoped you are not such children of perdition, but that our Holy Lord the Pope may by means of his faithful Missionaries be enabled to number you among his subjects at last.

This path to polemics was neither prudent nor agreeable to be pursued a step further. I therefore repeated my request to see the house under her superintendance;

and forthwith the Religieuse, displaying her former suavity of manners, conducted me through different apartments of the *couvent*—all very neat and comfortable, where the nuns were employed, some as sempstresses, others in the instruction of children, whilst others again, with pails and brushes, were washing and cleaning in good earnest. The number of women and girls who inhabit this Grand Beguinage amounts to about 600: they are mostly of respectable families; and their chief occupation out of the walls of the place is that of nurses at the hospitals, dedicating themselves with great humility and the most useful attention to the sick. Their friends, of both sexes, are allowed to visit them in their dwellings; and they can marry if they please: but I was told that such is the prejudice instilled into the minds of the people here in favour of holy virginity, as a state of grace superior to holy matrimony, that the Beguine who weds loses her estimation in society. Thus it is that Romanism steps in to pervert the more rational objects of an institution (to which the British Poet Laureate alludes when he speaks)

> Of that sisterhood, whom to their rule
> Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,
> Who, meek disciples of the Christian school,
> Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain:

and who worthily qualify themselves for performing an useful and an honourable part in domestic life, by these probationary exercises of religious Faith and of public Charity.

Returning from the Beguinage, I was shewn the place of Louis the Eighteenth's residence during the greater part of the hundred days of Napoleon's second reign.

This hotel is situate in a narrow street, not far from the spacious square in which the post-house stands. There is nothing distinguishing in its exterior; but it contains a magnificent saloon, where the late Royal Majesty of France held his little Court, in daily diminishing hopes and increasing fears for the event. Dreadful indeed must have been the feelings of suspense which agitated the good King's mind, firm as it was and seasoned in the school of adversity, when the sound of the cannon at Quatre Bras reached the walls of his asylum here, and was followed by the portentous intelligence that the armies of his Allies were retreating before the legions of the usurper of his throne. Yet the grief and consternation, which such tidings necessarily excited, were perhaps less overwhelming than the joy and triumph inspired by the quickly succeeding news of that Victory of Victories, which achieved at Waterloo, made Wellington and Blucher the joint precursors of Louis's return to the kingdom and capital of his ancestors; there to govern in security, and to die in peace.*

On leaving the gates of Ghent on the road to Bruges, you cross the canal of the latter name, and nearly from that point to the end of the next mile pass by a numerous succession of wind-mills planted so close to the road-side,

* It is melancholy, however, to reflect upon the resumed sway and uninterrupted progress of bigotted and superstitious fanaticism over Catholic Europe since the downfal of Buonaparte. The enlightened friend to Legitimate Monarchy, constitutionally limited, must blush to recollect, that better taste and a juster sentiment of religion were shewn in the motto of a Revolutionary Emperor than has been displayed in the solemn dedication of a "Most Christian" King. But so it is. Round Napoleon's larger gold coin we read DIEU PROTEGE LA FRANCE. The Bourbons place the national safety in the hands of—*The Virgin Mary!*—Charles the Tenth says—MARIE, LA REINE DU CIEL PROTEGE LA FRANCE!!

that if the intention was expressly to frighten all the young horses going that way to and from the town, their situation could not have been more *judiciously* chosen.

After going for two or three miles more along the borders of the Bruges canal, which is of a wide and apparently deep excavation; well supplied with water, and lined (particularly on the left bank) with belts of fine forest trees—you leave it on the left hand, and proceed through a tract of country where scarcely any thing is to be seen that bears the semblance of what to an English eye appears *foreign*, or that would induce a Norfolk man to suppose himself out of his native county—unless perhaps it is the glance which he may cast on his postillion, who mounted on horseback, carries in his hand the whip of the Frenchman and at his back the horn of the German.

From Ecloo to within a short distance of Bruges, the country exhibits an indifferent soil, and is devoid of interest—the road runs straight between two formal rows of trees, through a great deal of heath land: nor is the view much enlivened by the figures of the women, who meet you with their long black hooded cloaks, beneath which appear feet unincumbered with either stockings or shoes.

I saw the sun (after a day of unmitigated potency) set behind the towers and spires of Bruges. A glowing stream of yellow light was spread over the whole western plain, imparting to it those warm transparent tints, the magical effect of which the Cuyps and the Boths were so studious to catch and so happy in transferring to their landscapes.

At the moment of my arrival I hastened to take my usual *promenade de curiosité;* visited the fine church of Notre Dame and saw the beautiful group of the Virgin

and Child in statuary marble on the altar of the Patroness; the splendid mausoleum of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; and also some good pictures. The tower of this church is very lofty, but of proportions far from symmetrical.—Proceeding thence through the Marchè-aux-Fleurs, the Marchè-aux-Herbes, and the covered Fish-market, with granite columns, erected about two years ago, I crossed the main canal, and entered the quadrangle where the Town-hall is situated. This building, although shorn of some of its sculptural ornaments by the hands of revolutionary anarchists, is still a noble relic of the municipal grandeur of Bruges, during the 14th and 15th centuries: that period when, residing within its walls, surrounded by their knights and barons in all the pomp of chivalry, and by their capital burghers, no less sumptuous in the display of commercial opulence, the Earls of Flanders were accustomed to give treats to Kings and Princes, at once astonishing their illustrious guests by the magnificence of the place, and delighting them with the splendid hospitality of their entertainment.*

Continuing my evening walk, I entered what is with strict propriety of appellation called the Grand Market; the steeple at the upper end of which rises to an elevation that is really tremendous. This structure is justly ac-

* In the time of Philip the Good, Bruges was the emporium of the commerce of the world, and consuls from every kingdom in Europe took up their abode there. It was a leading member of the Hanseatic league; and a grand depôt of naval stores. The civil wars in the 16th century drove the trade of Bruges first to Antwerp and afterwards to Amsterdam. (*Galignani*) But it still has its manufactories of fine cotton stuffs, woollen cloths, and porcelaine; and the communication of its grand canal with Ostend and the sea, renders this city very commercial in colonial and local produce. It contains 33,000 inhabitants.—(*Reichard.*)

counted one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It has 533 steps in height; and contains an excellent set of carillons or chimes, which, set in motion by an immense cylinder, play most musically every quarter of an hour. The Grande Place at Bruges is a larger and much finer area than the boasted one of Ghent; more convenient from its central position, and illustrated with edifices of more imposing architecture. The whole town forms an interesting combination of objects. It is respectable from its neatness; agreeable for its airiness; venerable in its display of

> Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
> Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.
>
> SOUTHEY.

Sept. 4.—Precisely at five o'clock I pursued my route for Dunkirk. The villages are remarkably well built; and the cleanly habits of the people are manifested by the morning custom of washing down and sweeping the principal thoroughfares. The same good order and condition prevail in the farm-houses, barns, and stables of the rural districts.

From Bruges to Ghistel the land is heathy, much covered with broom; the crops of oats and brank were still out. Thence the road passes through marshes, in which they graze cattle of a large size. Even in the midst of this vast level of forbidding country some favoured spots appear, which serve to remind you of the back-grounds to pictures of the Dutch and Flemish painters. The higher grounds are thickly sprinkled with hamlets, whose embosoming trees, and spires point-

ing to the skies, break the otherwise wearisome flatness of the scene.

Near Mannekswere you cross the Nieuport river by a bridge of wood, in the centre of which a part of the platform draws up. Furnes, on the canal between Bruges and Dunkirk, is the next post: its two churches are commanding objects in the distant view; and on a nearer approach its domestic edifices, gardens, meadows, and wooded outskirts offer the constituents of a pleasing summer picture, though surrounded by a morass. That part of Flanders in which Furnes is situated, was in Froissart's time called Le Franc, or the Franconate; Dunkirk and Gravelines were also comprehended in the same territory, which was ceded to France by the Peace of the Pyrenees. Furnes is now the frontier town of the kingdom of the Netherlands, on the side of the Pas de Calais. It is a small but pretty assemblage of antique houses, and of well pierced and neatly kept streets. The market-place is a regular square, embellished with a handsome Town-hall, the turret of which is lofty and of more than ordinarily tasteful construction. I stepped into the Abbey Church of St. Willibrord, of which only the eastern half now remains. The other part, together with the monastery, was destroyed at the breaking out of the French revolution. This remnant however is worth looking at; for the sake of its antiquity, and of its curiously sculptured decorations in stone and wood. The *ex votos* are in great force: they form quite a museum of models in wax and glass, representing arms, legs, eyes, and other members of the bodies of sundry individuals of both sexes, who, having been afflicted with diseases therein, had made vows to the Mother of Mercy; and

those vows having been accepted by the most glorious object of their pious worship, they, out of gratitude, and in token of miraculous cures, have hung up these figures of limbs and organs near the altar of their heavenly and all-sufficient benefactress.* The images of infants, which are also to be seen dangling among these various presentations, would justify a supposition, that the Goddess here invoked presides, like a second Lucina, over the birth and health of children. It is thus that from Lyon to Milan—from Northern Italy to Western Flanders—the writer of these pages has himself been witness to the prevalence of a custom handed down, in the unity of faith and discipline, by that Christian Church, which alike distinguished for her meekness and moderation, has, in placing her seat on the throne of the Cæsars, disdained not to borrow largely from the rites, the ceremonies, and even the nomenclature of Heathen Rome.

The course which my postillion took on quitting Furnes, soon brought us amidst the usual indications of proximity to the coast; and I could very easily have imagined

* This system of votive offerings is not a mere vulgar practice, but authorised by the Romish church and occasionally adopted by the Clergy themselves. Sanderus, in his account of the miraculous image of the Virgin at Alsemberg, gives an inscription from a tablet appended to her altar, by Sebastian Tichon, canon of Ypres, who concludes the acknowledgment of his own recovery from a disorder, according to medical judgment, incurable, in these words—"Laus et honor sit MARIÆ, *Cui hoc totum debet, et adscribit* idem Canonicus." (Tom. III. p. 369).—From such melancholy proofs of understandings degraded and of minds enfeebled, by superstition, we turn with comfort and satisfaction to the brighter example of one, who in our days has preserved with God's blessing, so much of his former tenets as appeared to him consistent with God's word, but "disowned a church which, by her miracles, libels the Gospel history with imposture; and whose mawkish piety disfigures the sublime Christian worship into drivelling imbecility." (See Rev. J. B. White's Evidence.)

myself in the neighbourhood of Happisburgh or of Winterton. On this desolate tract the French line of frontier is marked by a station of Douaniers. "Avez vous aucune chose à déclarer?" Non. "Passez donc." On goes the traveller; who, ascending a heavy winding road through one of the sand hills, gains his wished-for sight of the sea, and soon finds himself trundled along at a good rate on a very fine and firm beach. The folks here have a mode of fishery which I never yet saw practised on our own shores. It consists of putting down short wooden stakes into the sand, in the form of a crescent, the convex part of which faces the sea; on these stakes nets are set, perpendicularly, like a wall; they are taken up and replaced every tide, which generally leaves something to repay trouble within the semi-circular enclosure.

Had I arrived an hour later at Furnes this sea-road would have been shut up from me for that tide; and I must have waited till night, or proceeded by a bad inland route.—The marine ride was a refreshing and agreeable change—variety it must not be called, for "the multitudinous sea" on the right hand and a range of naked sand hills on the left were all that the eye had to rest upon for miles.—At length the officers of the Douane meet you on the beach: one of them gets up on the front of your caleche and accompanies you to Dunkirk. The man is civil and accommodating. Previous to quitting the sands you have probably made your arrangements with him to facilitate the *visite* upon your luggage.

Escorted to the Custom House and ushered into the presence of Monsieur le Directeur, you produce your passport, reply to his demand for papers relative to your voiture, and, that important personage being satisfied,

drive on, still attended by two douaniers, to your hotel, where these gentry have the *gratification* to examine *bien doucement*, the contents of your portmanteau. Such are the humours of a traveller's entrée into a frontier town of France.

The view of Dunkirk from the beach, exhibits its jetties, river-quay, and new works to advantage. The ensemble of these objects gives an air of military strength and of commercial consequence to the place; which agreeably surprised me both with respect to its extent and interior respectability. The principal streets are broad and well paved. The market is a regular and spacious square of good houses. St. Nicholas presents the architectural anomaly of a fine Grecian portico placed as the western façade to a Gothic church. The interior is in a grand stile of building, and rendered additionally remarkable by the cross vaulting of a double aisle.

The road from Dunkirk in the direction of Calais is extremely good. *Le pavé et la terre* were equally in order, for carriages to travel upon.—In passing through the villages one observes Flemish neatness in the houses, and French vivacity among the female inhabitants—a pleasing mixture.

A course pursued very close to, but not in sight of the sea, brings you to Gravelines, of which as a town little except in execration of its bad pavement is required to be said. But the fortifications that surround it on the land side and protect its port are so extensive and apparently so formidable, that when garnished with artillery and manned by a sufficient garrison, the place must, I should imagine, be one of the strongest in this part of France.

From Gravelines the road, still excellent, commands to the left hand a prospect of great compass, and of a somewhat more picturesque description. At the close of another brilliant day I re-entered the gates of Calais, proceeding straightway to the Hotel Royal, which had received me twelve weeks before at my setting out on this continental tour, and where my friends and I were well and justly satisfied with the attentions of our countryman Mr. Roberts, the intelligent and obliging master of that inn.

In the afternoon of the following day my eyes feasted and my heart exulted indeed; for I was then gazing on the noble scenery of the Kentish coast; and Dover Heights and Castle were full in view.

> O joy when the girdle of England appears,
> What moment of life is so conscious of love?
> So rich in the tenderest sweetness of tears?
>
> WORDSWORTH.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF THE PAPAL INDULGENCE,

A Translation of which is given in Vol. 1, p. 298 of this Work.

AUCTORITATE Apostolicâ notum facimus omnibus quod Sanctissimus Dominus noster Dominus Julius Papa secundus et modernus confirmavit ac perpetué firmitatis robur obtinere decrevit omnes et singulas indulgentias, concessiones, indulta, statuta, relaxationes, litterasque, cum omnibus et singulis in eis contentis clausulis, per suos predecessores romanos pontifices piè concessas et concessa in quibus conceditur omnibus Christi fidelibus verè pœnitentibus et confessis quod piè de bonis suis distribuerint per reparationem et manutentionem hospitalis generalis Sancti Spiritus in Saxiâ de urbe Romanâ et membrorum ejusdem ac per sustentationem Christi pauperum in dicto Hospitali affluentium atque militantium contra Saracenos inimicos fidei Catholicæ, tres solidas pro viro et uxore et pro unâ personâ tantum.—Videlicet cum possint sibi eligere confessorem idoneum secularem vel regularem qui eos possit absolvere semel in vitâ ab omnibus casibus etiam sedi Apostolicæ specialiter et generaliter quodlibet reservatis. Etiam annuatim possint eligere confessorem idoneum qui eos absolvat ab omnibus casibus sedi Apostolicæ reservatis. Dando eis in mortis articulo ac toties quoties in tali statu fuerint constituti plenariam omnium suorum peccatorum remissionem. Etiam conceditur dictis Christi fidelibus in festo pentecostes, et per octavas ipsius singulis diebus et sanctæ Trinitatis ob reverentiam omnium peccatorum suorum plenaria remissio. Et si tempore interdicto ipsos mori contingat, ecclesiastica sepultura

eis non negetur, nisi excomunicati fuerint, aut nominati publici usurarii transmutatione omnium votorum hierosolymitanum duntaxat exceptâ. Nec non super usuriis rapinis et male ablatis si his quibus restitutio fieri debeat ignoratur predictis magistris suis fratribus componendi conceditur facultas.— Sacerdotibus vero et clericis tam viris religiosis quam mulieribus quidquid in divinis officiis et horis canonicis per defectum librorum seu per impotentiam, negligentiam, aut debilitatem corporis dicere obmiserint in Domino auctoritate apostolicâ relaxatur. Obtinentque benefactores singulis diebus vitæ eorum unum annum et XL dies de indulgentiâ et per omnes primos dominicos mensium tria millia annorum et totidem quinquaginta. Item in singulis festivitatibus domini nostri Jesu Christi, et Virginis gloriosæ septem annos et totidem quinquaginta. Item in festivitatibus Apostolorum duo millia annorum. Item a festo nativitatis Domini nostri usque ad octavam singulis diebus duo millia annorum. Item a festo Epiphaniæ usque ad octavam singulis diebus duo millia annorum. Item a festo ascensionis Domini usque ad octavam singulis diebus duo millia annorum. Item a festo Pentecostes usque ad octavam singulis diebus octo millia annorum. Item a festo Corporis Christi usque ad octavam singulis diebus duo millia annorum. Item a nativitate Virginis gloriosæ et per octavas singulis diebus triginta millia annorum. Item a festo assumptionis beatæ Mariæ Virginis usque ad octavas singulis diebus duo millia annorum. Item a festo omnium sanctorum usque ad festum sancti Leonardi singulis diebus tria millia annorum. Quæ quidem indulgentiæ ascendunt singulis annis in totali numero ad summum quatuor decem centum millia triginta quatuor millia et triginta annorum centum quatuor dies; participes efficientur dicti benefactores tam vivi quam defuncti in dedicationem stationem romanæ ecclesiæ, et peregrinationem terræ sanctæ Hierosolimitanæ. Nec non in triginta duobus millibus missis et totidem psalteriis et generaliter in omnibus missis matutinis, jejuniis et eleemosinis quæ fiunt et

fient in dicto ordine in perpetuum. Item omnibus Christi fidelibus piè animabus parentum suorum seu aliorum defunctorum in purgatorio existentium succurrere volentibus grande et singulare privilegium conceditur ut scilicet dando pro qualibet animâ singulari intentione devotam summam quindecim Ot. eidem omnem poenam quam post hanc lucem in purgatorio pati demerucrat auctoritate ipsius Dei quâ utitur in terris de quâ magis ac magis confidit in cælis auctoritate plenariâ totius ecclesiæ misericorditer per modum suffragii in Domino relaxatur pariter et dimittitur, et quia devotus in Christo (hîc sunt nomina manu scripta) in tam sanctam confraternitatem intraverit merito dictis indulgentiis gaudere debet. Datum sub sigillo ab hoc ordinato die undecimâ mensis Maii anno domini millesimo quingentesimo septimo.

Forma absolutionis semel in vitâ et singulis annis in die pentecostes, trinitatis, et eorum octaviis:—Misereatur tui &c. Dominus noster &c. et ego auctoritate ipsius Dei, beatorum Petri et Pauli apostolorum ejus nec non auctoritate apostolicâ mihi commissa et tibi concessa te absolvo ab omnibus peccatis tuis contritis confessis et oblitis quantumcunque gravibus et enormibus etiam sedi apostolicæ specialiter vel generaliter quodlibet reservatis dando tibi plenariam absolutionem et remissionem in quantum claves sanctæ matris ecclesiæ se extendunt. In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen.

Forma absolutionis semel in anno ab omnibus casibus:—Misereatur tui &c. Dominus noster &c. et ego auctoritate Domini nostri Jesu Christi et auctoritate beatorum Petri et Pauli Apostolorum ejus et auctoritate apostolicâ in hac parte mihi commissâ et tibi concessâ te absolvo ab omnibus peccatis et delictis quantumcunque enormibus et gravibus dando tibi plenariam absolutionem. In nomine, &c.

Forma plenariæ absolutionis in mortis articulo et toties quoties dubitatur de morte:—Misereatur tui &c. Dominus noster &c. et ego auctoritate &c. te absolvo dando tibi plenariam omnium

peccatorum tuorum remissionem tibi remittendo pœnas purgatorii quas pro his incurristi et restituo te illi statui puritatis et innocentiæ in quibus eras quando baptisatus fuisti in quantum claves sanctæ matris ecclesiæ se extendunt. In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti. Amen.

LETTER

OF

M. MOLLARD-LEFEVRE,

*On the subject of his Conversion to Protestantism.**

[In page 557 of the present work, allusion is made to a young Piedmontese, who, having abjured the errors of the Church of Rome, had lately become a resident at Lausanne. Since the note in question was printed, the Author has been favoured with a copy of the Letter to which it refers. He avails himself therefore of its timely receipt, in the first place to correct a mistake into which he finds that he had been led: and in the next place, by giving a translation of the whole, to render more justice, than could be done in an imperfect sketch, to motives and sentiments which have a peculiar claim on the sympathy and appreciation of British Protestants. It will be seen that M. MOLLARD-LEFEVRE (*not* Alpinosa, which is probably the name of the place of his original residence) is the writer of the Letter. It is Mollard-Lefevre who, having truth for his object, conscience for his monitor, reason for his companion, Scripture for his guide, has emancipated himself from the yoke of traditionary bondage, and found rest and joy in the liberty of the pure Gospel. To him, as well as to a more recent and illustrious convert, the Prince De Salm-

* Published, in French, at Geneva, by P. G. Le Double, bookseller, 1825.

Salm,* the friends of the Reformation may say in the language of St. Paul—"*Thou hast professed a* GOOD PROFESSION *before many witnesses.*"]

Lyon, June 25, 1825.

SIR,

You ask me what were the motives that guided me in the step which I have just taken; and why I have set such a value on becoming a Member of the Christian Reformed Church? I am going to tell you, and to enable you to read my heart with the most perfect frankness. The Gospel, my conscience, and my reason, these in three words have been my guide and my counsellors.

I have learnt, by my own experience, that man is a religious being. I felt the necessity of uniting myself to God by a positive faith and by a worship; but I also felt that this worship ought in no respect to be at variance with those natural lights, with that reason, with that perception of right and wrong, which God has implanted in us; and that no religion which should not be in accordance with those great principles, or which should shrink from this test, could be divine; since God cannot contradict himself, nor can his works ever shun the light.

I therefore examined the basis of the Christian Faith, and studied Holy Scripture with the love of truth; and I can say that from that moment a new day arose upon me. I also read some of the writings of those Fathers of the Church, the nearest to the apostolic times, and I observed that they agreed with the Gospel in showing that the Christian Reformed Church was the true Church of Christ, that its creed and worship corresponded entirely with the precepts of the Founder of

* Whose treatment in consequence of his spontaneous change of communion proves that *justice, liberality,* and *toleration,* as they regard religious matters, are under the present ascendancy of Roman Catholicism in France *nothing more than mere words.*—See the Rev. Mr. EVANSON's publication.

Christianity and with those of his Apostles, and that there was in it nothing repugnant to my natural understanding.

From the beginning I considered, that I had to refer solely to the word of God, which I knew to be divine, and not to the opinions of men, often led astray by their passions and their interests; that I ought to regard Scripture as infallible, and to read it myself; that it should be sufficiently clear to enable me to comprehend what concerned my faith and my conduct; that it should not be necessary for me to seek for a rule of that faith in human traditions. Scripture itself has confirmed my opinion, for I see in it that "the law of the Lord is perfect,[1] that all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;"[2] that Jesus Christ himself said to his disciples, "Search the Scriptures;" that he condemns the traditions, (speaking of the Scribes) "in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men; for laying aside the commandment of God, they hold the tradition of men;"[3] that St. Paul anathematises all religious instruction which is not taken from the Gospel: "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed;"[4] that the Gospel is clear to those who are not blinded by their passions, as St. Paul observes, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."[5] St. Ambrose

(1) Ps. xix, 7.

M. Mollard-Lefevre refers to the version of the Bible of Lemaistre de Sacy, published at Paris, in 1759, with the approbation and privilege of the King, by William Desprez, printer in ordinary to the King and Clergy of France.

(2) 2 Tim. iii. v. 16. (3) Mark vii. v. 7. and 8. (4) Gal. i. v. 7 and 8.

(5) 2 Cor. iv. v. 3 and 4.

also says "that Holy Scripture is useful to every body."—St. Chrysostom likewise says "the reading of Holy Scripture is a strong rampart against sin; and to be ignorant of Holy Scripture is a great precipice, a deep abyss.[1] Again, St. Basil tells us "Whatever is not comprehended in the divinely inspired writings, not being matter of faith, is sin."

I therefore examined Scripture alone in order to learn what I should believe and do; I saw that such was the course pointed out by St. Paul himself, who, far from forbidding the people to examine it, saith "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."[2]

I am not obliged to yield to the opinion of any church, nor of any council, Jesus Christ having declared: that "there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."[3] St. John says on that point, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."[4] And the Abbot of Palermo himself allows "that the council may err, and that, for what regards the faith, the opinion of a private man is to be preferred to that of the Pope himself." "I dread councils," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "and I never saw any of them that did not produce more harm than good."

The principles of Scripture and of the first Fathers are those of the Reformed Church; and I saw with pleasure that she did not establish her creed otherwise than as God and our own good sense tell us that it ought to be established. I remarked that in the Gospel, the ministers of religion were forbidden to seek after temporal power, riches, honours; that charity, meekness, gentleness, humility, ought to be the inherent charac-

(1) S. Chris. third Homily on Lazarus. (2) 1 Thes. v. ver. 21. (3) St. Math. xxiv. v. 24. (4) 1 Ep. iv. v. 1.

teristics of the priests of Jesus Christ. St. Peter says to to them—" Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock."[1] And Jesus Christ himself says to them—" Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses."[2] He declares, that if they do otherwise, they are but scribes and pharisees, whom the Saviour reproves, saying—" They love greetings in the markets, and that men should call them masters, but be not ye called masters; for one is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon earth; for one is your father, which is in heaven; he that is greatest among you shall be your servant; for whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater condemnation. Woe unto you, for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess."[3]

Moreover I saw, that the marriage of priests is sanctioned by the word of God, who does not will that they should be a separate caste, having interests alien to those of society, or that they should be prevented from displaying the numerous virtues which fathers of families are called upon to exercise. Saint Paul says " let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn."[4] In writing to Timothy he says—" A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, sober, vigilant, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy, but patient, not a brawler, not covetous; one that ruleth well his own

(1) 1 Ep. v. ver. 2 and 3. (2) St. Matt. x. v. 9. (3) St. Matt. xxiii. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, and 25. (4) 1 Cor. vii. v. 9.

house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." [1]— Again he says, "have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?" [2] And even St. Clement of Alexandria says—"There are those who condemn the priests that marry, but will they also condemn the Apostles? for Peter and Philip had children, and the latter gave his daughters in marriage." [3]— The ministers of the Reformed Religion conduct themselves on this principle, and after the example of the Apostles; they are like them fathers of families, patterns for their flock; they live with simplicity, and make no vows contrary to human nature, to the precepts of Holy Writ, to purity of morals, and to the good order of society.

I have embraced their communion, because therein one does not prostrate one-self before wood, before stone, nor before the ancient remains of dead bodies, which corruption has not spared.

I have embraced this communion, because in every thing it refers directly to God, the Saviour of men, and not to sinful creatures like ourselves; for, as St. Paul says, "there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." [4] And St. John, that "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" [5] and consequently, Christ being here the only hope of the faithful, we are in this communion purely and solely Christian.

I have embraced this communion, because it does not command the faithful to make a shew of their piety by pomps displayed in streets and public places, a thing which Jesus Christ reproves, saying, "when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the

(1) 1 Tim. iii. v. 2, 3, and 4. (2) 1 Cor. ix. v. 5. (3) Strom. 1 iii.
(4) 1 Tim. ii. v. 5. (5) 1 Epist. John ii. v. i.

synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."[1]

I have embraced this communion, because it is not therein pretended that a man is more virtuous for eating fish than for eating beef; and because I have never been able to believe that God should have at all times been pleased to create wholesome aliments, to forbid us the use of them at certain periods, unless we pay for obtaining this permission from him. Jesus Christ does not say so in these words, "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."[2] And St. Paul saith "Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no questions for conscience sake; for the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."[3]

I have embraced this communion, because in its public service every thing is heard and understood by each person; and because, having never learnt the Latin language, I could not conceive it to be the will of God that the Ministers should edify me in Latin, a practice condemned by St. Paul; "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but

(1) St. Math. vi. v. 5, 6, 16, 17, and 18. (2) St. Math. xv. v. 11. (3) 1 Cor. x. v. 25 and 26. [See also 1 Tim. c. iv. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.]

unto God, for no man understandeth him. If I come unto you speaking with tongues what shall I profit you? Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood how shall it be known what is spoken?—If I pray in an unknown tongue my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. How shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest. I had rather in the church speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."[1]—Pope John VIII. was in this respect a protestant like me, for he said "let the praises of God be sung in the language of the country in which one is born;" and in effect I consider that, if what people wish to say to us is good, useful, and instructive, it should be addressed to us in a language which we understand; and that on the contrary if it is any thing bad, it ought not to be expressed at all, either in Latin, Greek, or Chinese.

I have embraced this communion, because it does not exclude poor little children from future happiness, on account of the negligence of their parents in omitting to have them baptized before their death; this dogma having always appeared to me absurd, unjust, an outrage on the Deity; and Holy Writ not saying a single word respecting it.

I have embraced this communion, because the Eucharist is there an entirely spiritual ceremony, which recalls to us the benefits which the Saviour came to bestow upon mankind; a remembrance of his death, in which the bread and wine only *represent*[2] the body and blood of Jesus Christ. For I was never

(1) 1 Cor. xiv. v. 2, 6. 9, 14, 16, and 19. (I invite you to read the whole chapter.)

(2) "The Scripture teaches us, that Jesus Christ instituted the communion in both kinds (that is bread and wine), and so commanded that it should be celebrated. Jesus took bread and blessed it, and gave it to the Disciples, and

able to admit that God who is a spirit, that the Creator of Heaven and Earth, that the infinite God of Nature, could be swallowed as a pill; it even appeared to me that the idea which thus materialises the Creator was an insult offered to Him, as indeed it is an insult to reason.

Lastly, I have embraced the communion of Reformed Chris-

said, 'Take, eat, this is [represents, according to the oriental idiom] my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it: for this is [represents] my blood of the new testament.' Matt. xxvi. 26—28.) But the Church of Rome has changed what Christ appointed, and has deprived the laity of the cup; and has anathematized any who say, "that from the command of God, and the necessity of salvation, all and every believer in Christ ought to receive both kinds of the most holy sacrament of the eucharist." Conc. Trid. Sess. 21. Can. 1.)—"I do also confess that under either kind or species only, whole and entire Christ and the true sacrament is received." (Creed of Pius IV. Art. 18.) The Council of Constance, held in the year 1416, was the first that sacrilegiously deprived the laity of the cup in the sacrament, in direct contradiction to Christ's command, and the practice of the primitive church. (The testimonies of the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers, for thirteen or fourteen hundred years are collected by Bp. Beveridge on the Articles. Art. xxx.)

"The Scripture teaches us that the consecrated bread and wine are the communion of the body and blood of Christ. The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? (1 Cor. x. 16.)

"But the Romish Church affirms "that in the most holy sacrament of the eucharist there is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into his body, and of the whole substance of the wine into his blood, which conversion the [Roman] Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation." (Creed of Pius IV. Art. 17.)"

On the different points of doctrine and practice, there is a striking coincidence in the exhibition of scriptural proofs between the letter of M. Mollard-Lefevre, and Mr. HORNE's "Romanism contradictory to the Bible;" an excellent DEFENSIVE MANUAL for the use of Protestants, which that learned Biblical Critic has given a clear, though concise, stateme t of "the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome as exhibited in her accredited Formularies, *contrasted* with the Holy Scriptures.—*Note by the Translator.*

tianity, and have embraced it with faith, confidence, and happiness, because it does not rely for support on the sword of the executioner; because it does not place the scaffolds of the Inquisition beside the Cross of HIM who came, not to destroy men, but to save them. I have noticed that the violences charged at the outset on some of its members, proceeded from a remnant of human prejudices, from a habit of dominion and of two-fold power, of which those men were not immediately able to divest themselves. But at the present day this Church is mild and charitable: it stands in no need of the Rack to sustain it; it does not desire to be upheld by such means. Its great precept is the precept of the Saviour, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."[1]

I recognise in this Communion the true Church of Jesus Christ—that Primitive Church to which a return was effected by the Gospel, at the epocha of the Reformation.—I bless God for having opened my eyes to his divine light. My children shall one day bless me for having pursued the conduct of an honest man, whose part it is to embrace the Truth from the moment that he perceives it, without suffering himself to be disturbed by the threats and calumnies of those who shun the light, because their deeds are evil. If the course which I have taken were again to be decided upon, in vain would the preparations of torture and of the scaffold be set in array to stop me. Truth is my motto; the approbation of God and of my conscience is my law. Multitudes are prevented from imitating me, by their indifference respecting truth

(1) St. Math. xxii. v. 37, 38, 39, and 40.

and religion, and by their greater fear of being censured in this world than of being condemned in the next.

These, Sir, are the motives by which I was influenced.—I believe you to possess a firm and upright mind, and am sure that you will bestow upon me your approbation.

Accept, Sir, the sentiments with which I am

Your very humble

And most devoted servant,

MOLLARD-LEFEVRE.

*** Since the first part of this Appendix was committed to press, the Translator of the above Letter has received, from a Friend in Switzerland, the following information relative to its Author:—

"M. Mollard-Lefevre is a native of Lyon. His family has long been connected with the silk-manufactory of that city; and he himself carries on the same branch of business, which has enabled him to give a very respectable maintenance to his children. He brings them up in those principles of probity and honour which have always been his own characteristics, and which have acquired for him the general esteem of his fellow-citizens.

"With the name of Mollard-Lefevre, that of Alpinosa has no connection whatever: the latter is the family name of a young Piedmontese, who is also a recent convert to Protestantism, and who has lately resided at Lausanne. These conversions to the Reformed Faith, and consequent abjurations of the Roman Catholic religion, are now become events of such frequent occurrence, in France, that many hundreds of them are reckoned to have taken place within a few years, in the single province of the Lyonnois."

END OF THE APPENDIX.

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